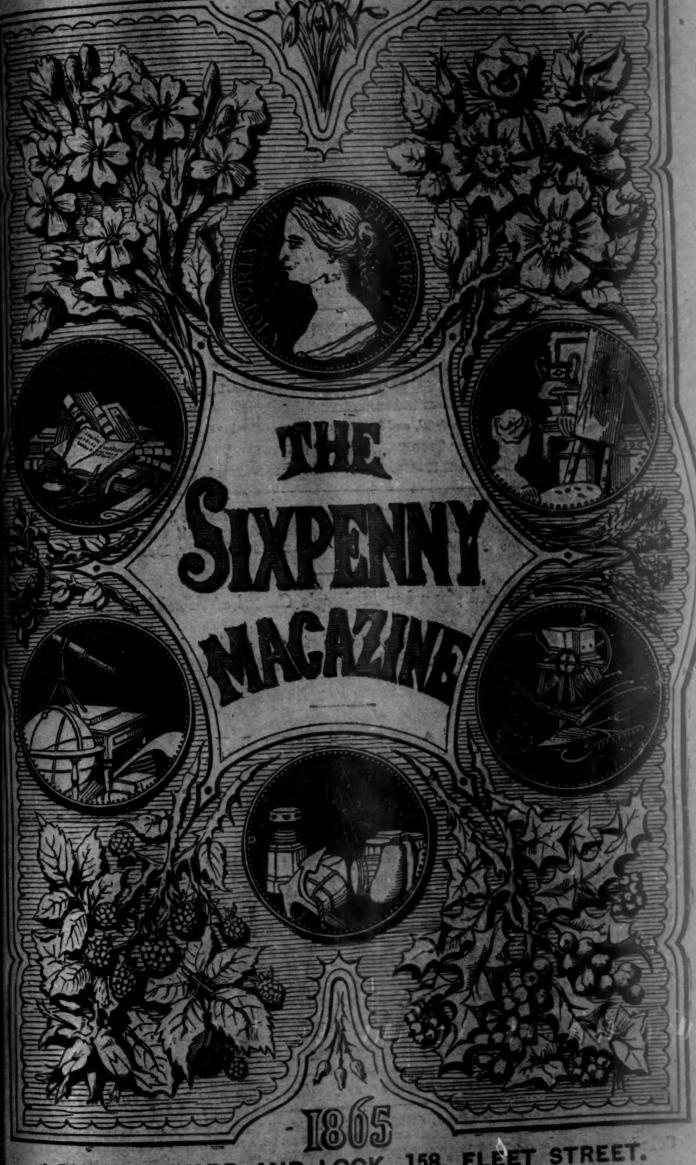
TA XLV.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MARCH. 280



LONDON: WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

All rights of reproduction and translation are reserved.



THIS ELEGANT AND FRA. GRANT OIL is universally in high repute for its unparalleled success during the last sixty years in promoting the Greath Restoring and Beautifying the Human Hair. It prevents Hair from falling off or turning grey, strengthens weak HAIR, cleases it from Scurf and Dandriff, and makes it

BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, PLIABLE, and GLOSSY.

In the growth of

THE BEARD, WHISKERS, AND MOUSTACHIOS

it is unfailing in its stimulative operation. For CHILDREN it is especially recommended as forming the basis of A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR; while its introduction into the Nursery of ROYALTY, and the numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of its merits.—Price 3s. 6d. and 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s. fold at 20, Hatton Garden, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

. Ask for "BOWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL."

USED IN THE PALACES OF THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES. More Cleanly, Polishes More Quickly, and Cheaper,

Because it is Less Wasteful, and because a little goes further than any other kind. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Ironmongers, &c.

RECKITT & SONS, Suffolk-lane, Upper Thames-street, London, E.C., & Hull

For Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a Deputch from her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fourfully, and that the only remedy of any service was Chlorodyne, - See LANCET, December 31st, 1864.

Extract of a Despatch from her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, transmitted to

J. T. Davenport by Earl Russell.

"The remedy most efficacious in its effects (in Epidemic Cholera) has been found to be CHLOBODYNE, and with a small quantity given to me by Dr. Burks I have saved several lives."

CAUTION.

CHLORODYNE.

IN CHANCERY.

VICE CHANCELLOR Sir W. P. Wood, stated that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the Inventor of Chlorodyne; that the statements of the Defendant Freeman were deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that they had been sworn to. Eminent hospital Physicians of London stated that Dr. J. Collis Browne was the discoverer of Chlorodyne; that they prescribe it largely, and mean no other than Dr. Browne's.—See Times, July 13th, 1864. The public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THIS INVALUABLE REMEDY produces quiet refreshing sleep, relieves pain, calms the system, restricted functions, and stimulates healthy action of the secretions of the body, without creating of those unpleasant results attending the use of opium. Old and young may take it at all hours and when requisite. Thousands of persons testify to its marvellous good effects and wonderful cures, medical men extol its virtues most extensively, using it in great quantities in the following diseases:

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping-Cough, Neuralgia, Diarrhea, Rheumatism, Spasms, &c.

Important Testimonials from numerous Medical Men accompany each Bottle.

CAUTION.—Always ask for "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE," and see that his name is on the Government Stamp. Sold only in Bottles, at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists.

Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-St., Bloomsbury-St. London.

SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

MARCH 1, 1865.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—THE FATE OF THORSGHYLL—By M. A. BIRD	325
CHAPTER XXI.—THE SKELETONS OF THORSGHYLL.	
CHAPTER XXII.—A MYSTERY. CHAPTER XXIII.—A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.	my.
CHAPTER XXIV.—A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE. CHAPTER XXIV.—A NEW CHARACTER IS INTRODUCED.	
CHAPTER XXV MABEL DISCOVERS THAT SHE IS A LADY OF INDEPENDEN	T
PROPERTY, AND ALSO THAT FELICIA IS NOT QUITE SO IGNORANT AS HABEEN SUPPOSED.	D
II.—ECSTASY	. 344
III.—LOVE'S SUBTERFUGE	. 347
IV.—THE GOOD SISTER	. 353
VWORSHIP IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM	. 354
VI FOUND DEAD-By the Author of "WHO WAS TO BLAME?"	. 361
VII.—THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG	. 270
VIII.—MOUNT ZION AND THE JEWS	381
IX.—MARGARET OF NAVARRE	. 387
X.—PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS	. 389
DIAPHANIE.	
XI.—THE HOROSCOPE—A LEGEND OF LIEGE	. 391
XII.—MARCH VIOLETS	. 395
XIII.—FRENCH DETECTIVES—BY ONE OF THEMSELVES	. 398
XIV.—CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN	. 407
XV.—MEMORY	412
XVI.—THE FAIRY QUEEN-A STORY FOR MY CHILDREN	413
XVII.—BORDER LIFE; OR, THE MYSTERIES OF THE RED RIVER	415
CHAPTER XIII.—CONSULTATION AND ITS RESULTS.	
CHAPTER XIV.—PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.	
CHAPTER XV.—A DANGEROUS ENTERPRISE, CHAPTER XVI.—FURTHER PERIL.	
CHAPRER XVII.—RETRIBUTION.	
CHAPTER XVIII.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.	
XVIII.—BARBARA	432

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

In the February Number of "Temple Bar" Magazine Was commenced a New Novel, entitled

SIR JASPER'S TENANT.

By the Author of "ONLY A CLOD," &c. &c.

NO MORE PILLS OR ANY OTHER MEDICINE

PERFECT digestion, strong nerves, sound lungs, healthy liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity, and energy, restored to the most disordered or enfeebled-removing speedily and effectually indigestion (dyspepsia), cough, asthma, consumption, habitual constipation, diarrhea, all gastric derangements, hæmorrhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, fevers, sore throats, diphtheria, catarrhs, colds, influenza, noises in the head and ears, rheumatism, gout, impurities, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia, irritability, sleep-lessness, acidity, palpitation, heartburn, headache, debility, dropsy, cramps, spasms, nausea and sickness even in pregnancy or at sea, sinking fits, bronchitis, scrofula, tightness of the chest, pains at the pit of the stomach and between the shoulders, &c.,—by

DU BARRY'S

de

va he

fo

in

tr

to

DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING

REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD

We quote a few out of 60,000 Cures.

Cure No. 71, of dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Waterford: "I have derived much benefit from your excellent food.—Stuart DE DECIES, Dromana, Cappoquin, County Waterford."

Cure No. 54,612.—"South Brent, Somerset, July 25, 1860.—Sir, I thank God and yourself. I believe my little girl, who was suffering from dropsy, would not be alive now had it not been for your Revalenta Food. She is now free from all symptoms of dropsy, and very hearty at her meals.—E. Cox."

Cure No. 58,216, of the Marchioness de Bréhan, Naples, of a liver complaint, wasting away for seven years, with debility, palpitation, bad digestion, constant sleeplessness, and the most intolerable nervous agitation.

Care No. 54,816.—"Tittenson, Oct. 25, 1860.—Gentleinen, I enclose 33s. for another 10 lb. canister of your excellent Revalenta Arabica Food. I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for the benefit I have derived from it after every other means has failed. I can now rest very well at night, my appetite is perfectly restored, the pains in my leg, back, and chest are quite gone, and I am fast gaining strength and flesh. If your Food was better known, I believe it would save many thousand lives which are destroyed recklessly by poisonous drugs, and many families would be saved from utter ruin.—Mrs. A. Owen."

Cure No. 54,796.—" Alderley, Cheshire, Oct. 16, 1860.—Sir, since taking your Food I feel much better, and have gained ten pounds of flesh within three months.—John Oldham."

Cure No. 54,816, from the Rev. James T. Campbell, Syderstone Rectory, near Fakenham, Norfolk.—"In all cases of indigestion, and particularly when the liver is more than usually affected, I consider it the best of all remedies. It regulates the bile, and makes it flow, in cases which would not admit of mercury in any shape. In short, a healthy flow of bile is one of its carliest and best symptoms. You can make what use you please of this communication.—I am, gentlemen, &c., James T. Campbell."

Cure No. 52,422.—"Bridge House, Frimley, Surrey.—Thirty-three years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, deafness, singing in the ears, constipation, debility, shortness of breath, and cough, have been removed by your Revalenta Arabica. My lungs, liver, stomach, head, and ears are all right, my hearing perfect, and my recovery is a marvel to all my acquaintances.—James Roberts, Timber Merchant."

Cure No. 49,832.—Of fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthus, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness, and vomiting, Maria Joly, of Wortham, Ling, Norfolk.

The Food is sold in Canisters, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lb., 4s. 6d.; 12 lb. 22s.; 24 lb., 40s. Super-refined quality, 1 lb., 6s.; 2 lb., 11s.; 5 lb., 22s.; 10 lb., 33s. The 10 lb., 12 lb., and 24 lb. Canisters carriage-free on receipt of Post-Office Order by BARRY DU BARRY & Co., 77, Regent Street, London; 26, Place Vendôme, Paris; and 12, Rue de l'Empereur, Brussels; Fortnum & Mason, 182, Piccadilly; Abbis, 61, Gracechurch Street; also Phillips & Co.; and all respectable Grocers and Chemists in every Town.

THE FATE OF THORSGHYLL.

By M. A. Bird, Author of "Spell-Bound," "The Hawkshawes," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SKELETONS OF THORSGHYLL.

"Where are you taking me to, Felicia?" demanded Mabel, when, after threading various windings of the shrubbery paths, her cousin stopped at the lofty iron railing which separated that part of the gardens from the park, and by removing one of the bars, opened an aperture wide enough for their slender forms to pass through. "What a delightful, sly way of getting into the park! But do tell me where we are going."

"You wont let anybody know about it?" said Felicia, in a hasty, half-questioning tone: "it is one of my secrets, and I trust to your honour to keep it. It has often been of use to me in escaping from my tormentors, Edward and his sisters; and even from you, sometimes, cousin

Mabel."

"I have often wondered how you managed to hide yourself in that shrubbery," said Mabel. "Papa had told me to coax you to talk to me, if ever I had the opportunity; and so I used to try to catch you when I saw you near the house, but you always disappeared in the most mysterious way somewhere in this direction. Do you know, Felicia," she added, with a little apologetic laugh, "I used to be quite afraid of you!"

"Are you afraid of me now, Mabel?" cried Felicia, in a tone of anguish, stopping suddenly in her quick walk, and turning on her cousin her large lustrous eyes, filled with tears. "I hoped you would love me, and you cannot love me

if you are afraid of me!"

"I am not afraid of you, and I do love you!" said Mabel, proving the truth of her assertion most energetically, by throwing her arms round Felicia's neck and kissing her.

"You don't dislike my dark-coloured skin, then?" said Felicia, with anxious

"What an idea!" said Mabel, passing her hand caressingly over her cousin's cheek; "such beautiful, soft, satiny skin as this! Who could dislike it?"

"Is it not very ugly?" continued the strange girl, in the same anxious tone.

is not. What put such a notion into your head?"

"A long time ago," said Felicia, taking Mabel's hand in her own, and continuing the descent of the hill along a scarcely perceptible deer track, "when first I came with my dear, kind papa from my own country, and after we had been in the ship, and she had gone straight down into the sea with all the people, and left papa and me swimming in the wide, wide water till another ship came and took us up; and after I had seen your papa, too, for I remember I felt happy when I saw him, for I had been uncomfortable before at the strange place, though my papa was with me. It was in the library, I know, and it must have been at night, for there was a large lamp burning there, such as I had never seen before; and then uncle came in, and was so glad to see papa, and he was so kind to me, that I loved him, and felt quite happy, and then everybody was kind to me, and a kind woman —it was Mrs. Barton, I think—put me to bed. Then it was in the daytime, perhaps the next morning, that papa took me into a room that I have often seen since when Mrs. Thorburn has been away—it was her boudoir; and there she sat, with all her children about her. And as soon as she saw me she began to scream and cry, and all the children cried, too. And I know it was at me she was frightened. I am just as dark now as I was then; so it must be only your kindness, dear Mabel, that makes you think I am not ugly."

"I wish I had known years ago that you remembered all that occurred at that time," said Mabel, "I would speedily have relieved your mind from such a disagreeable impression. Mrs. Thorburn knew, the night before, that you were darker than an English child, though you are not so very much darker than Roderick; and she arranged that scene on purpose to annoy and insult your father, against whom she had taken a

spite."

"How do you know all this, Mabel? You are younger than I am; you could not recollect it all."

"Certainly not; but I have heard the "No, you silly creature—of course it swiple story frequently from Barton. All

that I can remember is being very much pleased at seeing you at breakfast one morning, and afterwards hearing that Edward was ill, and had had a fit. That was the first fit he had; and Barton always says that his mother and nurse frightened him into it between them. I had no idea that you could recollect so well what happened so long ago. They always said you had lost your memory."

"They said so!" repeated Felicia. "Who do you mean by they?"

"I can't tell exactly; but I have al-

ways understood so." "I can recollect many things that happened about that time," continued Felicia. "I recollect papa going away and coming back again, and how kind dear uncle was all the time he was away. And I recol-

lect—oh! don't you, Mabel?—how we frightened Madame Tawbon with a dragon-fly!"

"Oh, yes, of course I do!" exclaimed Mabel. "Did she not call us to the breakfast-room window—the one, I mean, that opens to the ground—and then you threw it at her, did you not?"

"No, I let it go, and it just touched her, and she accused me of throwing it in her face. That is almost the last thing that I remember about that time; and then there must have been a long interval that I have quite lost. But gradually I have been able to remember things again. Do you know whether I was ill during those dark days, when everything seems to be a blank?"

"I think you were," replied Mabel, "for I saw you lying in bed several times very quiet; and you never spoke a word, and I don't think you have spoken English since till yesterday. I was so surprised and delighted when you first addressed me, dear Felicia! And you speak it so well, too! it is quite surprising."

"Why is it surprising?" said Felicia; "I have constantly heard it spoken, and I have thought in it. I found it a little difficult to articulate at first, but that is all gone now, and I can talk well enough to you, or any one that I like, but I could not speak before that woman. Here we are at the lake. Wait a minute while I get the boat out."

The lake at this point was full of tall reeds, and was very seldom visited except by wild fowl, or the deer when they come down to drink, or to cool their delicate limbs in the shallow water. Large trees grew round in wild luxuriance, and the

spaces between them were filled up with brushwood and tall fern, so that from the spot where Mabel stood, nothing was visible but the sylvan screen around; while in front a glimpse of the sparkling water was obtained through a narrow channel between the reeds. Felicia went a short distance along the bank to a place where a fine old ash-tree, loosened by the water at its roots, had fallen forwards, and hung horizontally over the lake. Along the narrow jetty formed by its trunk she walked with perfect ease and confidence; then stooping, she detached the painter of a small skiff that lay hidden among the reeds, and drawing it after her, brought it at last into the clear space near which her cousin awaited her.

b

" I can row," said Mabel, as they pre-

pared to take their places.

"I know you can, and very well too, on smooth water," replied her cousin; "but we are going where it will be necessary for me to have the management of the boat wholly to myself. All I want of you is to sit quite still, and not be nervous. Where I am going to take you I have been by myself a hundred times, and there is no danger, if you only keep steady."

"I promise you I will not take fright," said Mabel. "Besides, I can swim." "So much the better; you will be the

less likely to lose your self-possession." Having with considerable skill guided the boat out into the open water, Felicia took the sculls, and pulled with a vigour that could hardly have been expected from her slender form and small, delicatelooking hands. She directed the boat towards the head of the lake, where, after rushing and roaring through the ghyll beneath the windows of the steward's room, the mountain stream came tumbling over a natural barrier of rocks, always with sufficient commotion to keep at a distance any less daring navigator than the young half-Indian girl, and frequently, as after heavy rains, with a tumultuous force that forbade even her approach.

Mabel was forewarned, and had pledged her word not to give way to fears, or she would have entreated her cousin not to risk encountering those terrible eddies which, it was generally reported, were strong enough to overset even a large boat, if it ventured among them. Any verbal remonstrance would, however, have been uttered in vain amid the deafening roar of the waterfall; and Felicia's complete self-possession and adroitness in the management of her little craft, speedily dispelled any misgivings that Mabel might have felt when first she found herself tossed about so

roughly.

In a few minutes she was rewarded for her courage; for by a dexterous turn the boat was whirled round a projecting crag, and brought safely into a deep still pool on the other side. Mabel looked round in astonishment at this little sheltered cove, which was so closed in by overhanging rocks that no person outside could obtain a view of it, except from the top of the cataract, a position in which no one would be likely to make minute observations, nor to live to communicate them to others.

Felicia still piloted her bark onwards, till by a tortuous winding, they entered a low-browed cavern, illuminated only by the light reflected from the water, and found themselves at the foot of a narrow flight of steps rudely hewn out of the rock. Having secured the painter of her boat to a massive though rusty iron ring, strongly mortised into the wall of the cave, Felicia helped her cousin up the steps. The sudden transition from the warm summer air to the chill vapours of the cavern—from the restless whirl and tumult of the cataract to a dead, sullen calm—from a deafening noise to comparative stillness—from the bright sunshine to a dim obscurity, completely overcame Mabel's senses, and she clung to her guide for support while she stared around, striving in vain to penetrate this "darkness visible."

"What a strange place!" she said at length, and her own voice sounded in her ears like that of another person. "Where

is it?—What is it?"

"Where is it?" repeated Felicia, "very nearly under that ugly summer-house that Madame Tawbon coaxed your dear good-natured papa to let her build according to her own fancy to have picnic dances in, and which I intend to set on fire some night during a thunder storm. What is it? A secret entrance to those delightful dungeons in which our amiable ancestors used to shut up, and torture and starve their enemies, when they got them in their power."

"Oh, Felicia! is it possible that any of our ancestors would commit such

horrid deeds?"

"Why should they not do so as well as any other wicked old tyrants? It was

one of the grand privileges of their order."

"It is very singular," said Mabel, thoughtfully.

"What is very singular?" asked her

cousin.

"That you who have been dumb for so many years should know so much that other people are ignorant of. Where did you learn all that about the old Thorburns, and the dungeons, and prisoners?"

"You seem to forget that, though I have been dumb, I have been neither deaf

nor blind."

"True; but who could have told you the old family legends?—Was it Mrs.

Newton?"

"Come a little further in the cave, and I will show you two of my teachers," said Felicia, lighting a lamp which she took from a recess in the wall. "You will not be frightened at skeletons, will you? I have brought you here purposely to show them to you."

"Skeletons?—Human skeletons?" repeated Mabel, shrinking back nervously. "No!" she added, summoning her resolution with an effort; "no, Felicia; I will not be afraid of them: they can do me no harm; and, besides, have I not a skeleton

in my own body?"

"The more I see of you, Mabel, the more I see that you are a true Thorburn; and I am glad of it, for a true Thorburn will be needed in the family before another generation has passed away. Yes, my little golden-haired cousin!" continued Felicia, taking up a handful of Mabel's bright tresses, and surveying them by the light of the lamp: "you have a destiny to fulfil. It is through you that the old family name will be preserved from perishing."

"But Roderick—but Edward!" said Mabel; "the name cannot perish while

they live."

"I know some things, but not all," answered Felicia; "of their fate I know nothing. But of yours, so far as I have told you, I feel almost certain. There is but one thing that makes me entertain a doubt about it. Your name ought to have been Sybil."

"So it is," replied Mabel, "I was christened Mabel Sybilla, after my

mother."

"You were! Then now I know what you are to do. First, come and look at the skeletons."

She led the way rapidly through the

gloomy vault, and stopped before an arched recess in which a slab of stone, about six feet in length, seemed to offer a bed for an anchorite. Extended upon it were the ghastly remnants of two human beings.

"Look here!" said Felicia, holding the lamp so that its light fell full upon them; "look well, and notice everything that I point out to you. This tallest one was a See—how his left arm must have been placed under this other form, and his right arm over her, clasping her to him when he died; for this other skeleton was a woman—a beautiful woman, with hair like yours, Mabel, and a heart as warm and loving as you will one day find that yours is. There are only two things more that I want you to remark particularly. One is, those few tiny little bones lying between the larger ones: they are the remains of a very young baby. The other is this ring that still hangs on the bone of the woman's fleshless finger. It is a gemmal ring, with an opal set round with diamonds. Look at it close, but do not touch it."

"There is no danger of my touching it," whispered Mabel; "I would not do so for the world."

"Oh yes, you will, when the time comes," replied her cousin, confidently; "and when I have told you all the story of the poor fond hearts that once beat within those grim bony cages, you will love and pity them. Oh, Mabel! I have sat here beside them for long hours, questioning them about their sad fate; and though they could not answer to my outward ears, it has come into my mind as though their spirits had whispered it, till all that they suffered in this life has been disclosed to me. Sometimes my lamp has burnt out during my watch, and I have had to grope my way out of the dungeon; and sometimes I have found midnight darkness in the outer world, where I had left bright sunshine; and sometimes the dim grey of early morning has been just peeping over the hills."

"How courageous you must be, Felicia, to stop all night in this dreadful place, in such awful company!"

"Oh, no! I am not courageous—I am a very coward," exclaimed Felicia. "I dare not speak to Madame Tawbon—I dare not stay in a room with her. Is that being courageous?"

"I should call that a nervous antipathy, not cowardice," replied Mabel. "The same kind of feeling that you had for the snakes, I suppose," suggested Felicia; "but you overcame your antipathy, and I cannot conquer mine. There is something that I do not recal distinctly -something belonging to that dark time which I have forgotten, that makes it impossible for me to endure her. Perhaps it is because she hated my father. But I must not try to think what it is, for when I do so, my brain seems to whirl round, and I faint; at least, I suppose it is what is called fainting, for I lose all consciousness, and when I recover it is like waking out of a sleep, and I find myself lying where I was when I forgot myself. So I will not think about that bygone time; for, if I were to faint, you would not know how to get out of this place by yourself. Come along."

an

ev

lig

ta

he

pl

de

V(

ba

W

M

tl

d

"Where are you going now?" inquired Mabel; "this is not the way we came."

"We will go back by a shorter way. We have been gone a long time, and your absence may occasion alarm."

Through arched passages and gloomy vaults that gave back the light sound of their hurrying footsteps in a hundred echoes, the two girls took their way. Now they passed through some narrow portal whose massive iron-clenched door had either fallen from its hinges or stood wide open; now the faint light of the lamp showed glimpses of other passages intersecting that which they were following, and now they ascended short flights of steep steps leading from one dungeon to another.

"There are many curious things in these old places," observed Felicia, "which I should like to show you, if we had time; but you can come again, if your curiosity is sufficiently excited. You have seen the chief objects of interest. Don't forget anything that I pointed out to you, and to-night, if you like, I will come to your room and tell you their history."

"Not to-night, dear," replied Mabel; "some friends, whom I like very much, are coming; the Westons. Do you know them?"

"I know them by sight; there are two pretty little children, and their mother is always dressed in black. They seem to be such sweet children!"

"I will bring them to you in the garden, Felicia."

"Oh, no! no! They would be frightened at me!" cried Felicia, sorrowfully.

"Not they; their mamma is too sensible to teach them any such nonsense:

and I will bring her too. She liked your father very much, and she asks after you every time I see her. She will be delighted to hear that you have begun to talk again. Oh! you must positively let her see you; it will give her so much pleasure that it will be cruel of you to deprive her of it, especially as she is not very happy since she lost her husband."

"Not happy!" said Felicia, "then I will see her; you may fetch me to her anywhere that you please, excepting in Madame Tawbon's drawing-room, or anywhere within sight of her children. I hate

them all."

"No, no, my dear cousin; don't hate them. Angélique is, I confess, a very disagreeable girl; but Matilda is too young yet to have any very marked character. They are only children, and may

grow up into amiable girls."

"When they do so, I shall like them; but as they are, I have good cause to detest the whole tribe of them. Now we are at the last door, so prepare your eyes to meet the daylight. It will not be very strong at first, but no doubt it will be

quite enough to dazzle you."

As she spoke they emerged from the vaults through a small door, which Felicia carefully closed behind them. They found themselves in an under-ground apartment, the roof of which was partially broken in, admitting the daylight; and the ruinous fragments having fallen in front of the door through which they had just passed, effectually concealed it from the view of any casual visitor who was not sufficiently adventurous to explore the recesses of the place. Felicia had extinguished her lamp before quitting the dungeons, and now led the way over the barrier of ruins and up a flight of steps so broken and disjointed that their very appearance was enough to deter most persons from venturing upon them.

Mabel now knew where she was, and consequently no longer needed Felicia's guidance. The two cousins parted; the younger to dress with all speed for dinner; while the elder, after a few moments' reflection, bent her steps towards the library. Her gentle tap was answered by an invitation to enter, uttered in her

uncle's voice.

"Come, that is well!" he said, with his sad smile; "two visits in one day! This is an unlooked-for pleasure, Felicia; I hope, my dear child, that you have brought your tongue with you?" "Yes, uncle, for I am come to ask you a question."

"Sit down, then, my love; and remember, the more questions you ask the

better I shall be pleased."

"I had rather not sit down, thank you, uncle. It is only one question." She put her arms round his neck, and whispered it in his ear, "Will you tell me, uncle, exactly what is meant by an idiot?"

Mr. Thorburn saw in an instant both whence this question originated, and the use he might make of it to stimulate his niece to mental exertions which would even yet compensate for her utter want of education.

"An idiot, my love, is a person whose mind is so weak that he cannot learn anything."

"Am I an idiot?" she whispered.

"Decidedly not; and I am sure you can learn anything you please now that you have begun to talk English again."

"Then may I learn all that I ought to know, uncle? How can I do it?"

"By having a clever person to instruct you. I will speak to Mrs. Ayton, Mabel's governess, to-night, and ask her to give you lessons every day."

"Thank you, dear uncle," said Felicia. She seemed lost in thought for a moment, and then added, in a half-sad, half-laughing tone, "Do you remember how you once promised me a governess who would teach me everything? That was a long—long time ago."

"Yes, my love, I remember," he answered, hastily, for he dreaded any allusion to that terrible period, "and it is not too late now to keep my promise. Have

you dined?"

"No, uncle. I have been out with Mabel ever since we jumped from that window this morning."

"Then you shall dine with me; that is, if it is not disagreeable to you to do so," he added, seeing that she looked

confused.

"I am afraid I should not behave properly, uncle—that is all," she said, while a rich colour diffused itself over her pale brown cheeks. "I have taken my food like a wild creature out in the park, or among the ruins, and I should not like the servants to laugh at me."

"This is one of the things that you ought to learn, my dear child, and I am the most proper person to teach you. No servant shall remain in the room, so you need not dread being laughed at."

So Felicia remained to dinner with her

uncle, and received from him her first lesson in the amenities of social life—a task which he was pleased to find that her natural refinement and quick feminine tact rendered far more easy than her timid self-depreciation had led him to expect.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MYSTERY.

"How is your patient this morning, Mrs. Baker?" demanded Mabel, as she entered the little shop, after having made the widow's son, Joe, supremely proud and happy by confiding Zuleika to his care during her absence.

"Oh! Miss Mabel, I am truly happy to see you, and so will the poor old lady be too, for she has been inquiring for you consistently. "She enjoyed a very bad night, for I am sorry to tell you that the encephalus has set in, just as the doctor feared it would."

"You mean erysipelas, don't you?"

suggested the young lady.

"Yes, Miss, to be sure! How silly I Why, the encephalus is quite another kind of complaint, isn't it? Well, to be sure, what mistakes one does make! Yes, miss, it is the erysipelas."

"I believe that is a dangerous disease,

"Very dangerous, Miss, particular if it flies to the head, as it has with this poor soul. It lays upon a fillum, the doctor says, that hangs over the drum of the head. Indeed, he gives very small hopes of her restitution, as she is much more injured infernally than he had predisposed. He says that she was that hurt in the collusion, that her heart is quite shaken out of its cup, and is only resting on a bit of gristle."

In spite of the seriousness of the occasion, Mabel could scarcely forbear laughing at the little woman's display of medical and anatomical knowledge. However, controlling this indecorous tendency, she merely remarked that she would like to see the old Scotchwoman.

"I'll tell Mrs. Howkins you're coming in, Miss," said Mrs. Baker; "we've been obliged to have a nurse to sit up with her, you see, for she was quite deleterious the greater part of the night.".

When Mabel approached the bed on which the patient lay, she was shocked to see the change that a few hours had made in her. Her head and face were

swollen to twice the natural size, so that her features were almost obliterated, and only narrow slits remained where her

eyes should be.

"I've been fain to see your winsome young face ance mair," said the sick woman, making a fruitless effort to raise herself as Mabel approached. "Dinna come nigh me-dinna come nigh me, my bonny leddy; maybe the complaint is catching. Set ye doon by the window, and let the caller air blaw in upon ye. I canna see weel, sae bid yon wifie gang her gate awhile, and see that the door is steekit, till I tell ye what I ha' to say. I'll no be lang in this life, and I'd like to gang out o't wi' a clear conscience."

"Would you not rather see our clergyman?" said Mabel; "he is a good, kind man, and could give you good ad.

vice, which I cannot do."

"Na! na! I'll hae nae minister; it would be just a flying in the face o' Providence to tell onybody forbye yoursel, when you were sae manifeestly put in the way wi' a design by Ane abune us. Is you wife gane?"

"Yes," replied Mabel, "and the door

is closed."

"There's an auld leather poke aneath my pillow," said the Scotchwoman; "tak' it out, but be sure and haud your breath when you come near me, lest ye catch the fever that's on me. Hae ye got it?"

"Yes; here it is," said the young lady, looking with some astonishment, and not without a secret feeling of satisfaction that she had her riding gloves on, at a very old and very dirty leather pocket, which she drew from under the pillow

as directed. " Mony's the hundred miles that auld poke has journeyed wi' me," said the sick woman; "but now I'm ganging on a langer journey than ony, where I'll hae nae use for it. Weel, that's neither here nor there; look intil it, hinnie, and ye'll see a sma' wee packet, done up wi' brown paper."

"I have found it," said Mabel.

"Then ye may e'en keep it, and read it at your leisure. I could ne'er mak' head nor tail o't, for I'm nae scholar, and it's a' writ in some foreign tongue. Now listen to what I'm ganging to tell ye, and dinna fash me wi' idle clavers, for my breath is failing, and I doubt I'll no keep my head ower lang thegither."

As the old woman's Scottish dialect might not be quite easy of comprehension to all my readers, I shall not here narrate the circumstances which she disclosed to her wondering and terrified auditor. Suffice it to say that, when the tale was ended, the old woman strictly enjoined Mabel not to risk her health by coming to see her again, and ended with a solemn recommendation to her to preserve the secret which she had that day learnt, and disclose it to no one till she was old enough to understand the value of it.

Mabel galloped home, and locking herself in her dressing-room, proceeded to examine the packet in the hope of discovering something that would throw an additional light upon the mysterious story she had heard. The contents consisted chiefly of letters stained with age, and written in two distinct hands—one a bold, manly English character, the other a delicate foreign hand, evidently feminine.

She had hoped that the foreign writing which had puzzled the old Scotchwoman would prove to be French, in which case she could easily decipher the letters; but she was disappointed to find that they were all in Italian, of which she only knew enough to be able to recognise it. The other objects contained in the parcel were a lock of light brown hair, and a miniature portrait of a handsome young man in a soldier's uniform, with hair that corresponded in colour to the lock.

"I must learn Italian," murmured Mabel to herself; "I must know all about it. And what shall I do then? If no one knows this but my father and myself; if the old woman dies, and tells no one else, why, then, if I burn these letters, every proof is destroyed, and the secret is lodged here—here for ever!" And she smote her breast fiercely, "and here it should remain. But no; I have no right to dispose of the destinies of others. I must wait-I must see what happens; I must be older and wiser before I can know properly what to do. Ah!" she exclaimed suddenly, as a thought struck her, "what was it that Felicia said yesterday? Oh, Heaven! what a mesh of mystery and horror is closing round me! I wish I could undo it all, and be ignorant and happy as I was two days ago!"

She threw herself on the sofa, and sobbed violently.

A knock at the room door disturbed her. She made no answer, hoping that the intruder would go away, but it was repeated.

"It is I—Felicia! Will you not let me in?"

"I cannot let you in now, cousin; I am busy."

"You are unhappy, for I heard you sobbing," replied Felicia, in a low but very distinct tone; "will you not let me come in and comfort you?"

"You cannot comfort me, Felicia. I would rather be alone."

There was no more said—no sound of retreating footsteps; but when, a few minutes later, Mabel's heart smote her for her unkind reception of her cousin's proffered sympathy, and she opened the door to invite her in, Felicia was no longer there.

Not sorry to have her solitude unbroken, Mabel returned to the sofa, and plunged again into a labyrinth of bewildering reflections. It was no vain excuse when she pleaded a severe headache as a reason for absenting herself from the dinner-table.

Mrs. Thorburn, however, was thrown into a state of violent consternation. It was all the consequence of Mabel's own obstinacy and folly in visiting the old woman who had met with the accident. She had caught the erysipelas, and brought it into the house, "and her childer would all be sacrifice!" A servant was despatched on horseback for Dr. Gilchrist.

"What is amiss, John?" asked the

doctor, pulling on his boots.

"Why, sir," replied John, with a slight twist of his face, "I should suppose, from what I heard, that Master Edward and his sisters were all laid up and near dying with erysipelas, though I saw them looking very well about an hour ago."

"Tush," said the doctor, placing his heel in the boot-jack; "if that's all, say I'll come up in the morning."

"But all that I know, sir," continued John, "is, that Miss Mabel is keeping her room with a very bad headache."

"Then, after all, I may as well go this

Arrived at the house, he would fain have gone to the real invalid, but he was waylaid by Mrs. Thorburn, who insisted upon his seeing her children first, lest he should bring the infection from Mabel.

"Mabel has not got the erysipelas," said the doctor, incredulously; "she is

not a subject for it—her blood is too

"Den I am sure, if it depend on de purity of de blood, my childer are in no danger from it" (the doctor coughed),

A slight inspection having satisfied him of the perfect health of the younger branches, Dr. Gilchrist hastened to Mabel. He found her friend and ci-devant governess, Mrs. Ayton, with her, applying all sorts of little feminine remedies. The room was darkened, the sufferer not being able to endure the light. The doctor felt her pulse, and said "Humph" to himself, as doctors do when they come to a conclusion for their own private edificatio

"Have the kindness to draw back one of the curtains, Miss Ayton; I cannot see her. The farther one, if you please, that we may not distress her with too

Having thus sent Mrs. Ayton out of earshot, and obtained a good view of his patient's face, he continued, in a low tone, "You've been crying, Mabel, and as you would not cry because your head ached, your head must ache because you have been crying. Come, now, tell me what it is all about."

"I cannot tell you, sir; and please don't let any one know it—not even Mrs. Ayton."

"No, no, that would not be the way to mend matters. But a young girl like you ought not to have any hidden sorrow sharp enough to make her cry herself ill."

"The sorrow may be for another person," she said, evasively.

"Is anything wrong with your brother—with Roderick?" demanded Dr. Gilchrist, hastily.

"No," replied Mabel, in a tone that sounded almost like alarm; "no, I hope not. I have not heard from him for a fortnight."

"Well, my dear young lady, whatever may be the cause of your trouble, I advise you to think of it as little as possible. There is nothing seriously amiss with our young patient, Mrs. Ayton. A headache from riding in the sun, that is all; or perhaps it is caused by the state of the atmosphere. We shall have a thunder-storm in the course of the night, or I am much mistaken. The best thing for Miss Thorburn is to take a glass of wine, go to bed, and sleep soundly till morning."

As the doctor trotted briskly down the avenue, casting an occasional glance at

the huge black masses of cloud that were gathering at opposite points of the horizon, like two hostile armies marshalling their forces in preparation for a pitched battle, and calculating his chances of reaching home before the storm burst over him, a dark figure, in which he at once recognised Felicia, flitted across the road. He had heard of the marked improvement that had taken place in her mental condition, and as she had always been less shy towards him than towards most people, he had no hesitation in following and addressing her.

tı

"Why, Felicia, you are surely not running away from me? Your cousin Mabel tells me that you can talk now as well as any one, so I hope you will have a chat with me. But we must not stop long, for it is going to rain, and you will be wet to the skin."

Felicia did not reply. She stood for a moment like a startled fawn, uncertain whether to stay or take to flight, with her eyes turned sideways on him with a wilder and sadder expression than he had ever before seen in them. Then with a sudden spring she bounded off, and was lost amid the trees.

"Poor child! poor child!" said the doctor to himself, as he proceeded homewards. "Worse than ever, I fear! Her apparent improvement was but a transitory gleam, followed by greater darkness."

Could Mabel have been aware of the serious effect which the slightest shade of unkindness might produce upon her cousin's over-sensitive mind, how bitterly she would have repented that little indulgence of the selfishness of grief, which prompted her to keep her door closed against Felicia's gentle pleadings.

But all unconscious of the mischief she had done, she fell into a sound slumber, lulled by the doctor's genial prescription and by the low, soothing voice of Mrs. Ayton, who sat by her bedside and read a not too exciting book. The first terrific peal of thunder having failed to disturb Mabel's rest, Mrs. Ayton carefully shaded the night-lamp from the eyes of the sleeping girl, and left her to repose.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

THE night was intensely dark, broken only by fitful flashes of lightning, the harbingers of the coming tempest.

At every gleam the long, handsome front of Thorsghyll House stood out in strong relief against the background of tree and hill. For a moment every ornament round the windows, every fantastic gargoyle, every wreath on the Gothic chimneys, even the coat of arms carved above the hall door, was distinctly visible. The broad terrace with its three wide flights of steps and marble balustrade, every pillar of which, while the flash lasted, became obtrusively present to the eye, seemed suddenly to start into existence and then fall back into nothing.

There was no wind; but a solemn murmur passed through the woods, as though the old trees foresaw the strife that was impending over them, and were mustering their strength for the encounter.

Beyond and behind the house a wild moor extended to the little church already mentioned, which stood alone on a bleak and desolate spot, with not even a labourer's hut nearer than a quarter of a mile, where the modest parsonage, a farm house of moderate pretensions, and a few small cottages were clustered in a secluded dell. But the clergyman no longer resided at the parsonage. Some years previously Mr. Thorburn had built and endowed a large and handsome church in the village of Thorsghyll, since which time the old church on the hill had been disused, excepting as a place of interment for such as preferred it to the more modern cemetery.

In the transient gleams of the lightning a figure might have been seen leaning upon the tombstone which marked the last resting-place of Felix Thorburn.

It was Felicia. The expression of her face was intensely sorrowful, but her eyes were tearless. Her mind was in harmony with the weather around her; dark, gloomy, chaotic, with now and then a corruscation of intelligence, vivid enough to show the blackness of the night which it interrupted, but too brief to illume her with the steady light of reason. It was no longer idioey-that threatened her—it was madness.

With a wild gust the wind came tearing down through an opening in the hills. She did not heed it further than to cling to the tombstone with both hands till the force of the blast was exhausted. The comb was blown from her hair, and the long black tresses streamed out like a pennon upon the gale; but she was all unconscious of it, except when a stray lock fell across her face, when she would

fling it impatiently aside. After that first wild gust of wind there came a deep, heavy lull, broken by a vivid flash of lightning, and a thunder-peal that shook the hills to their foundations. There was another lull, followed by another louder clap of thunder, and then the rain came down as if a great sluice had been opened in the clouds. At the same moment the wind burst again through the gully and added to the wild uproar of the elements. Instinctively, for she had no reasoned idea of seeking refuge from the storm, Felicia ran to the shelter of the porch. Panting from the desperate struggle to keep her footing against the tornado, she clung for support to the first object that presented itself, which happened to be the latch of the wicket-door. It yielded to the pressure, and she almost fell into the church.

To most girls of her age, and even to many a grown man, the prospect of spending the night in a lonely church would have been anything but pleasant. To Felicia, however, solitude was habitual, and there was nothing in the proximity of the dead to terrify her imagination. She therefore closed the door with a vague feeling of satisfaction at being protected from the storm, and wandered about by the brilliant glare of the lightning, which continued to flash through the windows at very short intervals, rendering the church nearly as light as in the daytime. She came at last to the large family pew of the Thorburns, and feeling tired, she placed the cushions in a heap on the floor and lay down. For a while she gazed upon the changing light with half-vacant eyes; then the dark fringed lids fell slowly, and she slept.

How long this slumber had lasted she did not know, when she was awakened by a strain of the most ravishing music she had ever heard. High above all rose the wailing tones of a human voice, or rather of a voice that had been human, which now retained nothing of its mortal state but the remembrance of its sorrows and its love.

"The spirits are come for me," thought Felicia; "is that my father's voice?"

She raised herself into a sitting posture and listened. A deeper voice answered to the first. The tones, the melody, were equally mournful, but no words were distinguishable. The damp air of the church struck a deadly chill through her wet clothes, and she thought it was the hand of death that was laid upon her. Still the music rolled on, now deep and

solemn, now sweet and wild. She must have slept for a long time, for the storm was gone, the wind was hushed, and the moon was shining peacefully through the east window. As Felicia sate and listened in expectation of a summons to join the invisible choristers, she became aware that the sounds proceeded from the organ, and that a dark figure was seated in front of it, whose movements seemed to correspond with the music. The sounds at length died away, and the figure remained motionless.

As she sate in a sort of half-conscious bewilderment, Felicia was seized with a violent fit of coughing. The figure at the organ started up, and turned round.

"There is some one in the church!" he said, in a loud, clear voice. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

The poor girl did not reply—she could not, for she was dumb again, since Mabel's unintentional slight had caused a strong reaction on her brain.

"Who are you?" repeated the organist.

"If you belong to this neighbourhood, you must know who I am, and that I cannot injure you; and if you are a stranger, I tell you that you need not fear me, for I am blind."

Still there was no reply, only a repe-

tition of the coughing.

"That is a woman, and she may be ill," said the organist, hastening down the stairs of the organ loft. Following the sounds of the incessant cough, which now that it had begun seemed as if it would never leave off, his quick ear speedily led him to the large pew, which he opened and entered. The direction of the sound informed him that the person he was in search of was on the ground, and there his outstretched hands soon encountered a cold, damp female form, with a quantity of long hair hanging about her.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "this must be Miss Felicia Thorburn! Young lady, take compassion on a blind man and try to speak to me; or at least press my hand, if you are Miss Thorburn."

"I am Felicia," she said, her tongue being loosened by his distress and sym-

pathy.

"And you are ill; you have taken a dreadful cold; that cough sounds to me like that which my only sister had before she died of inflammation on the lungs. What is to be done? You cannot get home to-night, for the water is too high. Will you come to my humble cottage? My housekeeper will attend on you till

morning, when a messenger can be sent to inform your friends where you are and also of your illness."

cal

wa

Th

ke

VO

mi

se.

gr

as

ur

in

ri

pr

ar

CO

ap

fir

CU

CO

dı

fo

M

de

0

fr

al

d

sì

0

C

li

cl

d

10

F

tl

S

fa

t

ti

"I will go home with you," said Felicia, rising with difficulty. "Is it far?"

"Not above a quarter of a mile," he replied; "and if you can walk briskly it will do you good."

Poor Felicia attempted to walk briskly with the help of the kind organist's arm, but the first breath of fresh air as they left the church completely overcame her, and she fell down in a swoon.

The organist was a strong, active man of about forty, and in spite of his blindness knew every step of the ground between the church and the old parsonage where he lived, and to take the insensible girl in his arms, and carry her to his habitation at a much greater speed than she would have been able to accomplish, was the work of little more than five minutes.

When Felicia came to herself, she was in total darkness and lying on what appeared to be a sofa. The door of the room was open, so that she distinctly heard a dialogue that was being carried on upstairs. It was prefaced by a loud knocking with the knuckles upon a door, and repeated cries of "Mrs. Clutterbuck! Mrs. Clutterbuck!" in the voice of the blind organist.

"Well, what do ye want?" at length responded the lady thus addressed, in accents that did not speak much for the sweetness of her temper; "can't ye let a body get a wink of sleep at night after they've been slave, slave, slave for ye all the day long?"

"You must get up directly, Mrs. Clutterbuck, and see to a young lady that I have found in the church very ill."

"Is that all the respect you owe to me, Mr. Marsden," cried the virtuous dowager, "to go and bring a parcel of tramping hussies into the place, and call me out of my bed and wake me up out of my first sleep to wait upon 'em? For what with the awful thunder and the wind, and my anxieties about you, which I never am free from them day nor night, I couldn't get a wink of sleep before one o'clock You may wait this blessed morning. upon your hussies yourself, Mr. Marsden, and out of this house I go to-morrow morning. I'll not stop to be insulted to my very nose, that I wont."

"I tell you it's no tramp that I have brought in, you stupid, obstinate woman! but a young lady—Miss Felicia Thorburn. Will you get up now? She's been caught in the storm, and is perishing for want of help, and if she does perish, Mr. Thorburn shall know whose fault it is!"

"Miss Thorburn!" screamed the house-keeper. "Lord ha' mercy! Why didn't you say so before? I'll be down in one minute. Any dishabble will do as there's no men folks about," she added to herself as she bundled on a heap of incongruous garments; "for he's like nobody,

as he can't see."

Mrs. Clutterbuck, though as ill-tempered an old hag as ever tormented an unfortunate victim whom fate had thrown in her power, was a skilful and experienced nurse, having been a Gamp by profession for the greater part of her life; and when swayed by motives of interest could be exceedingly attentive, and, to all appearance, kind and gentle. The kitchen fire, being made up according to the custom of the north, with a "gathering coal," was quickly stirred into a blaze, and a pair of clean sheets having been duly aired, the spare bed was made ready for the reception of the young lady, and Mrs. Clutterbuck carried her upstairs as easily as Mr. Marsden himself could have

"She's no great weight for a tall girl," observed the old dame as she raised her from the sofa; "her limbs are as long and slender as a young colt's. She'll want a good bit of filling out before she'll be what I call a fine woman. But la! it don't much matter, do it, in the state she's in, poor cretur?"

This was said as she carried Felicia out of the room, and before Mr. Marsden could check her; for Mrs. Clutterbuck, like most common-minded people, concluded that because the poor girl was dumb, she must also be either deaf or

idiotical.

Mr. Marsden was very much pained, on Felicia's account, by the coarseness of these remarks, but he hoped she might not have remarked them, though he knew she was beginning to recover from her fainting fit when he first brought her into the house. Having ascertained that she was comfortable, and that her cough seemed easier, after drinking an infusion of sudorific herbs, which the woman prepared for her, the organist set off to fetch Dr. Gilchrist, using the precaution of taking with him a small terrier, upon whose instinct he could rely, to give him timely notice of any danger that might lie in his way, such as a swollen stream or a fallen tree; otherwise, the road to the new church was as familiar to him as that to the old, for he went there every

Sunday to play the organ.

The doctor did not grumble like Mrs. Clutterbuck when he was roused from what actually was his first sleep. He had had a busy night of it, and had not long got to bed, and was dreaming that he was at a meeting of some learned society, to whom he was reading a paper on the effect of thunderstorms upon the census, when tinkle, tinkle, tinkle went the bell, and "There's the night-bell, dear," said Mrs. Gilchrist, without waking, and out of the window went the doctor's head.

"Down directly," he cried, popping it in again. "Poor dear child! Out in such a storm! It's enough to kill her!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

A NEW CHARACTER IS INTRODUCED.

MABEL had slept so soundly, notwithstanding the storm, that when she awoke she almost doubted whether all that the old Scotchwoman had told her had not been merely a vivid dream; but the sight of the little packet, which she had carefully locked away before going to bed, soon convinced her of the reality of the reve-She once more examined the lation. portrait, the hair, and the letters, but not a word could she discover that threw the faintest light upon the affair. She folded them all in a strong sheet of paper, which she sealed securely, resolving not to open it until she had made such progress in Italian that she would be able to

All her energies were now bent upon the acquisition of that language. She knew that it was not one of Mrs. Ayton's accomplishments, and therefore she must have a master; and as that master might probably have to be sent for from London, she determined to go at once to her father and inform him of her wishes, which she knew she had only to mention in order to have them gratified.

Mr. Thorburn was just sitting down to his early breakfast, and Mabel was greatly surprised to find that he had a companion.

This was a tall thin man of middle age, with a decidedly military bearing, and a bronzed face and hands, showing that he had recently returned from a tropical clime. His light hair and thick whiskers and moustache were slightly sprinkled with grey, and the seriousness, almost amounting to sadness, of his countenance, immediately enlisted Mabel's sympathies.

"Oh, here comes Mabel!" exclaimed Mr. Thorburn, with more animation than she ever remembered to have seen him evince; "I have just sent to inquire whether your little ladyship would be visible to an old friend of mine, Major Hamilton, within the hour or two which is all that he can give me to-day, after riding twenty miles before breakfast to see me. I call you an old friend, Hamilton, though you were still a mere boy when I last saw you."

"In age, perhaps, I was still but a boy," said the other, sadly, "though I might have laid claim to be considered a man, if sorrow could confer the title. But my friendship for you dates from a much earlier period. I have even now a vivid recollection of the splendid tips you used to give me when you came to see

poor Felix at school."

Mabel was startled, for since her uncle's death, which she faintly remembered, it had been impressed upon her that she must never mention his name in her father's hearing. And now this gentleman spoke of him quite familiarly! She expected to see something dreadful happen in consequence, but Mr. Thorburn only said, quite calmly—

"Ay; tips are remembered sometimes when more serious things are forgotten."

"And so this young lady is the baby whose birth was announced in the papers about two years ago, as it seems to me! And your brother—where is he?"

"Which do you mean—Edward or Roderick?" inquired Mabel, stammering

and looking confused.

"I mean your twin-brother," replied the major; "I was not aware that you had two."

"A second marriage," said Mr. Thor-

"Of that interesting fact I was also ignorant," said Major Hamilton. "Are

both the lads at home?"

"Roderick will be home soon for the holidays," said Mr. Thorburn; "Edward has not yet been to school. He is rather delicate, subject to fits—and his mother seems to think that the best remedy is to keep him at home and spoil him. Mabel, my love, have you breakfasted? If not, you cannot do better than sit down with us."

"I was just thinking so, papa, for as I had only a headache for dinner yester-day, I am very hungry."

"And what brought you down here so early this morning?" asked her father, as

the meal proceeded; "I did not expect to see you, especially as you were not well last night."

"I came to present a petition before the morning post went out," replied Mabel. "Well?" suggested her father.

"I want to learn Italian," she replied, "and as Mrs. Ayton does not understand it, I suppose I must have a teacher from London."

"And why must you learn Italian?" asked Mr. Thorburn; "if you want to study a new language, why not learn German? It is much more fashionable, if that is any recommendation, and there is a very excellent young lady, I understand, recently established in the village, who lives by teaching that, amongst other things."

"I don't wish to learn German, papa; at least not at present. When I understand Italian, perhaps I will patronize your young lady. But does she also teach

Italian?"

"What is she?" inquired the major; "if a German, don't think of her as a teacher of Italian, if you desire to have a

pure accent."

"By-the-bye, major," said Mr. Thorburn, "you can give this self-willed young lady some good advice on the subject, as I remember you spoke more Italian than English in your youth. Tell her what is best to be done, and, like a dutiful father, I will execute her orders."

"It is of no use to do a thing by halves," said Major Hamilton; "if Miss Thorburn is going to learn Italian—"

"Which Miss Thorburn decidedly is," interrupted that young lady.

"She ought quite as decidedly to learn it from a person competent, as the advertisements have it, to impart a pure Tuscan accent. Now there was a young fellow who came over from India in the same ship with me who interested me very much, and I promised to do him a good turn, if it were in my power. He is a Florentine—a man of refined mind and education, and I think is the very person to suit you, though he is a political refugee."

"Oh yes, papa!" cried Mabel; "send

for him at once."

"I don't much like the idea of a refugee from modern Italy," said Mr. Thorburn. "Are you sure he is not one of Crocco's gang?"

"Your objections will be diminished perhaps, when you know that he is an arrant coward, and always in a state of alarm at his own shadow. There is not much of the brigand about him, and his accent is perfect."

"Very well; will you make the pro-

posal to him?"

"With great pleasure. I'll write now, if you please, and so save a post."

While the major was writing his letter to his Italian friend, Dr. Gilchrist was announced.

"I bring you bad news, Mr. Thorburn," he said; "your niece is suffering under an attack of bronchitis."

"Felicia ill!" exclaimed Mabel; "how is that? She was quite well yester-

day."

The doctor then described his having seen her in the park, and the peculiarly wild and unsettled expression of her countenance on that occasion. He then went on to detail how the blind organist, to whom day and night were the same, had wandered out to the old church to play on the organ, and having discovered her there, had carried her home and taken care of her.

"It was my fault," exclaimed Mabel, bursting into tears; "I refused to let her into my room, because I felt ill and my head was aching, and her dear heart is so tender that she went away in grief, and got worse than ever again. I'll go to her at once. Good morning, Major Hamilton."

"What! are we to lose you so soon?" said the major, starting up; then, observing her tears, he added, "I fear something painful has happened."

"My cousin is very ill," she replied, in a broken voice, "and it is all my fault. Good-bye; I am going to her. Good-bye, Dr. Gilchrist, or are you coming too?"

"No, Miss Mabel, I have just left her. I am going now to see the old Scotchwoman, who, I think, will hardly survive another day."

"Is she still conscious?" asked Mabel.

"At intervals; but you had better not visit her any more. You may rest satisfied that every care is taken of your poor protégée, but it is not a fit scene for you. Mr. Thorburn, will you second my endeavours to impose a salutary check upon this very wilful young lady's Quixotic benevolence?"

"Certainly I will," he replied, kissing his daughter; "go to your cousin, my pet, and leave your old woman to those who are better able to attend upon her. It has been a sad affair enough," he added, as she was going, "without

having my Mabel laid up with that horrible disease. And now, as you two gentlemen are likely to become coadjutors in time, as the joint executors of my will, it is fitting that I should make you better acquainted. Dr. Gilchrist—Major Hamilton. You are already, I believe, well known to each other by reputation; in fact, I am not sure you were not at school together."

"Not quite," said the soldier; "Dr. Gilchrist left shortly before I went, but I knew him well, too, through both of us being cronies of your brother's."

"I am very happy to have the opportunity of drawing that very vague acquaintanceship into a closer bond, Major Hamilton," said the doctor, as they shook hands, "and I hope it may be long before we are called upon to labour together in the executive department."

"Who is this cousin of Miss Thorburn's who is ill?" asked the major, when the usual compliments were over; "I did not know that you had a niece."

"She is poor Felix's only child," replied Mr. Thorburn. "By some means, which we have never been able to discover, she was in the room at the time of his death, and she has been sadly afflicted ever since. She is strangely wayward and capricious, but not apparently either insane or idiotic, though, in consequence no doubt of the mental shock, she has been completely dumb until two days ago, when she began of her own free will to talk to Mabel. She afterwards spoke to me, and, what is most surprising, she expressed herself with as much propriety as though she had been in the constant habit The only peculiarity obof talking. servable was that her utterance was slow and rather difficult; Mabel expressed it well by saying that she spoke as if the hinges of her tongue were stiff."

"And yet," observed the doctor, "she used to talk a good deal, when alone, in that strange, sweet Indian language of hers."

"Has she been in India?" exclaimed the major, with great vivacity.

"Not your India, my good friend," replied Mr. Thorburn, "but in the American India. Her mother was a kind of princess in some tribe, the name of which I never could master. She was a Christian, however, and my brother was married to her. And even had it been otherwise, this poor child would have been equally dear to me. She will be one of your wards when I am gone. Felix lost

all he possessed in a shipwreck, but I have provided for her, of course."

"Poor little darling!" sighed the major, "if ever I am called upon to fulfil the duties you assign to me, you may be sure I will be a father to her. I would that there were some little creature from whom I might claim the title inreality!"

"Then why don't you marry, and have

a dozen?" said Dr. Gilchrist.

"That can never be," replied the

major, in a low tone.

He turned and walked towards the window, and Mr. Thorburn gave the doctor a look that warned him he was venturing upon delicate ground with Major Hamilton in alluding to the subject of marriage. Dr. Gilchrist replied with a shrug of the shoulders and an elevation of the eyebrows, expressive of a perfect comprehension of the hint, mingled with astonishment and commiseration.

"Don't undeceive him about Felicia," he whispered; "I should like to witness

his surprise when he sees her."

"Is her illness very serious?" said Mr. Thorburn; "I have had no time to

ask about her."

"Serious?—yes; but not dangerous at present. If we can bring her well through it, I am not sure that it is not the best thing that could have happened to her. The head is perfectly clear now, and if we can keep it so, and cure the lungs as well, all will be right, I trust. But those organs of the brain are so delicate, so mysterious in their action-we know so little of them, that our treatment is at the best but blind guess-work. We can only feel our way, as it were, in the dark; and it sometimes happens, when a case seems to be going on well, that a chance touch on the wrong place throws the whole of the machinery out of gear, and no mortal skill can set it in order again. Depend upon it, my dear sir, that in these cases the physician who seems to do best is he who has the humility to own himself at fault, and the patience to watch and wait upon Nature, who sometimes, as I trust she will do in Felicia's case, works a cure; though how she does it we of the faculty are just as much able to explain, as you or the poor child herself."

"What an admirable horsewoman your daughter is, Thorburn," said Major Hamilton, returning from the window; "she has just galloped past on a splendid thorough-bred mare, and I never saw a better or more graceful seat on horseback. But is it quite safe to let her ride

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Thorburn, "she is used to it, and her Arabian is as docile as a spaniel. Are you riding this morning, doctor? If so, as I see you want to be off, we will accompany you. If that poor old woman is dead I must see the coroner and get the matter passed over if possible without an inquest."

The horses were speedily brought to the door, and the three gentlemen rode

down to the village.

"It's all over with her, poor creature," said Dr. Gilchrist, as they approached Mrs. Baker's house, and he saw the clergyman just coming out, and Joe Baker putting up the shutters. While the doctor stepped inside to look at the body for the "satisfaction" of the widow, Mr. Thorburn held a short colloquy with the clergyman. The deceased had given him full instructions, he said, to enable him to write to her relatives, near Aberdeen, to inform them of her death, and also to forward to them the sum of thirty pounds, which she had with her.

"She was not a common vagrant," he continued; "and though she came on foot from the north of Scotland, she only adopted that mode of travelling from motives of economy, as is shown by the money in her possession. She undertook this long journey, it seems, from a motive that appears nothing short of romantic. She made no formal statement to me when in her senses, but from her broken speeches when her mind wandered, I gathered that many years ago she saw the corpse of a woman in a gravel-pit—"

Mr. Thorburn's horse here started and plunged violently, and it was some minutes before he could succeed in quiet-

ing him.

"How? what?" exclaimed Major Hamilton, reining in his charger, which showed some inclination to begin curvetting also. "The corpse of a woman in a gravel-pit? How could she get there? How long ago was it? Good heavens! How terrible!"

The reverend gentleman was too fully occupied in taking care of his own personal safety to hear these questions, but as soon as Mr. Thorburn's horse was quiet he continued his narrative.

"Fearing, I suppose, that she might fall under a suspicion of murder, she forbore to give information to the authorities, and only threw some gravel over the body and left it. However, of late years her conscience reproached her so strongly for what she had done, or rather left undone, that she undertook this long journey for the purpose of finding the body and getting it buried like a Christian. I wish we were all as ready to make a sacrifice for conscience' sake as this poor ignorant woman," added the worthy rector, thinking it requisite, no doubt, to point the moral of his tale, or, as the Scotch call it, to "improve the occasion."

"We do not all see the path of duty so strongly marked out before us," said Mr. Thorburn, gloomily; "hers lay in a straight line—as straight and well-defined as the high-road from Aberdeen to— where did you say she was going?" he asked, checking himself

abruptly.

"She did not mention the name of the place. I asked her afterwards, that I might be able to make some inquiries on the subject, for, if true, it is a shocking thing for the remains of a Christian to lie, as we may say, in a ditch, like those of a dog, without decent burial."

"And what did she reply?" asked Mr.

Thorburn, eagerly.

"Oh!" replied the clergyman, smiling, "she answered after the usual manner of her nation, with a counter question, and 'what for are ye spearin'?' was all the information I could obtain."

"What is amiss?" said Dr. Gilchrist, coming out of the house; "Mr. Thorburn, you are not well. What has made

you so pale?"

"My horse started suddenly, and I have wrenched my back slightly, that's all. This wretched business, too, makes me very anxious."

"Come into my house and take a glass

of sherry, will you?"

"Thank you, I will, very gladly, though it is full early; but medicine prescribed by the doctor must be taken when he orders it."

"Your clergyman has been telling us a terrible tale," said the major, as they went slowly down the street, for the doctor was on foot, his horse having walked off alone to his stable as soon as he found himself free, "a sort of revelation made by the old woman who is dead, about a corpse that she saw."

"Ay, ay—in a gravel-pit," interrupted the doctor; "but, my dear sir, that is all bosh. The patient was delirious, and the silly people about her (let me be sure the parson is out of hearing) took all her ravings for gospel." "Then you think there is no truth in the tale?"

"None whatever."

"I wish I could feel equally sure about it," was the major's mental response.

Finding that it was already later than he had supposed, and having an appointment to keep, he bade his two friends adieu and cantered off. Mr. Thorburn then, accompanied by Dr. Gilchrist, went to the coroner and laid before him a full statement of the way in which the accident had occurred; the result of which was that Mrs. Thorburn was saved the exposure which would have been entailed upon her by the report of an inquest in the public papers.

As he rode home alone, Mr. Thorburn stopped at Mrs. Baker's, and went in to look at the body. He stood for some minutes scanning the features, now restored in death to something of their natural appearance, and seemed to search for a resemblance to somewhat that he remembered in the past. But no satisfactory result arose from the scrutiny, and he thoughtfully wended his way

homeward.

CHAPTER XXV.

MABEL DISCOVERS THAT SHE IS A LADY OF INDEPENDENT PROPERTY, AND ALSO THAT FELICIA IS NOT QUITE SO IGNO-RANT AS HAD BEEN SUPPOSED.

THE next morning broke bright and lovely over Thorsghyll, as summer mornings will break—though hideous death, life-corroding remorse, pride and vanity, pain and sickness, and heart-racking anxiety, may all lie within the narrow

compass of a few square miles.

But to make up for all the dark spots on which he was condemned to shine, the sun never beamed upon anything more pure and sunny than Mabel when she opened her dark grey eyes to greet his earliest rays. Her golden tresses lay in rich, natural clusters over the pillow; her complexion, of that delicate pink and white which sometimes, though rarely, accompanies yellow hair, was heightened by the warmth of sleep: one rounded arm was flung over the coverlet, the other was half hidden among her curls, and her full, ruddy lips were slightly parted by a smile in some happy dream, just showing her firm, white, healthy teeth, when, still under the pleasant influence of her dream, she awoke.

Yet Mabel was by no means a beau-

tiful girl, for her features were not at all regular, and could not have stood the test of severe criticism. However, she was undeniably pretty; and, above all, a frank, clear soul looked out of her eyes, and truth was enthroned upon her open brow. It was this that rendered her so lovable.

"What a beautiful morning!" she murmured; "I'll get up at once and go to Felicia. She must be better in such weather."

She was about to ring for Barton, when looking at her watch and seeing that it was yet only half-past four, she concluded that her attendant was still asleep, and proceeded to perform her toilet without assistance. When she was half dressed, however, Barton came in.

"What makes you up so early, lady-

bird?" she asked.

"I am going to see how Felicia is," replied Mabel; "I am sorry I disturbed you, Barton: it was that tiresome showerbath, I suppose; I could not make it go

quietly."

"Nay, my lambkin, I was awake, and thinking of getting up and going to see Miss Felicia myself, and getting back before you wanted to dress. Then I heard the shower, and I knew you were beforehand with me. I stayed with Miss Felicia till ten o'clock last night, and I think she seemed a little better. Don't sigh so sadly, pretty ladybird; she'll get quite well soon, I've no doubt."

"I was not thinking about Felicia just then," said Mabel, "I was thinking of papa. I heard him speaking yesterday about making his will, and though it is what everybody ought to do, I don't like

to hear of his doing it."

"Well, my lambkin, it wont matter much to you whether he makes a will or no, for whatever happens you will be a rich lady."

"How so, nurse?"

"Why, my precious, because you will have half your mother's fortune, which nobody can deprive you of, and that's fifty thousand pounds, besides all the interest that will accumulate in twenty-

one years."

"Oh! that's very nice," said the young girl, with the natural feeling of elation at such intelligence, "I never heard of that before, and it never came into my head to consider whether my mother was rich or not before she married papa. I have heard people saying sometimes that I was an heiress, and all that sort of

thing, but I never liked to hear it, because I thought it must come from papa, and could only be after his death. Why did you never tell me of this before, Barton?"

"Master always told me to avoid say. ing anything to you as children that would puff you up with ideas of being richer or grander than other folks, or that having so much money made you superior to everybody else. I suppose he saw the evils of that kind of training at the other end of the house; and so I got into the way of not talking about such things to you, and I shouldn't have mentioned it now, though you are, as I may say, grown up and too sensible to take harm from knowing it, only you spoke about your father making his will; and besides, I really didn't know whether you knew about it or not."

"Fifty thousand pounds!" repeated Mabel; "that is a large sum, is it not? Do Mrs. Thorburn's children have any of it?"

"Oh no, missy; they couldn't touch a farthing of it. It was your mother's own dowry settled upon her, and to be divided equally among her children, that's fifty thousand for you, and fifty thousand for Master Roderick. And if either of you was to die—which Heaven forbid—before you was of age to make a will and dispose of it otherwise, it would all go to the other."

"I see," said Mabel, hastily, "or ifor if-one or the other had never been born, it would have all gone to the one

that was born?"

"Yes, my sweet blossom, that's it, exactly. If there had only been one child left, it would all have gone to that one; and if there'd been twenty, it would have been divided equally amongst them, share and share alike. Those are the very words they put in a will."

"I wish there had been twenty of us," said Mabel, "or at least I wish that all those who died before I was born had lived till now. I would rather have my

sisters, than their money."

"Ah!" sighed Barton, shaking her head, "six lovely babes as ever I set my eyes upon; and I had to put them all into their coffins, one after the other. And so I made sure I should have had to put you too, for it seemed as if none of your poor dear mother's children were to live. But you'd brought a great strong brother to protect you, and that's how you got on so well, I suppose. And you came bundling into the world in such a

hurry too—couldn't wait till you got home, but must make your appearance in a little wayside public-house, with no proper doctor to attend you, but only an old woman! I'd been sent on here to make ready for my mistress, and when I was fetched back again, and knew the reason, I thought I might just as well call at the undertaker's, and bring away a little coffin with me. But ah, dear! dear! it was a larger one that we wanted before many days were over!"

"Don't talk any more about coffins, nurse," said Mabel; "what with that poor woman dying, and Felicia being ill, and papa preparing to make his will, I feel quite miserable. Talk of something else,—tell me how far that public-house is from here. When Roderick comes home I will ask papa to let me go and visit my native place; and yet it might pain him to hear it mentioned, so I'd better say nothing about it to him. Where is it?"

"It's but a little hamlet of a place, my darling. It lies a mile or two beyond Nateby, and about twenty from here. I never saw such a dreary spot as it is! And to be the birthplace of such a bright blossom, too!"

"Then give your bright blossom her old grey habit, you dear, silly old nursey; it is shorter than the others, and is less likely to throw me down when I am in Felicia's room. Good-bye! I'll give your love to the amiable Mrs. Clutterbuck, and tell her you are coming after breakfast on purpose to see her."

Mabel ran lightly down to the stables, where, early as it was, she found two or three grooms and helpers already astir. Zuleika was soon saddled, and danced off over the dewy grass apparently enjoying the fine morning quite as much as her mistress

As she rode through the park, Mabel's brain was busily occupied in trying to unravel a knotty question of right and wrong, which some recent events had forced upon her consideration; but the more she pondered the more confused her ideas became, until, when she entered the little glen in which the organist's cottage was situated, her mind was in as complete a state of doubt as to which was right and which was wrong, as if she had been a special pleader.

She found the blind man sitting on a bench in the garden, enjoying the beauties of the morning through every sense but one.

"Good morning, Miss Thorburn," he said, rising and advancing to meet her, as she threw Zuleika's reins over the railing, and opened the little gate.

"How do you know it is Miss Thorburn?" she asked, in some surprise.

"I know the sound of your horse's step," he replied.

"But my horse is not me. It might have been one of the grooms taking her out for an airing."

"She steps differently with a groom; and, besides, it was no groom's foot that touched the ground when you alighted."

"Your hearing must be wonderfully acute and discriminating."

"There is nothing like the loss of sight to make it so. Mrs. Clutterbuck is not up yet; but I can tell you, upon the evidence of my hearing, that your cousin is better. Her cough has nearly left her, and when it does occur, it is far

The young lady sat on the bench beside him and chatted for half an hour, when a stir in the house announced that Mrs. Clutterbuck had commenced her active duties, and presently her voice was heard calling to Mr. Marsden, and rating him soundly for having let the cat into the larder. He meekly excused himself, saying that he thought the cat was out.

"What did you go there for?" demanded the termagant.

"I merely went for a little bread," he answered, in the same mild tone.

"And why couldn't you wait till I came down? But I'll take care that you do another time, for I'll lock the door."

As she said this she quitted the window, out of which she had spoken, without seeing Mabel, who was hidden by some bushes.

"Oh! Mr. Marsden," exclaimed the latter, "how can you endure that woman in your house? Why don't you get rid of her?"

"What could I do without her?" he replied, despondingly—"I am so dependent, owing to my infirmity. Because I am blind, she treats me as a child, or an imbecile, and it would be the same with any one else, so it is wisest to put up with her ill temper, for the sake of her better qualities. She is, for instance, strictly honest."

"How do you know that?" demanded Mabel. "I should doubt it very much."

"I suppose it, because I have made no discovery to the contrary, and I think I

should have found her out in five years, if she had robbed me. Her roughness is more manner than ill-feeling. She began by treating your cousin like an overgrown baby, talking about her to her face, with the utmost freedom, because having always understood that she was dumb, she thought that she must have lost all her other senses as well. She was greatly surprised when Miss Felicia spoke to her, and has treated her with the utmost deference ever since."

Mabel soon afterwards went up to her cousin's room, and was delighted to find her considerably improved. She stayed with her for some time, and then the clatter of hoofs outside was heard, and presently the voice of one of the grooms inquiring for her. She ran down, fearing that some accident had happened. The man had brought her a letter that had just arrived by the post, and Mr. Parsons, seeing that it came from Master Roderick, had sont him on with it

had sent him on with it.

"Here is such a long letter from Roderick!" she said, returning to Felicia's bedside. "Shall I read it to you? He asks me to get permission for him to invite two of his schoolfellows to spend the holidays with him (of course he shall); one is a stunner, a Trojan, a glorious fellow, and the other is a little brick! Well, that is a nice pair of friends to bring home with him! A bear and a monkey, I should imagine. However, he shall have them if he wishes it. What are you smiling at, Felicia?"

"At the grand air with which you dispense your bountiful permission, or rather your father's, to your elder brother and the future head of the family."

"Papa never refuses me any reasonable request, and I know I have only to tell him I wish it, and to send for those boys at once."

"And why does not Roderick apply at once to his father instead of to you?" said Felicia, fixing her eyes steadily upon Mabel's face.

"I don't know—I can't tell," stammered Mabel, colouring deeply, and looking very much confused; "he always asks me to speak for him."

"It is very strange that dear uncle, so kind to everybody else, should be so harsh to Roderick. He has always been so, as long as I can remember. I have often wished to speak to Roderick when I have seen him wandering about by himself and looking unhappy, but I never could summon courage to try. Do you know

why I think uncle always grants your wishes?"

"No, dear. Why is it?" said Mabel.
"Because you are so like your mother; but there is something I cannot comprehend in his violent dislike to Roderick.

Now read his letter." It began by giving a graphic and spirited description of Tom Slingsby's octangular duel, with a brief account of the causes which led to it. Then followed a warm panegyric on the said Tom's good qualities, with a briefer eulogium on little Vincent, whom he wished to invite chiefly on account of his having no relations or friends to go to except his guardian, whose dull, formal house, in a gloomy old street in London, the poor child remembered with horror. Roderick wound up with a politic recommendation to Mabel to pass over Tom's plebeian paternity in naming him to her father, and only to say that he was a grandson of Sir George Ponsonby. "He is sure to speak of it himself," he continued; "he is such a strange fellow, and as proud as the old one himself; and the governor will like him all the better for his frankness, though he might object if he knew it beforehand."

"I fear," said Mabel, "that Roderick is becoming diplomatic and vulgar. The governor! However, I like the description he gives of this fighting friend of his, and so I'll go forthwith and ask the governor's leave to invite them. And to morrow, or even perhaps this afternoon, you may be brought home, dear."

"I think not quite so soon," said Felicia. "Dr. Gilchrist said I had better get up for a few hours, for a day or two, before I venture out. I am very anxious to return home, that I may begin my lessons."

"Oh, yes! I was so delighted to hear from Mrs. Ayton that she is to teach you."

"I have so much to learn; I know I am so sadly ignorant," said Felicia, sorrowfully.

"Has Mrs. Clutterbuck been reading to you?" asked Mabel, taking up a book that lay on the bed.

"No, I've been reading to myself."
"You reading?" cried Mabel, in astonishment. "Can you read?"
"Of course I can. Papa taught me

on board ship after we were wrecked."

"And you remember it all this time!

When did you begin again?"
"It seems to me that I have been

able to read ever since. I have read half the books in the library, as well as a number of old chronicles in the large closet that opens out of it. I have a private way of getting in there, which I discovered by accident, and that is the way I have kept myself supplied with books without letting anybody know it."

"And that accounts for the mysterious disappearance and reappearance of several volumes that papa has missed, and then found in their places again. I am so delighted at this! I may tell papa, of course, and he will be so glad; for if you have been reading all these years you cannot be so ignorant as you suppose. You must have hoarded up a great amount of information, and Mrs. Ayton will only have to arrange it, and fill up the deficiencies. Can you write, too?"

"Yes, in an odd sort of way; but I don't know whether any one could read it."

"But if you can write at all, that is a great thing. It will be easy to make you write well. And why have you kept all this concealed, when the knowledge of it would have made us so happy?"

"I do not know," replied Felicia.

"One reason was that I felt ashamed of beginning to talk, though I sometimes whispered English words to myself, to hear if I pronounced them like other people. And another reason was that I thought nobody cared for me. Even my uncle, though he kissed me, and smoothed down my hair with his hand, would look so gloomy and sigh so heavily, and then bid me go away from him, that I thought he did not like me."

"You know that he likes you now; and so make haste, and get well and come home, and then you shall learn all kinds of things, French and music, and I don't see why you should not join me in my Italian

lessons. And you shall learn to ride, too, and have a horse of your own as pretty as my Zuleika, if one can be found. And so good-bye for the present, my sweet cousin. Dear old Barton will be here by-and-by, and then the doctor, and I will come again in the afternoon, so you will have as much company as is good for you."

The echo of Zuleika's bounding hoofs was soon heard as she carried her mistress down the glen. Felicia listened to the sounds till they died away, and then she listened to other sounds—those of Mr. Marsden's pianoforte, as he played some of Beethoven's divinest music, but woefully interrupted by the rattle of culinary utensils in the kitchen, where Mrs. Clutterbuck created the greatest possible amount of noise, to show her

"Don't that row make your head ache?" said the matron, when she brought up her patient's breakfast.

"You did make more noise than usual, certainly, Mrs. Clutterbuck," replied Felicia, wilfully misunderstanding her. "Was anything amiss?"

"I mean his row," said the house-keeper, nothing abashed. "I'm sure he tires me out sometimes. He's always at it—drum, drum, drum—and playing such stuff as nobody ever heard before. If he'd play something sensible, now, some nice pretty tunes, one would know what he was at. But he never will play anything worth listening to."

"I like that music very much," said Felicia, "and I only wish I could play like him."

"Dear heart alive! I should have thought you had had better taste! But there, of course," she muttered, as she went down, "she haven't a-had the advantages that most folks have."

(To be continued.)

ECSTASY.

This rapturous excitement is not unfrequently the province of the physician. Fortunately perhaps for the patient, it is an incurable malady, illustrating the lines of Dryden,

"There is a pleasure, sure, in being mad, Which none but madmen know."

If we admit this state of ecstasy to be a mental aberration, it is surely of an enviable nature, since it elevates the soul to a beatitude which is rarely the lot of

No definition of this state can equal that given by St. Theresa of her own feelings. By prayer she had attained what she calls a "celestial quietude—a state of union, rapture, and ecstasy." "I experienced," she continues, "a sort of sleep of all the faculties of the soul intellect, memory, and volition; during which, though they were but slumbering, they had no conception of their mode of operation. It was a sensation, such as one might experience when expiring in raptures in the bosom of our God. The soul is unconscious of its actions; she (the soul) knows not if she speaks or if she remains silent, if she laughs or if she cries. It is, in short, a blessed extravagance, a celestial madness, in which she attains in the knowledge of true wisdom, an inconceivable consolation. She is on the point of merging into a state of languor; breathless, exhausted, the slightest motion, even of the hands, is unutterably difficult. The eyes are closed by a spontaneous movement; or, if they remain open, the power of vision has fled. In vain they endeavour to read: they can distinguish letters, but are unable to class them into words. Speak to a person in this absorbed condition, no answer will be obtained; although endeavouring to speak, utterance is impossible. Deprived of all external faculties, those of the soul are increased, to enjoy glorious raptures when conversing with the Deity and surrounding angels." These conversations St. Theresa relates; and she further states, that after having remained about an hour in this joyous trance, she recovered her usual senses, and found her eyes streaming in tears, as though they were weeping for the loss she had experienced in being restored to earthly relations.

Now, with all due deference to St. Theresa, this state was most probably a hysteric condition. Zimmerman relates two cases somewhat of a similar kind. Madame M. experienced effusions of divine love of a peculiar nature. She first fell into a state of ecstasy, motionless and insensible, during which, she affirms, she felt this love penetrating her whole being, while a new life seemed to thrill through every fibre. Suddenly she started up, and seizing one of her companions, exclaimed, "Come, haste with me to follow and call Love, for I cannot sufficiently call upon his name!" A French young lady was the second instance of this affection. She also frequently lost the power of speech and all external senses, animated with a love divine, spending whole nights in ecstatic bliss, and rapturously embraced by her mystic lover. It is difficult, perhaps, to separate this amorous feeling from physical temperament; and the following remarks of Virey on the subject of St. Theresa are most judicious:—" She possessed an ardent and sensitive disposition, transported, no doubt, by terrestrial affection, which she strove to exchange for a more exalted ardour for the Deity; for devotion and love are more or less of a similar character. Theresa was not fired by that adoration which is exclusively due to the infinite and invisible Intelligence which rules the universe; but she fancied a sensible, an anthropomorphous divinity; so much so, that she not unfrequently reproached herself with bitterness that these raptures were not sufficiently unconnected with corporeal pleasures and voluptuous feelings.

St. Theresa was not the only beatifed enthusiast who suspected that the evil spirit occasionally interfered in those ecstatic visions. St. Thomas Aquinas divides ecstasies into three classes;—the first arising from divine power, and enjoyed by the prophets, St. Paul, and various other saints. The second was the work of the devil, who bound down all external senses, suspended their action, and reduced the body to the condition of a corpse: such were the raptures in which magicians and sorcerers were frequently entranced, during which, according to Tertullian and other writers, the soul quitted the body to wander

about the world, inquire into all its occurrences, and then returned with the intelligence it had obtained to its former abode. The third rapturous category of St. Thomas he simply attributes to physical causes constituting mental alienation.

May not all these ecstatic raptures be considered as belonging to this third class? It has been observed that women, hysteric ones in particular, were the most subject to this supposed inspired affection; and amongst men it has also been remarked, that the enraptured individual was in general nervous, debilitated, and bald; and it is well known that the fall of the hair is frequently the result of moral and physical weakness, brought on by long studies, contemplation, grief, and illness, all of which may occasion mental aberration.

Bernier relates an act of supposed devotion amongst the Fakirs, when, to seek the blessings of a new light, they rivet their eyes in silent contemplation upon the ceiling; then gradually looking down, they fix both eyes gazing, or rather squinting, at the tip of their nose, until the aforesaid light beameth on them.

St. Augustine mentions a priest who could at will fall into one of these ecstasies, during which his external senses were so totally suppressed that he did not experience the pangs of the torture.

This state of mind is usually succeeded by contemplation, which has justly been considered one of the attributes of genius. This contemplation, however, may be applied to positive relation, or to the workings of fiction. In the latter case it becomes to a certain degree mental, and beyond the control or the influence of our reason, although we cannot regulate the rationality of our mental pursuits by any given or acknowledged standard. The pseudo-philosopher, who searches for the elixir vitæ or the power of transmuting metals, and the judicial astrologer, are in the eyes of society madmen: yet, do they reason on certain rational principles, and in many respects may be considered wise; one might figuratively say, that here the mind must have taken flight beyond its natural limits, if we can limit thought. In the wild wanderings of Theosophy man has fancied that by abstracting himself from the world, he might place himself in relation with the Divinity, and has so forcibly indulged the flattering illusion, that he actually believes that he is in

converse with his Creator or his angels. Unquestionably this is a state of mania, yet is it founded upon a systematic train of ideas that, strictly speaking, does not partake of mental aberration, but rather of enthusiasm. Although an indulgence in this may terminate in mania, still there is something delightful in these fond aberrations. A new world—a new condition is evoked—we are freed from the trammels of society and its prejudices and perhaps encompassed by misery we burst from its shackles into another orb of our own creation, when the eyes closed in a vision of bliss—a meridian sunbeam, through the darkness of night. If the slumber of the visionary ushered in death, his destiny might be enviable—he had already quitted the world, seeking the presence of his God—his soul had already soared from its earthly tenement.

There is no doubt that such contemplation may lead us to a better knowledge of the Supreme Being, whose image and attributes have been distorted by ignorance and superstition. It has been truly said, that until the light of Christianity shone upon mankind, God was unknown. He had been represented as wrathful and revengeful-implacable in his anger — insatiable in his thirst for blood—when he was revealed to us upon the earth, gentle, forgiving, loving, humble, and charitable. The type of all excellence—and delivering doctrines so pure, so convincing, as to entitle him to the name of Saviour, even were his godhead doubted-for who could question the salvation of those who followed his laws? Until ambition swayed the Church and polluted the altar with blood and rapine-how happy, how blessed were these followers — even in the midst of persecution and in agonies-pardoning their barbarous murderers and praying for their conversion.

Unfortunately, according to the temperament of individuals, their ecstasy has frequently led to an enthusiasm which knew no bounds, and induced the illuminated visionary to consider all men who did not coincide in his opinions the enemies of Divinity—hence arose fanaticism and persecution—yet did these murderous madmen conceive that they were wielding their hateful sword in the cause of an offended God; and, although we read of their excesses and cruelty with horror, they were not bad men, and many of them imagined that they were fulfilling a heavenly mission. I have

known many worthy and amiable ecclesiastics in Spain and in Portugal who advocated the inquisition as a useful institution, although they readily admitted that it had too frequently been rendered instrumental to ambition and political intrigues.

This state of mental exaltation is not unfrequently within the province of a physician's care. The treatment, like that of all moral affections, is a task of great difficulty. Perhaps the best curative means to be adopted is occupation of the body in active pursuits. St. Augustine was so convinced of this necessity of occupation to prevent ecstatic habits, that the monks of the Thebaid cultivated their ground with such industry that they freighted several vessels with their produce. Priest has observed in his extensive practice in insanity that he never met with an insane naturalist. Travelling is also to be enjoined. Marriage has also been advised, although it is to be feared that the little charms men of this description may have to suit a woman's fancy, might lead to contemplation of a nature widely different from beatitude. The Jewish Rabbis tell us that as soon as Moses became contemplative and prophetic, his wife Marjarin left him. It is certain that enthusiasm produces a concentration of mind prejudicial to all other functions.

There is no doubt that melancholy or intense cogitation may bring on this morbid condition. Zimmerman relates that the mathematician Viote was sometimes so wrapped up in calculation, that he was known to remain three days and three nights without sleep or food; and Mendelsohn the philosopher, who was called the Plato of Germany, fell into a swoon the moment philosophy was talked of; and he was therefore ordered by his doctor not to think. Being asked one day what he contrived to do when not allowed thought, he replied, "Why, I go to the window and count the tiles on the roof of the opposite house."

This morbid condition of our intellectual faculties has been admirably described by Johnson in his "Rasselas." "To indulge the power of fiction, and send imagination out upon the wing, is often the sport of those who delight too much in silent speculation. He who has nothing external that can divert him, must find pleasure in his own thoughts, and must conceive himself what he is not; for who is pleased with what he is? He

then expatiates in boundless futurity, and culls from all imaginary conditions that which for the present moment he would most desire; amuses his desires with impossible enjoyments, and confers upon his pride unattainable dominion. The mind dances from scene to scene, unites all pleasures, in all combinations, and riots in delights which nature and fortune, with all their bounty, cannot bestow. In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention: all other intellectual gratifications are rejected; the mind, in weariness or leisure, returns constantly to the favourite conception, and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed; she grows first imperious, and in time despotic. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of raptures or of anguish."

The celebrated physician Boerhaavewas once engaged in so profound a meditation that he did not close his eyes for six weeks. Any fixity of idea may be considered as a monomania. Pascal, being thrown down on a bridge, fancied ever after that he was standing on the brink of a terrific precipice, which appeared to him an abyss ever ready to engulf him. So immutable was this dread, that when his friends conversed with him they were obliged to conceal this ideal peril with a chair, on which they seated themselves, to tranquillize his perturbed mind. This is an instance of a painful fixity of thought, the result of which is melancholic mania; whereas ecstatic exultation is the enjoyment of a delicious sensation unknown in our habitual earthly enjoyments, and beautifully expressed by Shakespeare, when Pericles thus addresses Helicanus-

"O Helicanus! strike me, honoured sir; Give me a gash—put me to present pain, Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me O'erbear the shores of my mortality, And drown me with their sweetness."

Archimedes was heedless of the slaughter around him. Father Castel, the inventor of the ocular harpsichord, spent an entire night in one position, ruminating on a thought that struck him as he was retiring to rest. And it is related of an arduous student, that he was reflecting so deeply on some interesting and puzzling subject, that he did not perceive that his feet were burnt by the fire near which he was seated.

LOVE'S SUBTERFUGE.

THE music wandered off from Flowtow to nearer home. The large, long hall was filled with the sweet sharp shocks of the cymbals, the bright blowing of the bugles, and the great drum-beats rolling through.

People let their thoughts flow forth to meet the music, as suited them best, out upon the piazzas, in the parlours, or in

the large, long hall.

Walking up and down the latter, a girl voice went singing the first line,

"Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light?"

then ceasing, beating her palms together in time with the striking cymbals, she savs—

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" lingering in a

retty drawl upon the "lovely."

The gentleman walking beside her looked down, smiling mischief, as he replied—

"Very lovely, Carlotta, sing it again."

"Nonsense! I do not mean my singing. Ah, but you know that I don't!" looking up laughing into the laughing face.

He bent lower, and more meaningly returned—

"But I mean the singing. I like it

better than the band."

"No, no, don't talk so, but listen—ah, it is divine! divine! better than any music in the world. I don't wonder, listening to it, that soldiers realize all the excitement and not the danger when they march to the battle-field to such inspiring strains. Raymond, how did you feel when the men were dropping round you at Manassas?"

"Oh, as most men feel; after the first shock and dread passes the nerves grow steady. Thus easily we get careless of

human lives."

"Ah no, I do not think it is that; I think the soul rises to the occasion. But will you go again?"

"If I can get a commission, yes; if

not, no."

"Why will you not go if you do not

get a commission?"

"Well, I don't like the associations generally as private. It's too hard work, and if I risk my life I want to choose the way."

"Yes, I see," she answered, absently, as if she did not half see.

"You would be glad to have me go, Carlotta?" bending again with eager interest.

She knew what he meant, and a little colour of crimson fused into the faint pink cheek, and she unfurled her fan with a quick, nervous slide, as she replied—

"I would be glad for every man to go that can, specially those without wives

and children."

"They may have mothers; you forget that," he said, with an irritated, jeering sort of a laugh.

But she was very serious, almost so-

lemn, as she returned—

"Yes, that is very true; I didn't forget. My brother went, you know; and he goes again, with our mother's con sent."

"I know."

That was all he said, but it was said in softer accents under conviction.

Then in a moment more he began—"And the tie of a lover, Carlotta."

A little tinkling clash, and the pretty pearl fan was lying broken upon the floor, making grievous interruption. Swinging it to and fro, it had swung far out, and fell at a gentleman's feet who was sitting on one of the side couches. He brought it to her, and received a little airy "Thank you," and a smile of which her companion looked envious.

"I wonder who he is!" she exclaimed, watching the "gentleman" as he returned down the hall. "I've noticed him sitting

there all the evening."

"Have you?" with satiric emphasis, to which she paid no attention, but went on heedlessly—

"Yes; and did you see what an air he has—how loftily he carries his head? Military, too, do you notice? He must

be a new arrival.

"Very likely," was the reply, crossly enough now, and snapping two or three more sticks of the fan he had taken from her; whereupon such a cunning little smile went flashing whiter pearls than he held into view, and a pair of merry brown eyes dropped their white curtains, for modesty's sake.

The gentleman who had been the in-

nocent cause of all this, from his place on one of the side couches, observed the pantomime of the conversation with an odd smile, curling his heavy moustache. It was evident that he understood.

On the next morning Miss Carlotta Delevan—in other words, Miss Charlotte, the sweet Spanish rendering being the work of her Cuban nurse—might have been seen, somewhere after breakfast, when the halls are mostly vacant, running her little finger down the list of arrivals, as she leaned over the office-desk.

There were Smiths, and Smythes, and aristocratic Howards, and Vans, and the Parisian De, but only one military Captain Jones; and following this, making it more noticeable from the sharp contrast of euphony, was one name, the last,

Vayle Ventnor.

"Vayle Ventnor!" she ran it over in her mind. The oddest name in the world. But she had found what she sought; her military hero of the lofty carriage was Captain Jones. So, satisfied, she went sauntering out upon the piazza, and met the military hero, "Captain Jones," sauntering too. She dropped her pretty head in pretty remembrance, and received a most graceful "reverence" in return; then with gentlemanly courtesy he turned off from his walk, leaving her alone.

So she sauntered slowly, thinking, "There's something fine about the man—not so handsome though as Raymond Mays: horrid name, too, 'Jones!' Heigh-ho!" yawning, "I wish I had the morning's paper. Ah! there comes Raymond; I'll ask him. Raymond," nodding and smiling her greeting, "is that the paper you have? Yes? Thank you;" nodding again, and dropping into a chair to unfold and look it over, talking meanwhile to Raymond, who seated himself near.

Looking down a list of soldiers, what should she come upon but those two names again? First, among the officers, "Jeremiah Jones, Captain;" then, lower down, "Vayle Ventnor, Private." This Captain Jones, how he haunted her! Jeremiah Jones, think of that! she thought, and laughed outright, a little tinkle of merriment.

"What is it so funny, Carlotta? I couldn't find anything funny there. You get all the sunshine of life. What is it?" bending over.

But Carlotta chose not to tell; so she

put a little slim hand between his eyes and the paper, saying, with merry malice, "Curious?"

"No; only interested in what interests you. I want to catch your sunny way. Can't you teach me how?"

"Yes," demurely, "I'll teach you to catch it," rolling the paper into a ball,

and tossing it lightly to him.

He caught the paper and the fun too, tossing it back again softly. And to and fro they kept it going a moment, until, in a backward bend of her head, all laughing and flushed and breeze-ruffled as the head was, she received a glance of admiration from a bearded face looking down from an upper window upon their laughing play. It was sheer admiration, nothing less, for the girl herself in all her bright momentary abandon. As she met it her colour rose naturally; she dropped her eyes to raise them again furtively, but the gazer had withdrawn.

Captain Jones again. It was very

funny.

And then there rushed over her mind
—"CAPTAIN JEREMIAH JONES!" and
another little peal of laughter tinkled
forth.

"What does possess you, la Carlotta, this morning?" young Mays questioned,

smilingly.

She drew a long face, and answered—
"Captain Jeremiah Jones possesses
me, Raymond!" And flinging down the
paper, she ran away, tinkling forth her
laugh again to her hearer's utter mystification.

So she ran up the stairs, along the halls and passages, laughing still for the very drollery of the whole thing—laughing, and saying over gleefully, "Captain Jeremiah Jones, Captain Jeremiah Jones," when Captain Jeremiah Jones, in a sudden turn around a corner, nearly ran her down. Off came the plumed hat, and pardon was asked very humbly, with "I hope I haven't hurt you; it was very awkward of me, but your step was so light, and mine so heavy." She leaned against the wall, not hurt, but so startled that she couldn't speak for a moment.

She was hurt, then, he thought, and very gravely and respectfully he approached to offer some assistance, when she regained herself, and, explaining, sped away. Bursting into her room, the persistent oddity of the affair overcame her again, and she flung herself in another peal of laughter upon the bed. Her mother looked up in amaze, asking Ray.

mond's question: "What does possess you, Carlotta?" With a little silver shout she answered, "Captain Jeremiah Jones possesses me, mamma;" and as soon as she was able to speak further she gave "mamma" a history of her adventures; with the above gentleman. "Mamma" took the sunshine of life like her daughter; so there were a pair of laughers when she had ended.

The unconscious cause of all this, standing at the office lighting a cigar, heard the merriment, and, recognising one voice, wondered what it was about.

After dinner a servant handed her a card: "Ward Wyman." She ran down gleefully, for Ward Wyman was an old friend, and there she found him in close Captain Jeremiah conversation with Jones, who was for turning away as the lady approached, but stayed at the peremptory command of Mr. Wyman, and the words, "I want you two to know each other. Carlotta, this is my friend Ventnor—Vayle Ventnor, Miss Charlotte Delevan." The gentleman bowed lowly, "was very happy, &c.;" but Carlotta was too amazed to say a word, and all the while trying in vain to control the merriment that dimpled round her mouth. Through her mind went running, "Captain Jeremiah Jones!"

That night when Mays, Raymond Mays, came up to their hotel, she had to tell him the whole story: it was too funny to keep. How he laughed! "Why, you little goose, can't you tell an officer's dress from a private's?"

"No, indeed; how should I?" she answered.

"Ventnor? Ventnor?" he repeated.
"Ward"—to Wyman, who was just passing—"who is this fellow?"

"What fellow?"
"This Ventnor?"

Ward Wyman twinkled with sup-

pressed amusement.

"This fellow, Mays, is the son of Richmond Ventnor, whose house you visited with me in Paris, five years ago."

"The dickens it is! What in the world is his son serving merely as a

private for?"

"You must ask him."

"Why, his income must be a small fortune, and his associations and family advantages such that he might have almost any post. What does he mean?"

Thus in his surprise Raymond Mays ran on, unconscious that he was adding

still more interest to the quondam captain in the mind of Carlotta.

He saw his mistake by and by, when the band struck up "Die Schonbruner," and passing by, Vayle Ventnor, encouraged by the cordial smile that greeted him from la Carlotta, approached and asked her, "Would she honour him with two or three turns?" adding, apologetically, "that he was scarcely a fit cavalier for a lady in his rough soldier's costume." But Carlotta thought differently, and said something very pretty and patriotic to him as she accepted the invitation. The fact was Carlotta was wild with curiosity to know how such a Fortune favourite came to be in his present position as "Vayle Ventnor, Private;" and so she determined to follow up the acquaintance till she had satisfied her Eve-like propensity. It wasn't a pleasant waltz to one person there. Raymond Mays stood chewing the cud of bitter reflection. Poor Mays! he thought he was dying for Carlotta Delevan; and perhaps he was, but it would be an easy death—because Mays never took anything hardly, not even the small-pox, which once visited him, leaving one white mark on the side of his handsome nose.

It wasn't pleasant to see Ventnor's splendid sliding ease of step as he whirled past with Carlotta. If he had made a bungle of it he could have forgiven him, but that perfect movement defied criticism. After the waltz the two strolled out upon the piazza, and here suddenly the gentleman reeled, and would have fallen, had it not been for the slight little arm that was linked within his. He sat down, and presently explained.

"I have been ill, Miss Delevan, and the change of air after the exercise made

my head spin."

"Oh, you are off on furlough, getting well?" she asked, with some satisfaction.

"Exactly," he replied, not a little amused at her direct simplicity, "off on furlough, getting well—that is just it, Miss Delevan."

She coloured a little—had she been too curious? But his manner was very frank and kind, so her mind eased itself, and the talk flowed so readily that she found it was eleven o'clock before she knew it. Rising to go in, she said to him—

Ventnor, and let me present you to my mother: she will be glad to make you comfortable if you are an invalid, and to

ask you about the army, for our Will's sake."

He thanked her brightly. He liked the cordial freedom of her invitation, and told her how glad he would be to come.

So it came to pass that morning after morning "Vayle Ventnor, Private," might be seen half-sitting, half-reclining upon Mrs. Delevan's own particular lounge in her own particular private parlour. On one of these mornings Carlotta was enlightened.

It began in this way: She had picked up an old paper, and her eye fell upon the two names again in a roll-call— "Vayle Ventnor, Private," and "Jere-

miah Jones, Captain."

She laughed out with the gleeful memory—then told him the whole story; but the telling is too naïve to lose.

To his question, "What is it so funny,

Miss Delevan?" she replied-

"Why, you must know that when you first arrived, the day after you picked up my fan, you remember, I thought you were Captain Jeremiah Jones."

"You thought—how should you think

that?"

"Well, you see, when you restored my fan that night I remarked to Raymond Mays, as you went back to your seat, that you were military. The next morning, as I was looking over the list of arrivals, I came upon the two names—'Captain Jones and Vayle Ventnor;' and I supposed of course that you were the officer, as I had no knowledge of military dress-distinction, and there was but one military prefix, and I remembered your costume as belonging to some regiment. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see," he answered, trying not to smile at her straight simplicity.

"But who in the world is 'Captain Jones—Captain Jeremiah Jones?'" she suddenly asked. "I haven't thought of the real captain actually since I discovered my mistake—how funny!"

"He returned the next day after his arrival—you probably didn't see him. He is the captain of my company—a good fellow, and an excellent officer. But let me ask another question: How did you know his name to be Jeremiah?"

"Why, I saw it in a paper—like this," and she handed the one she held to him—then followed other little reminiscences—the meeting on the stairs, &c., till at last Carlotta asked a plump question, colouring prettily all the time.

"I want to know how you came to

be serving as 'Private'—will you tell me?"

"Why me so especially?"

"Because Ward says you are rich and aristocratic. Richmond Ventnor's son."

He laughed.

"Yes, it is very true. I am rich and aristocratic, as the saying goes, and Richmond Ventnor's son; but what has that to do with it?" he concluded, determining to draw her out. She made her eyes very round at this, and then repeated the usual objections—the usual reasons why rich and influential men shouldn't serve as "privates"—Raymond May's objections and reasons.

He heard her through, then his whole face changed, as he turned it toward her, and his light laughing words of a moment since changed to perfect seriousness as

he answered-

"Miss Delevan, when the news reached me of my country's peril I was in Paris at my father's house. A steamer sailed on the next day for America. I made my preparations and sailed in it. My life had been a student's life; I knew nothing whatever of military drill; but I was able and strong, from being a good gymnast—so I set myself to learn my new trade by enlisting as a private at once."

"But you have been serving three months—surely you have some experi-

ence now?" she interposed.

"It hasn't made a good soldier of me yet, at all events. I have much to learn before I shall think myself fitted to command in any degree. In the meantime, the country calls for a larger army, and because I am unfitted for an officer, shall I wait at such a time for a commission?"

"But you would not have to wait, with your connexions in the military and political world," she said; not half seeing yet his modesty—his manliness.

"No, I would not have to wait, it is very true," he exclaimed with some sarcasm. "Miss Delevan," sitting upright now, and lighting with scorn, "I am sick and ashamed of the shallow advantages of position-of the miserable presuming expectations that grow out of it. It is continually putting men in the wrong place, and building up gigantic errorssuch errors as we are to-day striving to amend. It humiliates me to think that to my position in the world do I owe perhaps any advancement, instead of to my own strength and powers as a man. I long sometimes to throw off these 'circumstances,' and for a time to meet the world face to face, and on its own terms. But pardon me for boring you with my theories;" and he sank back upon the lounge again to silence.

So Carlotta was enlightened.

As she sat there in silence she pondered what she had heard. This did not sound like Raymond Mays; yet Raymond Mays was a brave fellow, and a manly one. She had never heard any one talk like this before; but it struck an answering chord in her own nature. Of course she liked him better for it. He thought she didn't understand—that he had bored her with his earnestness on what he supposed would be a vague theory to her; for he looked upon her as only a sweeter specimen of the young lady genus, that bloomed in fashionable society.

By-and-by she said, in a dreamy, absent manner, as she sat, with her cheek leaning in her hand—"I wish you would talk in this way to Raymond Mays."

"Why to Raymond Mays?" he ques-

tioned, in surprise.

"Oh," still dreamily, thoughtfully, "he is waiting for a commission. He says he don't like the associations of a private's life—that it is too hard labour, and too generalizing; that if he is going to risk his life, he means to do it in a manner that is most agreeable to him, &c."

"Personal ambition! that is it; it stands in the way of the whole thing. Every man for himself, instead of a grand unit in thousands of men. . . . But are you anxious for Mr. Mays to go?" and here he looked at her rather curiously.

"I am anxious for all men to go who

can, as I told him."

"As you told him? But pardon me."
"I have nothing to pardon in that.
But why do you ask it?"

"I was surprised."

"Surprised? Now I am curious. What is there surprising in that?"

"Miss Delevan, I wish you would let me ask you a plump question."

"I will."

"Are you not engaged to Mr. Mays?"
"Engaged to Raymond Mays? No.
What put such a thought in your mind?"

"I can hardly tell; but I somehow

received the impression." .

"And that is why you were surprised that I told him I was anxious for all men to go! Mr. Ventnor, I have never talked very earnestly upon any earnest topic with you, not because I have doubted your earnestness, but because I have met so few persons who feel just as I do upon

many things that I am shy of speaking. But after your avowal a moment since, I know you will understand me when I say that, were I engaged to Mr. Mays, I could not wish him to stay behind at this issue, even awaiting a commission," she concluded, smiling. He looked at her with a new expression. This was fine, and he told her so.

"I don't know," she went on, thoughtfully. "Sometimes I think perhaps it is because I haven't been tried in that peculiar manner. Women whose husbands and lovers have gone, and to whom I have expressed this, say I am unwomanly, or that it is because I have never loved."

"It is because you are unselfish!" he exclaimed, with energy. "That is the mistake half the women make. They rarely discern between selfishness and unselfishness, where the heart is concerned. And you, Miss Delevan, are the first woman I ever met who could."

The honest admiration with which he regarded her at this point was unmistakable. It pleased her, of course, and she expressed it by saying, simply, "I

am so glad you think so."

He gave a quick look into her face. Such a mixture of frankness and reserve, he couldn't make her out. Musing, he presently said—

"Carlotta!" Then, recollecting, "Par-

don me, Miss Delevan-"

She waved her hand at him deprecatingly, and interrupted with, "No, no; call me Carlotta. I like people—I—to call me Carlotta."

What was she about to say? "I like people—I—like to call me Carlotta?"

He wished he knew.

"But say on," she resumed, "what you were going to say to Carlotta."

"Oh, just a fact which may sound like mere compliment, but which I assure you is not, that before to-day I thought you something sweeter than most young ladies; but now you stand to me as a type of what woman should be."

"Oh, that is a great deal to say; but I think you mean it as you assert."

"Yes, I mean it, Carlotta; and more—go on as you have to me; talk out such sentiments. Be brave, and honest, and true to whatever convictions you may have, however unpopular they may be, will you?"

He was very earnest—not gallant as Raymond Mays would have been—but in hearty earnest for the truth's sake.

"I will try," she answered. Then she thought, "He called me Carlotta—how

sweetly he says it! He is certainly very fine, and handsomer than Raymond

Mays !"

Alas for Raymond Mays! Two or three more days went by, and the band played, and the carriages rolled, and people took life gaily in sound of the great surging sea at this thoroughfare of fashion. In this time "Vayle Ventnor, Private," became better acquainted with la Carlotta. From the text of that morning they had gone on into the deeper waters of existence—had talked finer and freer, and thus discovered much more of each other.

In the meantime Raymond Mays, handsome fellow!—much handsomer be it known than Vayle Ventnor—meantime he chafed and fretted inwardly at this ripening acquaintance, and outwardly conducted himself in a most disdainful manner toward the former gentle-

man.

"The girl's head is turned with his wealth and position!" he blustered one

night to Ward Wyman.

"No no, Mays, be generous; I don't think that of Carlotta: besides, you don't know Ventnor—you wont know him; that's it. There was never a finer fellow in the world."

Mays sneered and turned away.

It happened that very night that he was present at a club-room, and heard a conversation between Ventnor and another, wherein Ventnor gave his reasons and opinions pretty much as he had done before Carlotta Delevan.

Still Mays sneered and scoffed.

The conversation wandering off, a lieutenant of the regular army suddenly said—

"Here is Mays now who is waiting, and with better reason than most. Mays was in the Crimea, you know."

" No, I didn't know."

"Yes, he was in Europe at the time, and joined the allied forces out of sheer blood-thirstiness, I believe. Isn't it so, Mays? Here, come out of your corner, and tell us all about it."

Mays "came out," saying there was nothing to tell, modestly and a little

crossly.

But Ventnor was so interested, so genial and frank, there was no resisting; so Mays told them "all about it" that he knew.

"Berge says you were the best-drilled soldier of all the volunteers, Mays," the lieutenant went on, "and that you had at one time the temporary command of a company."

"Why, I should think it was easy enough, then, for you to get a commission," one said.

Mays shrugged his shoulders, and re-

"Bah! I haven't influential friends in the right department, you know."

Vayle Ventnor blazed forth in the same indignant protest that he had brought forward upon another occasion, and when he had ended there was a determined look around his firm-set mouth that told of a purpose.

When Raymond Mays left the clubroom that night it was actually with a friendly nod to Ventnor's cordial "Good-

night!"

A few days more and the furlough would have expired. "Vayle Ventnor, Private," was a sound, hearty man again. There was no excuse now for delay, though the band played "Die Schonbruner" in such melting, memorizing strains, and the "Star-spangled Banner"

Whistling the latter lustily to get the former out of his head, he was rushing up the stairs and round a corner—that fatal corner—when swirl! came a silk gown and its owner. He opened his arms in a flash—into them he took silk gown and all—all the pretty, pretty wearer. He gathered her up with a little exulting laugh, and set her down inside the private parlour; but not until he had said, "Carlotta, be my Carlotta, you little darling!" and she had promised that she would.

"So you are engaged, Carlotta?" Raymond Mays remarked, a short time after this.

"Yes, I am engaged, Raymond."
"Well, I give you my congratulations.

Carlotta, look here."

He handed her an open letter. She read—an appointment to a captaincy in the —th Regiment.

"Oh, I am so glad for you!" she ex-

claimed. "How came it?"

"It came by Vayle Ventnor, Private, though he does not know my knowledge of his influence."

Then he told her of their conversation at the club-room, and how directly after that he received this appointment, through the governor and colonel, who were both near relatives of Vayle Ventnor.

"And now, Carlotta, I have offered

you my congratulations, I am going to him for the same purpose, and to thank him. He deserves his happiness, for he is a good fellow; but I wish he had never come here, after all, Carlotta."

"Then you would never have got your

commission," she answered, slyly.
"But," bending down, "shouldn't I

have got Carlotta?"

"Oh no, no! we were both too old acquaintances, Raymond. You'll like somebody else much better than you ever did me."

He stoutly denied this possibility, but all the time he was adjusting his spelted

sash with infinite satisfaction, and Carlotta said unto herself, "I'll risk his heart while it beats under that uniform."

He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Carlotta; I sail to-night." He tried hard to look miserable, but all in vain.

"Good-bye!"

Then suddenly, in a quiet flash of feeling, he bent nearer. The "good-bye" was a kiss. She laughed.

"How dare you, Raymond?"

"For old acquaintance' sake, and because next time I see you you will be Mrs. Vayle Ventnor—Private."

THE GOOD SISTER.

AH! who is she with the gentle step, And face so calm, though sad; Who, as she passes through the street, Is in deep mourning clad? Her hood conceals her bright black hair And covers half her face; And underneath her cloak she hides A basket and a case: Down that dark alley she will turn, And at that broken door She'll stop and enter, though within The occupant is poor. Upon a bed of chaff is laid A dying man (a thief), And to him this kind lady goes, And for him takes relief. She dresses all his bleeding wounds And sits beside his bed, When all around is hush'd in sleep, And bathes his aching head; And when at last his soul is moved To penitence and shame, She blesseth Him, who man so loved That to this world he came. And when in calm serenity, His spirit takes its flight To spend "the long eternity" In everlasting light, She'll quickly turn from that poor room, To tend the dying bed Of other poor forsaken ones, Who from the road were led. Sweet sister, emblem of that land Of purity and love! No trifles here can shake thy faith,

So firmly fixed above.

WORSHIP IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

BY A NURSE.

Long ages ago, when insanity was regarded as sacred or supernatural, the insane were the special care of the Church. They were committed to priestly custodiers, passed through solemn ceremonies, vestiges of which still linger in outlying districts, and in the depths of popular belief; but when more material views began to prevail—when demoniacal possession was doubted, and when witchcraft was treated with contempt, the salubrious effects of rites and relics were also called in question. And not only were those ceremonies set aside by which immediate exorcism was sought, but all religious observances were at the same time sacrificed. During the dark ages of asylum history, the mentally afflicted were shut out from all the consolations of the Christian faith. Ignorance concluded that they could derive no profit from such exercises, while timidity supposed that it would be the height of rashness to assemble them together for purposes of The growth, however, of a more humane and enlightened system has shown that most beneficial influences flow from these means formerly despised. Now every asylum has its chapel and its chaplain, and its regular services, in which crowds of the insane decorously and thankfully take part. And the effects of these services upon all who join in them are healthy and good, and are obvious alike during their progress and in the general working of the institution. calm and quiet which prevail at them, and the sobriety in chapel of spirits which are elsewhere turbulent, sufficiently indicate that there is a recognition of the character of the meeting, and that a feeling of reverence for religious truth, as it is among the earliest emotions awakened in the budding mind, is one of the last to fade from it when it is in "the sere and yellow leaf,"withered by disease. broken hearts and faltering Weary, tongues join in those grand old prayers that have for ages carried up to heaven the highest and holiest desires of countless thousands, and wild disordered thoughts are for a moment soothed and tranquillized by the mellow music and the words of praise. Even those who cannot really participate in the worship, are

benefited by being present at it. They imitate the attitudes and demeanour of those around them, and derive pleasure from the music and the variety of scene which attendance upon chapel ensures. I have known a mischievous idiot made manageable simply by being allowed to

go to chapel.

Asylums of large size have special chaplains, who devote their whole time to asylum work; but those of smaller dimensions are under the spiritual care of the curate of the parish in which they are placed, or of a clergyman in the neighbouring town. In either case there is generally a week-day service, which is conducted by the chaplain or one of the medical officers; and in some asylums there are also morning and evening prayers, which are read in one of the wards where the patients are assembled, or in the chapel building itself. The attendance at these services is always voluntary, though of course every effort is used to induce patients to join in them, and in general but little persuasion is required. The hours of prayer vary in different places, but perhaps a quarter to eight or nine in the morning, before breakfast or before the commencement of the work of the day, and eight in the evening, before bed-time, are those most widely adopted. If prayers are held in the wards, there are two distinct services, one for each side of the house; but if in chapel, then males and females meet together there, each sex having a side allotted to it, in accordance with the primitive practice. The two sexes have also distinct doors of entrance and passages or paths of approach, so that there is no necessity for their mingling toge-The chapel is either a part of the centre block, or a separate building erected on the grounds—the latter plan being the more approved because it is more ornamental, and because churchgoing, under such circumstances, is more in accordance with the ordinary habits of the people. Wherever the chapel is placed, it would generally bear more adornment than is bestowed upon it. As a rule, asylum chapels are bare and bald, affording no stimulation to devotion through the senses-channels which I am convinced afford the easiest access to it in deranged and enfeebled minds.

The wards have each a certain number of seats assigned to them, and are arranged according to their numbers, with this special exception, that the epileptics occupy those which are nearest to the door, so that, in case of a fit occurring, removal may be easily effected. nurses in each ward take it in turn to accompany their patients to chapel, and it is the duty of her who does so to follow them as they go in, and to see that they take possession of their proper seats. After this she takes her place in the outermost seat of the farthest back tier which her own charges occupy, that she may command a view of the whole of them during the service, and watch their behaviour. If a patient becomes restless or fidgetty, the nurse goes immediately and sits down beside her, and endeavours to restore composure by an appeal to selfrespect, vanity, or some other predominant emotion. If signs of excitement are manifested, the sufferer is quickly but quietly removed from chapel and restored to her ward. No notice is taken of longstanding habits and eccentricities which accompany some lunatics wherever they go, and which lead them to gesticulate, to rise up, to curtsey, or to turn in particular directions. Any attempt to interfere with such practices would probably produce a disturbance, whereas when they are left unnoticed they are only of brief continuance, and give little or no annoyance. I remember an officious nurse who had her ears boxed for meddling with one of these peculiarities. There was an old harmless monomaniac who, ruled by delusion, used daily to touch the hem of the elergyman's surplice as he walked past her, and then turn three times round where she stood. She was indulged in this eccentricity, and always conducted herself well after having accomplished it. But one morning the unlucky nurse, who was a great disciplinarian and strongly advocated uniformity of behaviour, determined to put a stop to this irregularity, and laid her hand on "old Jeanie's" shoulder as she was having her first turn after the enchanted touch. Never was manœuvre more unfortunate. "Old Jeanie" paused, cuffed the aggressor with soundness and celerity, completed her evolutions, and then knelt down to her devotions. We all looked to the doctor, and the insulted nurse evidently expected that slight inclination of his eyes towards

the door, which was understood to mean "remove your patient." But the doctor's eyes were stationary, and his countenance was expressive of placid cententment. "Old Jeanie" continued to revolve in triumph for years after that.

Nurses possessing tact and intelligence -qualities which no nurse should be without—soon learn when it is judicious to interfere with patients displaying their insanity in chapel, and when it is better to hold aloof—

"There are of madmen, as there are of tame, All humoured not alike. We have here some So apish and fantastic, will play with a

And though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image

So blemished and defaced, yet do they act Such antic and such pretty lunacies, That, spite of sorrow, they will make you

smile. Others again we have like hungry lions,

Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies."

The "pretty lunacies" which sweet old Decker here so fitly describes may generally be left to themselves, but when worshippers become "untameable as flies," interference is of course requisite. Lunatics in this state, however, are always prevented from attending chapel, so it is only when excitement comes on unexpectedly that removal has to be resorted I have seen this occur to a reduced schoolmaster, liable to sudden attacks of excitement, which twice assailed him in On both occasions he gave chapel. notice of their approach by shouting out "Here! Here!" on the announcement of the text; and on both had he to retire during the course of the sermon, frantically kissing his hand to the matron.

The simple rules, however, which have been mentioned, judiciously carried out, secure an amount of reverential quietness and attention that is astonishing to visitors, and that might afford an example to some sane congregations. An additional check against any impropriety is furnished by the surveillance of the officers, whose seats are so arranged as to overlook all who are present in chapel. In the whole of my experience, I cannot remember a regular disturbance or fray in chapel. The awe which all feel in a house of prayer, the strictness of the watch which is preserved, and the promptitude with which regulations are carried out, are effectual in enforcing order, while the selection of those who attend reduces the fits to a very small number. When a fit

does occur, the sufferer is carried out with the most marvellous quickness and dexterity, so that scarcely any interruption is occasioned. I have seen an epileptic in a paroxysm taken out without those a few seats in advance being The first aware of the circumstance. symptom of the fit is observed and removal is instantly effected. The vigilance of the nurses in this respect, however, may proceed a little too far. I remember one Sunday when a chronic epileptic, who was wearied out by a long sermon, and who leant back to stretch herself and yawned, was forthwith seized by two attentive guardians and gently but forcibly conveyed out of chapel, vainly expostulating all the way, and explaining—"I ain't in a fit; I ain't in a fit; I only yawned." At the conclusion of the service, each nurse steps into the middle of the passage, where she stands until her charges defile past her; she then follows them to the ward, where she counts them as they enter to ascertain that all who went out have returned. The numbers attending chapel are daily recorded in the report-book of the ward.

On Sundays, in asylums with special chaplains there are two services, but in smaller asylums there is but one. On that day the patients are supplied with better clothing, and constant endeavours are made to induce them to dress with that neatness and care which shall mark some respect for the day. All the differences in the domestic arrangements are calculated to encourage repose and to call up those tender associations which cluster about the Sabbath like bees round clover, and make it to the aged and mature, redolent of mournful but delicious sweetness, like the woodruff in the Bible of a dead friend, or the lavender found laid in the folds of her dress. The freedom from work, the country walks, the roast-beef dinner, the access to good and amusing books, and the accustomed ritual, all tend to deprive an asylum Sunday of its severe monotony, to call up healthy recollections, to inspire hopeful anticipations. The insane are soothed, and softened, and subdued on that day. When they are saddened also, it is a homely, hearty pensiveness that they feel. I used often to think that I could date from a Sunday the improvement which took place in the patients under my care. With one class of patients, however, the Sunday is a day of extra suffering and trial—that is, with the religious melancholics, to whom it brings a more vivid realization of their own supposed ruin and of the doom which they believe awaits them. To them the promises of the Gospel are but mocking words, and the churchgoing chimes but the kuell of death.

The Sunday services are of course longer and more elaborate than those on week days, and a greater number of patients are present at them. The singing and responses are fervently joined in. The sermons are generally adapted to the condition of those to whom they are addressed; errors are combated, the uses of affliction are pointed out, and the mercies of God are dwelt upon. The attentive upturned faces of the audience show that these exhortations are heard with interest and respect, while the remarks that are afterwards made prove a comprehension of their meaning and a just application of their lessons. And these attentive, upturned faces gathered together in an asylum chapel form a strange and suggestive study. From them we may read a sermon as apt and instructive as that delivered from the pulpit towards which they look. The physiognomy of the insane is full of interest, and in chapel it may be considered en masse. Then two or three hundred faces, bearing the impress of madness, are drawn up in rows, and are so far relieved from the perturbing influences of ordinary contact with the world that they mostly wear their habitual expression. A single glance at the two parallelograms of faces that occupy respectively the male and female side, suffices to show how much this congregation differs from one of sound-minded folks. No one could mistake the congregation of a penitentiary for a gathering of honest people, nor the assemblage in a reformatory for a schoolful of happy children. Excess, debasement, roguery, theft, are legibly written on the faces that are surrounded by a halo of cropped hair; and so is disease upon those shadowed by the broad brim of an asylum bonnet or springing desolately up from the cavernous depths of an asylum stock. They are in fact, to speak generally, but wrecks of faces, seamed and lined with every variety of care, and lit up by bursts of flaming wild-fire instead of the steadily-burning well-trimmed lamp. You will observe at once how different they are from those which one sees in a village church, belonging to people in the very rank of life from which these lunatics are derived. In the first place, there are no

village belles, bouncing as tulips or modest and refined as anemones of the wood. Pretty girls, it seems, don't go insane—at least, it is very rarely that you meet young women with pretty faces in our county asylums. "There," you say, scanning the benches, "is one undoubtedly beautiful." "Yes; but it is the beauty of a flower growing by a grave, and shadowed by a cypress; there is no freshness in it, no buoyancy, no brightness, and besides, it is not often that we have a patient with features so well cut as hers." You will next observe that plainness is the prevailing characteristic. You will find that the average ugliness of an insane is far above that of a similarly conditioned sane congregation. This is in some measure due to the presence of the idiots, who almost invariably represent intense forms of hideousness, and the imbeciles, who are far from fair to look upon; but it must also be attributed to the fact that insanity attacks peculiar developments and distorts the faces of its victims by the exaggerated or malignant teelings which it sets in motion. The features of a tree show the prevailing wind, those of an animal the prevailing passion. The emotions and thoughts of the insane are mostly dark and evil, or at least peculiar, and are reflected in their countenances in grotesque, unseemly Here and there or repulsive traits. among them is a face beaming with benevolence, broad with good nature, but the features are tremulous and strange, and there is something in the smile that shocks us like the grin of a death's-head. Look where you may, you nowhere see a comely matron, a lusty wight, a hale old man. All are more or less bowed, wasted, or crippled, and none are free from the brand of degeneration. There are, indeed, a few whose appearance excites a painful interest—who wear a wild garment of disease, through the rents in which glimpses of a singular beauty may be obtained. But it is not a womanly beauty, nor even human. It is leonine, like that of a Judith, or serpentine, like that of Elsie Venner. There are others, again, whose faces bear traces of a vanished loveliness, like the remnants of architectural grace in a blackened ruin. But the majority are simply ugly, while there are some who are positively hideous. These are often they in whom the criminal characteristics appear, in whom vice and disease famiflarly shake hands over the bridge of the

nose, or in whom the deep-laid strata of the iniquity of a past generation again crop out upon the surface in mental abortion and bodily deformity.

As you again scan the faces assembled in chapel, another observation will probably present itself. They are not of an ordinary colour. Many seem as if they had undergone a washing with walnutjuice, or had been bronzed by much exposure to sunlight. The pink-and-white tints of healthy skin are supplanted by browns and yellows, which give to an insane congregation a shabby autumnal appearance, relieved here and there by faces of a deep dull pallor, which shine out sad and sickly among their swarth companions. Doubtless many of the insane are deeply sunburnt, for they delight in sunlight, and lie down rejoicing on those banks which it smites most fiercely, and never seem to feel it too hot or too bright; but the darkness of complexion to which I allude cannot be dependent upon this, for it is as marked in winter as in summer, and may be seen in those who frequent shady spots or rarely go out of doors. It is probably traceable to some change in the body, which the doctors are best able to explain, in this resembling another characteristic, which you may notice in those faces so patiently waiting in chapel, while we thus discuss them, that is, their remarkable emaciation. Many are thin, and wrinkled, and aged, looking far beyond the years of their possessors. They lack plumpness and roundness, and are lank and hollow and sternly marked. Pinched and furrowed, they are suggestive of suffering and sore privation, and cold adversity. The few that are full and fat are wanting in jollity and substance, and bear the same relation to a well-favoured human countenance that a wizened apple, inflated by the air-pump, does to a sound and solid pippin. But the great proportion are shrivelled and reduced till they display far too clearly the organic framework of bone and muscle, while all assume an aspect of age to which they are not entitled. To that girl who has lived but twenty summers you would give thirty at least, and to this old lady who is not yet sixty you would allow fourscore. Age may perhaps depend more upon the passage of our thoughts than upon the flight of time, and if so, we cannot wonder that some of the insane should be prematurely old. Many of them have been prodigal of their mental force, and have wasted in riotous

living what they should have stored for the winter of life. A watch in which the check is broken runs through the operations of the twenty-four hours in a few distracted seconds, and so a disordered mind crowds into days the ideas which might be spread over weeks. Whatever be the explanation, however, the insane look older than they really are, and I have been accustomed to mark among the first signs of approaching convalescence in my charges a return to freshness and juvenility of appearance. I remember a girl who was several times an inmate of the asylum who always wore an old-womanish aspect when admitted, which gradually passed into

youthfulness as she recovered.

If we again regard these upturned faces, still another observation presents itself; they are wanting in mobility and play of features. A variety of intense expressions are there, but they are fixed and permanent. Pride, fear, anger, hope, sadness, jealousy are depicted, but each on a separate canvas. There is not that delicate alternation of light and shade, that infinite succession of ever-varying cloud and ether, which give to a face as to a landscape half its beauty. Of course every face has a special expression which is habitual to it, and which fits the features like a glove; but this is not exclusive of others which are constantly fleeting over it and reflecting upon the surface the changes in the depths within. In lunatics, however, the ordinary expression is intolerant of interruption and will brook no rivalry. The face seems moulded in it, and scarcely changes more than a piece of sculpture, or if it does change at all, it can only do so to a limited extent. It passes through a series of changes which are all allied and expressive of allied emotions, and which come in so definite an order that their sequence can be predicated. If its range of action is more extensive, and if suggestion can summon up new modes of expression, it will still be found that these are tinctured by the dominant idea. The blemish of a mirror mingles with every image that it reflects, and the fixed purpose of an insane face shines through its every veil of feeling. There are insane persons in whom a condition diametrically opposite to this exists, in whom an incessant and apparently motiveless transmutation of countenance is manifest. These changes in reality indicate the pinnacles of thought caught

sight of on the horizon, from which we may infer mountains and valleys hidden from view, but they are exhibited by patients who are excited, and who are not thus submitted to our study in chapel, which, by the way, it is time we had com-pleted. These remarks on the physiognomy of those assembled are of course of a general character, and only such as could be traced in the mass. This is not the place to classify the different types of faces, to describe their peculiar lineaments, or to analyze their subtle constituents. All that is aimed at is a vague and desultory survey of the surface of an insane congregation, and a few observations such as are likely to present them. selves to a visitor to an asylum chapel.

On the Sunday afternoons, after service is over, and on the evenings in summer, the patients have free access to the airing courts, to which they gladly resort, and they sometimes also enjoy a walk in the fields and lanes in the neighbourhood of the asylum. In the airing courts or in the wards, when the weather is too cold for them to go out, many of them collect in little knots and talk over the sermon or their sorrows, or engage in little services of their own. Often may you hear the advent hymn, "Jerusalem the golden," or some favourite psalm, sung in a shrill and feeble treble, but with an earnestness and fervour that give dignity to the effort. When the singing is over they set to chatting together, and often of their homes, for Sunday and home seemed linked together by sweet and holy ties. The little parties, which are so frequently formed on a Sunday afternoon, it is sometimes the duty of the nurse to disperse. When several melancholics get collected together, or when an intelligent melancholic obtains an audience, an interchange of ideas takes place which is fraught with no good. Depression of spirits is certainly not heightened by association with its kind, nor by hearing the judgments of God volubly proclaimed by one who believes herself their victim; and although one melancholic will not admit the sanity of another, or the justice of her conclusions, she adopts her arguments, and applies them to her own case, without perceiving that they are equally fallacious. It is surprising to see how they fortify their belief in their own delusions by comparing them with those of others around them. A woman who died in my ward used to resist my arguments by

saying, "It's no use talking. I know I am not mad, but that I am the chief of sinners, and am lost for ever. I am not like Miss G. She, too, says that she is lost, but then she thinks that she sees the devil and is insane, for that must be a delusion. I am not like Miss D., who says that she is doomed to destruction, and yet wants to die, and would destroy herself if she could. She, too, must be mad, or she would not wish to die and enter upon tortures worse than those that she now endures. But as for me, I see no visions, and I desire to live; it is indeed true that I am lost for ever!" It is, of course, vain to contend with a patient like this. All the learning and ingenuity of the chaplain could make no impression on her, and the only relief that she seemed to derive was from flat contradiction. She ably rebutted the arguments you advanced, and always with increasing dejection; but when simply told that she was insane and labouring under delusions unworthy the attention of sensible people, a flash of hope would light up her face, and she would be comparatively cheerful for a time, as if she half realized the truth of the statement, and found consolation in that which would fill ordinary people with horror.

In the moral treatment of the insane, there is no remedy that exerts nearly the same amount of beneficial influence as religious feeling and belief, when cauthously and properly applied; but in order that its effects may be salutary, it requires to be very delicately employed: hence the importance of securing a chaplain, with a warm heart, a quick brain, and some acquaintance with human nature. Such an one may be the most valuable auxiliary that the doctors can possess. Without interfering with their practice or authority, he may aid them to carry out their philanthropic views, by inspiring hope in those tortured by the throes of remorse or the dread of punishment; by encouraging humility of spirit; by fostering those feelings which lead alike to health and heaven; by uprooting delusions and opposing fanaticism and error.

The chaplain visits the wards once or twice a week alone, or along with the medical officers, gives a greeting to all, and converses specially with those who desire his advice. Our chaplain, whom I shall never cease to remember with esteem, was always a welcome visitor, for he carried an atmosphere of cheerful-

ness about with him. His tall, vigorous frame was replete with manly strength, while his face shone with good humour, benevolence, and power; he brimmed over with vitality, and those around him got the benefit. Care shrank away from him like a culprit from a constable, and decay felt ashamed of itself before him. Like a loadstone, he made everything near him magnetic, and elevated them into new and higher relations with the world of mind; and when need was, he could be tender and pathetic, and pour out heart-melting words, or grave and authoritative, possessed by a lofty sense of his mission. He was so lighthearted yet earnest, that he gained a peculiar dominion over the poor conscience-stricken beings to whom he ministered. But it was in the sick room and by the death-bed that his good qualities were most clearly manifested. I have heard him by a few well-chosen words strengthen an overburdened and prostrate soul; I have seen him raise its drooping vision from earth to heaven, and disperse the mists that hung heavily over it; I have seen him walk with it to the verge of the dark valley, supporting its faltering steps and never relinquishing his hold till an angel guide supplied his place. He entered so deeply into the aspirations, feelings, and fears of his flock, that he was like a brother to them, and yet he was so mysteriously above them that he was still Peace descended on the their priest. death-bed by which he knelt. Dismal and dreary as such scenes in asylums must always be, he succeeded in robbing them of half their terrors. Many a grateful glance has come back to him from that gloomy mid-region between life and death. He managed to cultivate a sentiment of devotion and veneration in the patients generally, and thus made them more amenable to other curative agencies.

As regards private worship, there are of course many of the insane who never engage in it, who are past praise or supplication, and lie down and rise up like the herds of the field. There are others who only take part in it at certain times, who will kneel down when in good humour, but neglect to do so when disturbed or vindictive; or who will pray when tolerably comfortable, but omit the practice when tired or ill at ease. There are others again who never begin nor end a day without private communion with heaven. Some of these kneel silently at their bedsides, some murmur as they re-

peat their prayers, and some express them in an audible voice. By the latter selections from the Prayer-book are used, or simple petitions taught them in infancy, or prayers of their own composition. One of the great characteristics of the original prayers is that they all deal with detail, and request divine interference in the most minute particulars of common life, while they are not perhaps pervaded by high Christian feeling or enlarged charity. One epileptic girl used always to conclude her devotions with the blessing, begging that its threefold gifts might "be with us all, with the exception of Mary, and Annie, and Katie" (enumerating those who had offended her during the day), "for ever and ever. Amen!" Another used regularly to introduce an appeal that she might "to-morrow be taken out of this humbugging place, with all its humbugging nurses;" and a third desired "a little more butter" to her bread, "and a pink frock." A few of the extempore prayers, however, are full of rough eloquence, kindly feeling, and a yearning and impressive fervour. Those that are taken from the Prayer-book are often of a composite order, being made of various scraps of prayers mixed up with the ten commandments, the baptism of infants, and sometimes with secular quotations. In addition to the prayers a few sing hymns, the old evening hymn and Keble's beautiful version being those most commonly adopted. Many read

their Bibles morning and evening. The Bible, indeed, is much read at all times in asylum wards, where Colenso's doubts have never penetrated. The melancholics instinctively cling to it, though they can find no consolation in its pages; the monomaniacs refer to it for confirmation of their views, the convalescents study it for comfort and guidance, and others continue to read it through force of habit, The Gospels and the Psalms are the parts

chiefly perused.

That view which regarded insanity as a distinct and separate entity, the presence of which in the mind excluded the sufferer alike from civil and religious privileges, must now be entirely abandoned. It is now admitted that the insane are capable of religious feeling, and derive gratification and profit from the ceremonials of their faith. No doubt is en. tertained by those who know the insane of the value of private worship and religious instruction as a curative and palliative agent, and any one may convince himself of the value of public worship by a visit to an asylum chapel. Reverence and attention will be seen to prevail during the service, and comparative contentment and calm to rest on the faces of the patients as they leave. All nurses will attest that tranquillity is greater in chapel than under any other circumstances, and that peace and happiness often flow from attendance upon it.

FOUND DEAD.

By the Author of "Who was to Blame?"

CHAPTER III.

WHATEVER may have been the cause, I do not think Mrs. Tindall slept much last night. She seemed sleepy and tired, yet, as the morning was fine, proposed a walk with me and the children. It was very mild and bright for the time of the year, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. people may think it odd that I, Maggie Reed, care about landscapes, mountain scenery, and such things. That's because they don't understand human nature. I've seen a poor fellow who worked hard for his daily bread spend all his leisure time in cultivating his mind, so that there's hardly a subject you can touch upon but he can give you an opinion about it. As for me, though I don't pretend to much, I hope I know a beautiful thing when I see it. Generally Mrs. Tindall was very kind in explaining whatever I took an interest in, but as we wandered through the valley she was absent and reserved, and I could see that her thoughts were far away. I was much interested, because the kind of scenery was new to me, and I spent the greater part of the day looking at the grand outlines of the distant mountains, which got more beautiful every hour, and especially as the sun was setting, making them all glow with purple and gold. Mr. Tindall had been away all day with the farmer, and Mrs. Owen and Priscilla had gone out to visit a neighbour, so that when we came home we had the house to our-

It grew chilly as the evening came on. There was a roaring wood fire. We had tea, and then put the children to bed. After that Mrs. Tindall came and sat with me for company. We exchanged a few words, but mistress soon became reserved and silent. I spoke to her once or twice, but received no answer. After a time I looked up, and found she was asleep. This confirmed me that she was uneasy in her mind, and had not slept well the night before. I sat there quite still, thinking of one thing and anotherthinking of dear old faces I had not seen for years—thinking of things I had hoped for that never came to pass—thinking of old times, before my father lost his money

and we were obliged to drop down into poor people. I am glad the dear old man never knew of my going out to service; it would have made him miserable. But I don't know what else I could do. I have more freedom and better pay than a governess, and I know when my work is done.

I had been sitting for some time, when I fancied I saw an unusual shadow cast across the room from the direction of the window. I had been brooding so long that I had almost fallen asleep as well as mistress, and at first did not turn round to notice it, but in a second or so I collected my thoughts, and looked directly

at the window. The object, whatever it was, vanished instantly, but it appeared to me, from the momentary glance I caught, that there had been a man's face there. So sudden, however, was the disappearance from the window, and so dubious were my own recollections of what I had seen, that I fancied I must have been dreaming, or else that it had been brought about by what I had been thinking of. "It can only be my fancy," I said to myself. "Supposing it to have been a man, what motive, what object could he have in standing motionless at a window looking at two women like us?" Then I remembered the scene at the Grange, and was not quite so easy; but surely it could not be the same fellows following us two hundred miles. Then I decided that it must be a wandering vagrant or gipsy, and my looking up had alarmed him. This supposition was so reasonable that I left the room and went to call one of the farm labourers. I found one of them just come in, and told him my suspicions. He could speak a little English, but he did not at all enter into my view of the case, and assured me he had not seen a gipsy or vagrant in the neighbourhood for months, and did not care even to assist me in my search round the premises. But I like to get to the bottom of things, and would have him go with me. searched, and searched again, but discovered nobody. My Welshman got quite sulky, for I took him into barns, sheds, stables, out-houses, and looked round every rick and fence likely to be a hidingplace, but not a shadow of anybody could we find.

When I went back into the house mistress had just awoke. I did not tell her what I had been about, but she said—

"I have had a strange dream, Maggie, or at least I suppose it was a dream, for I hardly know if I have been to sleep or not."

"I think you have had a little nap, ma'am," I said.

"I have been dreaming, Maggie," said she, in a sad tone of voice, "of a face that I shall never see again, for the owner of that face is hundreds of miles from England, and it is not at all likely that he will ever return; and yet," she continued, in a still sadder tone than before, "I should be glad to see it again, if only for a moment."

As she uttered these words I almost started from my chair. I remarked it as strange that she spoke in a wild dreamy way, as though uttering her thoughts aloud rather than addressing them to me. I confidently believe that she does not know to this day what she said to me that evening.

"It was a man's face," said I, quietly.
"How do you know that, Maggie?"
mistress asked, but still in the same
quiet way, and without eagerness in her
tone.

"It would be hard, ma'am, to tell you why I thought it was a man's face, except for what I fancied I saw just now."

"What was that, Maggie?"

"I am not quite certain, but just after you had gone off to sleep I sat thinking about old times, when, as I looked up, I thought I saw a man looking in at the window."

"Good Heaven, Maggie! you alarm me."

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am. Now I come to think of it again, I'm sure it must have been my fancy, for Griffith has been with me all about the premises, and searched everywhere, but he can find nothing."

"There must have been some one, Maggie, or I should not have dreamt as

I did."

"I don't see what that has to do with it, ma'am. Yet it is very strange that we do sometimes dream of things that are actually happening."

Suddenly Mrs. Tindall's manner changed, as though she only now remembered she was speaking to me, and contenting herself with making a few in-

different remarks upon the strangeness of her dream, she ceased speaking just as Priscilla Owen and her mother came home from their visit.

The more I think about it the more astonished I am at the remarkable influence Mrs. Tindall has over her husband. Her will is law to him-whatever she may suggest, it is always done. When she so suddenly proposed to come down here, how immediately he fell in with her plans! Of course I don't know all she may have said to influence him; still, I think I should have heard something of his objections, if he had made Husbands and wives, no matter how they may keep up appearances before servants, are sure at some times to speak openly; I think I should have been sure to hear any little grumbling, or arguing, or objecting, if there had been any. I only hope somebody, when the time comes, will fall as easily into my ways; but I hardly hope for that, I must confess. It was a wonder, too, that mistress should have gone off at such a rate, and have left the house to the care of old Mrs. Sharp. No doubt the old lady is honest enough, and will take care of the furniture and things; but, goodness! if any thieves get in they'll have their own way—they may carry off all the furniture in a regular Pantechnicon van, and she wouldn't hear 'em. However, that's not my business; but after two such wretches as we had in the house the other night, it is odd. I suppose master is too fond of his wife to grumble at anything, but one would have supposed that he would hardly like to leave his business at a moment's notice almost; not that he seems to care whether he works or not. She generally has plenty of money for all her wants. That may be the secret of her influence—the money may be on her side. Perhaps it is, and he dare not say much; but then she is as gentle as can be. Harriet is sent about her business, but why so secretly? If I had behaved like her, I should not have got clear off, I'll be bound. Some folks may steal a horse, and others mustn't look over a hedge. As to the stupid lout she called her husband, he's only a tool; the second fellow was a million times sharper he was the real villain. If there's any. thing hatching against master and mistress he's the man, or else he's in league Yet why should with somebody else. anybody want to injure them? - what have they done? Of one thing I am

positive-there is nothing on master's mind; all he wants is to be quiet and happy. He stirred up his straw bed last night as though it was the best joke in the world. I don't fancy I should like such a man; he is really too easy and good-natured. There's no credit in getting on the right side of him. children like him, of course—they get their own way in everything. I often wonder what Mrs. Tindall fancied in him. He is certainly good-looking, tall, wellformed, splendid hair, beautiful eyes, and you don't often see such whiskers; but, for all that, I sometimes think she does not take such pride in his good looks as some women do when they have nice-looking husbands. She does not pet him, and make much of him, and stroke his hair, and take a side glance at him, and call him an "old fright," in fun, as I have seen done. He is not what I should call intellectual, though he knows a great deal, and has been well brought up. He has no rough, rude ways, no coarse language, nothing abrupt whatever; he never bawls, and storms, and makes a racket in the house to show he's master, as I've seen some men do. Yes, and the sort of men, too, that I don't altogether dislike. Not that Mrs. Tindall seems at all obliged to him for his good behaviour, though I can't at the same time call her indifferent. They always consult each other in any step that is taken. When they travel he is very careful of her; when at home he is as punctual as a chronometer; never gives her any trouble; looks after his own clothes, &c., and generally seems in one frame of mind. But with all this, as sure as my name's Maggie Reed, there is something between them that has been or will be a restraint upon them.

I had been scribbling down these passages, when I thought I heard my name called faintly. I was in my bedroom, and came out into the passage to answer.

"Hush! Is that you, Maggie?" said a voice so low and husky that I could hardly believe it was mistress's.

She came nearer. I took out my candle for fear of her stumbling. When I saw her face by the dull candle-light, she looked like a ghost.

"For goodness' sake, ma'am, what is the matter?" I asked.

She seemed annoyed that I had noticed how pale she looked.

"There is nothing the matter, Maggie, if you are wise and obliging."

I bridled up a bit, and said, a little

"We can't all be Solomons, ma'am, but I hope I have my share of brains. As to being obliging, I should not have come to this outlandish place if I minded a trifle."

"I did not intend to hurt your feelings, Maggie; but listen a moment, and I will tell you at once what I desire. Would you mind going to Llandaff tonight?"

"Well, ma'am," said I, half laughing, "you might ask me if I minded going to Japan just as well as Llandaff, and I should know as much about one place as the other. All I can say is, if it's anywhere I can go, I will go. Is it far from here?"

"Yes, it is, Maggie; some miles."

"Am I to walk, and at night, too?"

"No, Maggie, I am not unreasonable; but don't talk so loud. The errand I wish

to send you upon is perfectly harmless, but there are reasons why I do not wish everybody to know of it."

"If you will give me instructions, ma'am, I will carry them out, depend upon it."

"What is the time, Maggie, do you know?"

"I should say, ma'am, it is as near nine o'clock as can be."

"Dear me, there is very little time."
"Can I help you with anything?" I asked.

"No; I must write a few lines. Stay here; or no—have you any writing materials in your room, Maggie?"

I suddenly remembered what I had been writing; it was no harm, but I did not wish her to see it. I darted into the room, pushed this diary into a drawer, and gave Mrs. Tindall what she wanted.

Once or twice she leaned over the paper in an undecided way, as though she was doubtful what to say, when she looked up suddenly, and said—

"Do I hear the sound of wheels in the lane, Maggie?"

I listened, and presently detected the rumble of a heavy cart down the

"There is no time to be lost," said mistress; "the person to whom I am writing will sail from England in a day or two; this is a carrier's cart, which passes here, as I have learned, once a week to Llandaff: the carrier is a steady man, and you need fear nothing from him. You will reach Llandaff about twelve.

Deliver this note at once. You will have no difficulty in finding the address."

"And about coming back, ma'am?"

"That will be easy," said Mrs. Tindall, in a tone which she intended should be careless and indifferent; but I could see her whole heart was set upon my getting to Llandaff and back secretly. "You will be able easily to catch the night mail, and will reach a station two miles from here soon after one o'clock."

"And after that," I was going on to

say, but she answered readily—
"You will be met—do you mind a walk

of two miles?"

"Not at all, ma'am," I said, determined that she should not accuse me of

being disobliging.

"Your guide will bring you over the cliffs yonder, which will save at least half a mile; the moon will be up, too, by that time."

The cart could now be heard much mearer.

"Make haste, Maggie—hush! Give me the light; I will let you out."

She opened the door softly—I have before remarked that it was only latched—and we made not the least noise. She whispered to me as I stepped out—

"Do not stop the cart, Maggie."

Wondering very much, I did not answer, but acted as she had requested. The driver could not speak a word of English, so he had nothing to say in the matter. I clambered into the cart as well as I could; the driver, with rough politeness, arranged a seat for me, and the cart continued jogging on at the same pace as before. I peeped out of the cart after mistress, but the door was shut, and she was gone. A light glimmered in my room for a moment. I am glad I locked up my diary.

That was the strangest ride I ever had in my life. Welsh scenery was new to me, especially seen at night. Soon after we had left the lane leading to Farmer Owen's, I saw what appeared to me like an immense sheet hung across the valley; but as we came nearer, and heard a tremendous roar, I supposed it to be a water-The carrier, poor man, wished to be polite, evidently, but that was of no use to me in Welsh-I could only shake my head. He called out, as we passed the waterfall, "Scwyd Gwladis." was Dutch to me, but I've learnt that it means the Lady's Fall. After we passed it we went into a dell, which looked as deep and dark as the mouth of a cave, with rocks all round as big as St. Paul's Cathedral—very grand indeed. When we came out of this dell again the moon was shining brightly. I was still holding the letter which mistress gave me in my hand, for what with the strangeness of the adventure, and the novelty of riding through a wild country like this, I was somewhat unsettled in my mind.

I looked at the address by the moonlight for the first time—it was—

"Philip Lynton,
"Glendower Arms,
"Llandaff."

When we got to Llandaff I left the carrier and sought the Glendower Arms, which I found without much difficulty. It was near the railway station, which further relieved my mind. It was a respectable-looking but small hotel. A man was putting up the shutters as I went into the house, and stared at me in a way I did not much like. When I had reached the bar of the hotel, I was accosted in a sleepy tone by a waiter.

"I have a letter for Mr. Lynton," I

answered.

"Lynton! Lynton! Oh, yes, to be sure," and he held out his hand for it.

"I would rather deliver it myself," I said.

"Mr. Lynton ought to be very much obliged for a nice young girl like you to come after him at this time of night," said the fellow, impudently staring at me.

"I don't wish to have your opinion upon the subject," I said; "if you will be good enough to call Mr. Lynton and not waste time, I shall be obliged to you; my time is short, and I must catch the night mail."

"I wish I was the night mail," said the impudent fellow. "Do you know this Mr. What's-his-name when you see

him?"

"I think I do," I answered.

"Then there he is."

The waiter pointed toward the coffeeroom as he spoke, and I saw a sun-burnt,
swarthy young man sitting near a table
with his arms folded, evidently in a meditative mood. The lights were turned
down low, as the house was about to be
closed for the night, and I could not see
very distinctly. The tone of the waiter
in speaking to me had somewhat disconcerted me, and I was anxious to get my
errand over as soon as possible. I therefore went into the room, and said quietly,

"If you are Mr. Lynton, this letter is for

The person I had addressed looked up and gave a vacant stare, as if preoccupied with other thoughts. He did not answer, but took up the letter mechanically and opened it.

I expected he would reply to it, though Mrs. Tindall had not told me if she

expected an answer.

Mr. Lynton opened the letter, flattened it out, and laid it upon the table, staring at it for some time, but not, as I thought, displaying any emotion. I waited patiently a few seconds to see if he intended to reply to it; but when I looked at him again he was still in the Knowing I had but a same attitude. very short time before the train would arrive, I said:

"Will you send any answer, sir?"

Mr. Lynton shook his head abstractedly. There was nothing for me but to depart and get to the railway as quickly as possible. The train came up almost as soon as I reached it. It did not stop between Llandaff and the station where I was told to alight. When I got out of the train the station-master said— "I suppose you have some one to meet you, Miss?" I answered yes, but no one was in sight, and he stared after me curiously.

I could not imagine who would be there to meet me. I was the only passenger that alighted at this station, and I could see no one looking about for me. The porter was closing the station gates, and I was just about to ask my way of him, when I thought I saw some one beckoning me. Crossing the path, I perceived in the shadow of some trees Mrs. Tin-

dall herself.

I was very much surprised. "I did not think you intended to be my guide, ma'am," I said.

"I expect not," she answered; "but you have fulfilled your errand?"

"I have, ma'am."

"You have brought me an answer,

"Not a word, ma'am."

"Strange! You delivered the letter correctly :"

"There could not be any mistake," I answered, "for I saw Mr. Lynton himself."

"What was he like?"

"He was tall, sunburnt, had very dark hair and eyes, a broad, high forehead, a very prominent nose, no whiskers, but a

moustache, and I should think he was about thirty years old."

"Did he speak to you?"

"He did not."

"Indeed! Not when he had read the letter?"

" Now I think of it, ma'am, he did not say a single word, good or bad."

"And yet you say he read the letter?"
"I suppose so. He opened it, and spread it out on the table, and stared at it with all his might."

"Do you know Mr. Philip Lynton has

a brother?"

Mrs. Tindall's question fell on my ears like a thunderbolt. Before I could speak, Mrs. Tindall said—

"Try and collect your thoughts, Maggie. Do you remember what took place at the farm the other night?"

"You mean respecting the accident?"

" Yes."

"Well, did you hear any conversation

that took place afterwards?"

"Well, ma'am, I did not listen, of course, but now I remember Mr. Lynton saying he had a brother who was not quite right in his mind."

"Well, do you not remember that it was this brother who startled us all so much when he first came abruptly to the

house?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, I remember all that, but you really do not suppose that I have given the letter to him?"

"I am confident of it," said Mrs. Tin-

"But I am certain the gentleman who took the letter was the person who met with the accident, and slept at the farm

afterwards."

"I am equally certain, Maggie, that you are mistaken. Had you delivered the letter to Philip Lynton, he would have replied. It cannot be helped now, and I do not blame you, but your journey has been useless."

"I sincerely hope you are not injured in any way by my stupidity," I said.

"Time will show," was Mrs. Tindall's only reply, and the remainder of the distance was traversed in utter silence.

I wondered how this journey had been accomplished without Mr. Tindall's knowledge; but, as Mrs. Tindall went into her bedroom, she said, "You need not trouble about Mr. Tindall's hot water for shaving, Maggie. He is staying at Cardiff to-night.

CHAPTER IV.

It is nearly two o'clock as I leave Mrs. Tindall. I had determined to keep up my diary regularly, and, late as it was, I intended to write an account of all that had happened to-day. I sat down for five minutes or so, but it was impossible to write then; my mind was so much occupied by the singularity of what had taken place that I could not write, and sat brooding for some little time, and almost fell asleep, when I remembered that I had left some articles of dress belonging to the children downstairs, and knowing I should not be very brisk in the morning, I went down at once. I may remark that the windows of these Welsh farm-houses are so low that it is quite easy for a person outside to see whatever may be going on within, especially if there is a light inside. I had taken my candle and was just looking for the things I wanted, when I was startled by a gentle tapping at the window. At the same moment, I could see by the shadow against the glass that a man was looking at me. I was so alarmed at first that I could neither speak, think, nor move, and deeply regretted the Welsh habit of leaving doors unfastened, because it was only for the stranger to lift the latch and he would be in the house in a moment. It was such a lonely place—there was not another house within a mile. I stood quite timid and irresolute, hardly knowing what to do, when the stranger decided for me by simply opening the door and coming into the kitchen.

I was almost too agitated to ask him what his errand was, but when he came nearer I thought I recognised the person I had seen in the coffee-room at Llandaff.

"You have a Mr. and Mrs. Tindall staying here, have you not?" he said.

I said yes, and continued—"I suppose, sir, you have come in answer to the letter I left you two or three hours ago at the Glendower Arms?"

"At Llandaff?" said he. "I have not been there these two days. Has Mrs. Tindall sent you there with a letter for me?"

I answered that "I had not long come from there."

"Singular," he remarked; "I came here to save her that trouble."

"You have chosen a curious time, sir," I could not help saying. "You surely cannot wish me to disturb mistress now, and Mr. Tindall is not at home?"

"Did I ask for Mr. Tindall? I know perfectly well where he is. I saw him at Cardiff with the old farmer."

I had blundered evidently again, and had mistaken the brothers, the likeness was so remarkable. But what to do with him? Did he intend to keep me there asking questions till Mrs. Tindall got up in the morning?

While I was puzzling what to do, he pulled from his pocket a packet of sealed papers, and holding it out, said—

"I must depend upon Mrs. Tindall

having this at once."

"If you will leave it with me," I said, "I promise to give it her the moment she comes down."

"I will not trust anything to chance," he said abruptly; "take it into her room

at once."

There was something so fierce in the man's manner that I was quite awed by it, and mechanically obeyed him, taking the packet and going toward Mrs. Tindall's room. I was so much engrossed by my own thoughts—I fear, too, I must say my curiosity as well—that I had not remarked at first that Mr. Lynton was following me, and when I had opened the door of mistress's room, I was utterly astonished to see Mr. Lynton standing looking at me in the doorway.

Mistress was fast asleep. She had lost the bloom and roundness of youth, but there was still evidence of considerable beauty. I trembled as I saw her calmly sleeping there when I conjured up all sorts of dangers and dark schemes in which I imagined she might be entangled with the man who stood beside me.

He looked at mistress sleeping there apparently without any emotion, and seeing me agitated, coolly pointed for me to leave the paper on the bed.

I did so, and was coming out of the room in a passion of indignation at this unmanly proceeding, when a sudden emotion seemed to influence Mr. Lynton, and before I could make the least effort to prevent him, he darted past me to the bedside, stooped down and kissed her.

She did not awake as he did so, but I noticed with astonishment and awe that a shudder passed over her frame which Mr. Lynton also evidently remarked. It seemed as though a sleeping angel had been touched by a spirit of darkness.

Mr. Lynton said not another word to me. He passed swiftly and silently downstairs, flying rather than walking, as it appeared to me, and in every thought of him since I have always recalled this stealthy and rapid action of his as expressing something in the character I had not conceived before. I had formed no opinion of the man till then. There was nothing in his general manners, features, or looks to call forth particular attention. One would have set him down in general society rather as a frank, goodlooking man and pleasant companion, not as a person to be distrusted; and even now, when I tried unconsciously to think of anything to his disadvantage, I could recall nothing of a suspicious kind. There was not any sinister expression in his smile as one sees sometimes in malignant persons. There was not that peculiar croak in the voice so often to be detected by a keen observer in false natures—a complete discord that drops into the harmony of speech, and at once puts the listener on his guard. I could recall nothing to tally with this singularity which had so suddenly impressed me, but had my life depended upon the hastily-formed opinion of the moment, I should have said Philip Lynton is a villain, and my blood boiled as I thought so, and I longed to have been a man, that I might have kicked him downstairs.

As it was, I told him as he went out that I should inform Mr. Tindall of his behaviour, and at the same time expressed pretty warmly my regret that master had been away from home.

Mr. Lynton turned upon me quickly as he reached the door. "I fancy," said he, "from the manner in which you speak, that you are somewhat different from your class generally, and have some little affection for your mistress. If so, as you value her peace of mind, never mention to anybody what has taken place to-night. Mind, I don't wish to injure her, but I shall take care of myself."

This was said in such a threatening tone that I shall remember the words and accent to my dying day.

CHAPTER V.

When Mrs. Tindall came down to breakfast, she was visibly agitated, but she said not a word of the packet left on her bed, nor did I speak a word of Mr. Lynton's strange visit. We had a gloomy morning, for I could not help being somewhat constrained when in her presence. I felt there was something communicated on the previous night that troubled her

seriously. Once, when I came into her room, she was sitting with her head resting on her hands and her eyes cast upon the floor. She smiled when she saw me, but the smile was sad and bitter; and the rest of the day she wandered about the house, not coming near the children, and even shunning them if they came near her. She looked alternately pale and flushed, as if some internal fire was wasting her away.

Mr. Tindall came home late in the day. He could not have failed to notice her melancholy looks, but by an effort she evaded his sympathy.

As for me, I was having a dull time of it. Half the people about the farm could not speak a word of English, and those that could do so fancied that I was too proud to mix with them, being a little better dressed and educated than they were. Time was hanging heavily on my hands, so I went up into my bedroom in the afternoon to read a bit.

Things were going on as usual about the farm. There was the dairymaid clattering beneath with her pans and pails; there were the men at work in the barn on the other side of the straw-yard, and some idle boys loitering in the lane, singing the oddest bits of Welsh songs. They were all taking it easily—in fact, there was nobody to hurry them. Farmer Owen was in comfortable circumstances, and seldom troubled himself much with business matters, and the people did not overwork themselves.

Suddenly the men in the barn stopped working, the dairymaid stopped clattering, the boys in the lane stopped humming their Welsh songs. I looked out of my window, curious to know the cause of this sudden cessation of former occupations, and discovered that they had all assembled beneath my window busily talking to some one there.

Stretching forward a little, I perceived a round-faced, rather jovial-looking fellow, with a pack on his shoulders. He had a lazy, indifferent expression of countenance, but one could easily see, by his bright, small, twinkling eyes, that he was not wanting in cunning or shrewdness.

"There you are again, Master Ambrose, as idle and fat as ever; you'll never kill yourself with hard work, I'm certain," was the dairymaid's salutation.

"Fat and idle, am I?" said the man she had called Ambrose. "If I am fat and idle, perhaps it is because I don't open my mouth to catch flies."

"You open your mouth for worse things, I daresay," said one of the labourers.

"Hammer away," said Ambrose; "hard words break no bones; when you're done will be time enough for me to begin. My father's eldest son knows what's good for him, I can tell you."

"And don't forget to cut his coat out of other people's cloth, either," said the

"Hammer away, my lad," continued Ambrose. "I'd rather see you jealous of me than sorry for me any day; your jealousy I can laugh at, but your pity wouldn't do me any good whatever."

"Ah, you know a furze-bush by the

prickles, don't you, Ambrose?"

"Now what's amiss with you all?" said Ambrose. "Suppose I choose to earn my bread by my wits instead of slaving with my hands, like you stupid fellows, am I to be blamed for that?"

"Oh, no fear, Mr. Ambrose, but that you'll take care of yourself," said the dairymaid; "but what were you doing hanging about here half the night?"

"When you are a little older, young lady, you'll learn that a still tongue makes

a wise head."

"Then," retorted the dairymaid, "you'll never get a prize for wisdom, for you are always talking, and mostly, too, about yourself."

"Ah, there's my wisdom, Miss; I may talk about myself, but I don't talk about

my business."

"Business, ha! ha! that's very good indeed," laughed the dairymaid. "Ambrose's business, indeed!"

"Laugh your fill, young damsel, but I tell you, if you could do some bits of business that I could put you up to, it might be of more profit to you than grinning at me."

"Come along, mate," said the labourer who had spoken to him; "we shall get no

good by listening to him."

Ambrose let them go without any remark; it was evident he wished to say nothing to them, but when they were gone he continued lounging against the wall. Everything about the man betokened the utmost coolness and indifference to the opinions of others; and as if he had just discovered the most inviting place in the world for the enjoyment of a pipe, he took out a black cutty, filled it leisurely, and commenced to puff away as though he intended to stand in the same position and puff for the remainder of the day.

This coolness, as probably Ambrose had calculated, was just the thing to irritate the dairymaid and awaken her curiosity. It was therefore not long before she said, with a sneer-

"You don't seem in a hurry, master." "Not I," he replied, puffing away again; "that wouldn't pay."

"What would pay, then?" said the dairymaid, impatiently; "I should like to know."

"Well, I'll give you a bit of advice that may do you good," said Ambrose. "What'll pay best in general is to see, hear, and say nothing."

"That's easy enough," said the dairy-

"Wait till you've tried it, my lass," said Ambrose, with a slight eagerness he had not shown before.

"You were up late last night," said

the girl again.

"So were you, it seems," said Ambrose.

"What of that?"

"Yes, what of that?-certainly, what of that?" and he went on smoking as before.

The girl evidently could not help talking.

"That was good advice of yours," said she, "to hear, see, and say nothing."

"You are much obliged to me, I hope," said the smoker.

"Of course I am."

"I am glad your senses are of some use to you still, Miss. It's not of much use to give a donkey beans in general."

This sort of fencing went on a little longer, and I was almost tired of listening to them, when the words "carrier's cart!" sharpened my ears. Connecting this with one or two hints I had previously heard, I now listened eagerly, but for some time their talk was so low that I could only catch whispers, and I could gather no meaning from it till I heard Ambrose

"Who went with the cart, then?" "This girl they have brought with

them," was the answer.

"She's green," said Ambrose. "Do you know anything about her,

then?" asked the dairymaid.

"I do," was the answer. "And you want to know more about her, I suppose. A nice young lover you'd

make, I'm sure." "Not so fast," said Ambrose. want to know who it was that was looking in at the window last night."

"It's no business of mine." "Please yourself whether you tell me or not," said Ambrose. "I can easily know."

"Well, then, he came from Cardiff: I heard him say so to this girl that came with them."

"Why did he come here?"

"He brought a packet for the lady that is staying here-Mrs. Owen's relative."

"But her husband was at Cardiff, too; I saw him there."

"This man purposely chose his time," said the dairymaid.

"How do you know that?"

"From what he said to Maggie Reed." "What was that? Is she in the secret?"

"She can't be, for she said she would tell Mr. Tindall when he came home."

"What did the man say, then?"

"'If you value your mistress's future

peace of mind, be silent."

"For a girl that can hardly speak a word of English, you made it out tolerably," said Ambrose, with an accent that would have served Mephistopheles very well indeed.

"My Welsh serves my turn at times," said the dairymaid. "It was some trouble to learn, but I find it very handy not to be able to speak a word of English sometimes. Are you going now?"

"Yes," Ambrose returned. "Keep your eyes open and I'll make it worth your while. When I know a little more, I shall make Mrs. Tindall pay me, if I keep her secret—that's my game."

I heard his retreating footsteps, and the girl went on scrubbing again. In my eagerness to hear what was said, I half leaned out of the window, and had seen

Ambrose's features very distinctly. I can easily remember a face I have once seen, and, please goodness, I'll remember this one. There's a set of villains plotting against Mrs. Tindall, as sure as I'm alive. Now I've nothing better to do for the next few months-for I'm pretty certain somebody wont be ready to settle this year-this little business will keep me in spirits, and if I'm not a match for them, don't say my name's Maggie Reed. Whatever Mrs. Tindall's trouble may have been I don't know yet, and I don't much care. She was happy enough till that slinking, sneaking Harriet came to be nursemaid. I can't expect Mrs. Tindall to put confidence in me and trust me with her secrets when I have only been with her a few months, but I can't help liking her, and feel that if there is anything upon her mind, it can't be all her own fault.

It was getting dusk. I went down into the parlour. The children were racketing about delighted to see their father back again, especially as he had his pockets filled with toys from Cardiff. The picture of that evening fixes itself upon my mind. Old Farmer Owen was drowsily muttering something about corn, and crops, and cattle, and markets between the puffs of his long pipe, as he sat in the chimney corner; the little girl Mary, who was the eldest, was climbing upon her father's knees, trying to pull his hair and pick his pocket at the same time, while Master Tom was kicking away at their chair behind and laughing noisily. I looked at Mrs. Tindall; she was sad—it was a

pity.

THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

THERE are few words in the English language more commonly confounded than education and instruction, and yet there are few words whose exact significations, and difference one from the other, it is of more consequence to mark and take into practical account. To a vast majority of people education and instruction convey an almost, if not altogether, synonymous idea; to a great many there is no essential difference between them, while it is the very few only who seem to recognise the fact that their meanings, so far from being the same, are almost precisely opposite, and still fewer who act in a practical way upon the discovery. Yet so it is; let any one return to the derivations of the words and the fact will be plain enough; it will be found, that whereas education of its nature signifies to "lead forth," to "bring out," instruction, on the contrary, means to "prepare," to "instil:" the one developing the germs of what already exists, and as a corollary giving them a right direction; the other supplying new principles, planting fresh seed, laying a foundation, as it were, for future structure, but always "in" into from without, as the former "è" out of from within.

In treating, then, of "the education of the young" in this essay, we would be understood to confine ourselves strictly to the sense of the term as above defined. Our paper is not what in the popular sense of the term would be called an educational one: very far from it; with the many vexed questions included under that heading, we have nothing whatever to do, nor need any one bearing in his memory a lively recollection of interminable annual speeches and ponderous blue-books with that for their theme, be deterred by the title of this article from its perusal. Ours is neither an attack nor a defence of the competitive system, or the cramming system, or the qualifying system in examination; it neither professes to oppose or support the admission of the sectarian element into public teaching; it in no way meddles with the universities or even the public schools; it, in short, ignores instruction and the vast questions connected with it altogether, proposing only to itself some general reflections upon the education or bringing up" of our sons and daugh-

ters, and that not even separately but as It will be the task of this a whole. paper to make its observations upon some of the popular modes of training and directing the youthful mind from the first dawn of intellect within it, to examine into their efficiency, perhaps to offer some suggestions; at all events, to inquire earnestly and calmly into the relative positions of instructor and instructed as filled respectively by age and youth, in how far they are natural, and to what an extent justified by reason and result. It will be its aim to draw more particular attention to that period of the mind's formation when its faculties first begin to emerge from chaos, than it is generally thought necessary to bestow upon it; to speculate upon the results of what influences may then be brought to bear, and to invite a more careful study and more due appreciation of that most important period of man's life-childhoodthan the popular voice at the present day seems inclined to accord to it. There is no scarcity of rules and directions for the guidance of children in their conduct to their parents, and one Divine commandment contains all that it is necessary to observe on that point; scarce a story-book or even a fairy-tale but has some reference to the duty of filial obedience; but there is a very great scarcity of such matter for the guidance of parents in their conduct to their children, and it is our deliberate opinion that the latter is the more needful, at present, of the two. Either unconsciously or wilfully, parents are continually committing the most gross injustices to their children, and it is time that some one should espouse their side of the question; injury, irreparable and incalculable, is inflicted upon many a child by a careless or perverse parent, but it is an injury which passes unobserved and unpunished, and perhaps not even the child itself is conscious of it; every Christian child knows what is its duty to its father and mother, but every father and mother does not know what is its duty to its child.

There is no more common belief, and, we contend, no greater error, than to regard the period between infancy and puberty as an unimportant one; people are far too fond of saying—"Oh, he (or she) is only a child," as if the being such was

being something too insignificant for serious consideration. There are persons who conceive that the whole duty of a child is blind obedience, its whole pleasure to run about after a hoop or ball, and that as long as it is thus employed it ought to and must be happy; such persons are surprised, nay indignant, if the child shows a capacity above dolls or marbles, and are liable to put it down to a perverse spirit, or attribute it to some organic disease or discrepancy; they reason that such playthings were created for children; why not children for them? they recall perhaps their own youth, when such trivialities pleased them, and are not all children alike? and so they go on heaping fallacy upon fallacy, heedless that the child meanwhile is suffering for their ignorance, and getting its first insight into the injustice of the world. Others, again, are horrified beyond measure if a child expresses an original opinion upon any subject soever, no matter of what simplicity, unless it happens to agree precisely with their own; they consider it irrational and even wicked for a child to use its own reason, as well as its own eyes, or arms, or legs, and absolutely unpardonable for it to give words to what it feels. They cannot understand what right it has to exercise its judgment at all, and are never tired of telling it that it is far too young for such a luxury, and that the time for making use of its mental faculties has not yet come. It is of no consequence to these logicians that the very subject of their remonstrance demonstrates its fallacy, that the child has already performed the impossible feat of independent judgment, against which they warn it; that is of no account, they consider that their ideas are and must be the true ones, if not in right of their discernment, at least in right of their experience. The radical error of such reasoners is to regard a child as a nonentity: a child is no such thing, and can never be persuaded that it is so; a child upon many points may have unformed ideas, and may say and do unconventional things, but let such ideas and words and actions be closely examined, and it will be found in nine cases out of ten that the errors will be far more against customs and usages than against the fundamental laws of society. On all essential points of morality children have ever clear and sometimes most acute perceptions, their reasonings are generally true, often strangely so; nor is it necessary to take

up with the doctrine of innate ideas to account for this. Instinct, which so ably supplies the place of intellect in the lower animals, can also suffice to direct the intelligence of the higher before intellect is developed. A child sees, feels, and thinks for itself, and it is absurd and irrational for any one to suppose he can see, feel, or think for it; it is more, it is cruel to make the attempt. Sink the feeling of individuality in a child, and what do you produce? You produce a useless, heartless, poor-spirited being, destined hereafter, when thrown upon its own resources, to be bandied about the world, to seek vainly from others the energies, the aspirations which have been crushed within itself, ever dependent upon others for the support, the encouragement its own heart should afford, and as a natural consequence ever meeting with the rebuffs of sturdier and more independent spirits; sinking finally beneath the strong current of the stream of life, while others by mere force of will pass triumphantly on. It is wonderful how parents, and in many cases even those not altogether depraved, deliberately lay themselves out to check and destroy all that is most worthy of careful cultivation in their children; how, in the one case, they condemn all serious thought and independent judgment, and consider them either as a sin or an impertinence, and in the other make use of them only as a handle for ridicule or a means for mirth; how they prescribe to them what they ought to like and what they ought not to like, what should amuse them and what should not amuse them, what they should observe and how they should observe it, just as if strength of mind was a quality to be condemned, and originality was not the noblest gift of genius. It is wonderful how they will manage to persuade themselves that nothing that a child sees or hears makes anything but a momentary impression upon it; how hard it is to persuade them that it makes any impression at all; how, contrary to all the evidence of the few senses they possess, they will be unable to see the terrible effect of bad example, or to realize the fact of a child taking any note of what is going on around it, while, if the truth were known, not a single circumstance has escaped its attention. Strange, unsettled, but of what vast import are the thoughts and reflections of those early days, how curiously is conduct criticized, how deeply is injustice felt, how quickly are resolutions formed, how firmly impressions rooted, but all so silently, so naturally, we are scarcely conscious of it ourselves. The period of childhood is, in fact, precisely that one of life most open to the reception of outward impressions, and therefore the one superlatively deserving of attention; it is between then and the age of puberty that our intellect is formed, and that the greatest stock of our ideas is accumulated; afterwards, we may find reason to alter some of these, to soften others, and occasionally, but not often, to substitute new ones. Every moment while the intellect is unfolding itself is precious, for every moment sensation is conveying new perceptions to the intellect, and making new discoveries, upon which the mind afterwards reflects at leisure, and arranges in order, ready to be again called forth as occasion shall

require. This period is, indeed, not only the most important, but the most eventful of our lives; long before we have arrived at "years of discretion," as it is called, we are already acquainted with almost all the great phenomena of nature which it is given to the generality of mankind to know; all our really grand surprises are past, thenceforth we devote ourselves to details, we compress the knowledge we have gained into a more convenient shape, we mature the judgment already formed, but seldom, very seldom, replace it by a new one. Let anyone seriously reflect upon what real knowledge he has gained since the age of ten or twelve years, he will be surprised at its insignificance: a language or two, perhaps, a skill greater or less in the uses of figures and signs, a better knowledge of mankind past and present, and, though not always, a truer insight into individual character. These, together with some rudimentary acquaintance with the earth and its divisions, the heavens and their appearance, are usually about the sum, though there are doubtless those whose greater industry and more constant devotion to particular branches of knowledge may have led them farther. But what is this to the time when every hour brought to light a new law of nature, or a hitherto unsuspected truth? when experience first disclosed to us the unalterable nature of that great law which keeps our globe in its allotted sphere and regulates the meanest occurrences of life? when motion, roundness, hardness, softness, dimensions, distance, and such-like terms

first assumed shape and meaning in our ears, and we touched, and thought, and learned to distinguish? when we looked without and found ourselves surrounded by the variegated hues of nature, and colour was an established fact? when pleasure and pain, joy and grief, became for us realities, and we learned there was a possibility of obtaining the one and avoiding the other, and the means that it became us to employ? when light and darkness were each equally new? What are these to the discovery of the gradual advance of time? of the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death? And yet all these we knew. Surely, then, the age which first comes to the knowledge of such vast truths is not an unimportant one; it is from Nature, and the impressions we receive of it, that our minds are formed; when her first great principles are known, we have learned more than a whole life shall afterwards disclose to us. While the wax is yet soft the deep impression is made, and time but hardens without altering the outlines; perchance a chip or a crack here and there may impair the symmetry or destroy the perfection of the whole, but the shape still remains behind, and nothing but utter demolition can ever altogether efface it. And so with the human mind; while it is yet soft and young the deep impression is made, which after exposure can but harden or slightly. Of how great importance, then, is that period when the mark is first received, and when the ineffaceable shape is given to the thoughts which they must ever after wear!

Assuming that childhood is not the least important portion of man's life; that it is, on the contrary, a most important one, it remains for us to consider the obligations in connexion with its education, and in what measure the popular ideas upon the subject seem to be correct or otherwise.

The first thing that strikes us in this inquiry is the universality of the relative positions of instructor and instructed, as filled respectively by age and youth; and this up to a certain point may, we think, be considered as among what are called "the laws of nature," that is, as among those general phenomena which have been observed to exist at all times and under all known circumstances. But it may also be easily accounted for: for, setting aside the reasonableness of a child looking to its first friend for assistance and advice, it is as natural that parents should

care for the mental, as for the physical well-being of their offspring, neither being of much account in life without the other. That parents are necessarily fond of their children is presumedly a fact, and philoprogenitiveness is as much a passion as amativeness itself. A fond parent will desire to shield his child from the evils to which youth is exposed through the medium of his own hard-won experience, and thus naturally assumes the position of instructor. Parents, moreover, are apt to derive a personal gratification from the performance of this duty. It is pleasant to observe the gradual advance of ideas, the development of intellect and reason—the unfolding, as it were, of the latent beauties of the butterfly from the unshapely chrysalis; they are the gardeners who love to watch the tender flower—the mind, just appearing from out the earth, the common home of all—then sprouting, budding, and finally bursting forth in all its full-blown grandeur; they seem to renew in their offspring their own early feelings, and they love to draw forth from the inmost recesses of that as yet untutored, unbiassed mind, the thoughts, the illusions which recall to them their own. It is refreshing to the worn-out spirit, weary of the eternal trivialities and deceptions which make up life, to hold intercourse with one nature as yet untainted; it is as a spring of pure water in a land of fens and marshes. They take a pride, moreover, in the feeling that to one being at least their authority is infallible, and love to explain without fear of contradiction those works of nature or art which they feel most interest in themselves; it is to them a relaxation and an enjoyment. Parents instruct their children with a view to their good doubtless, but also in a measure because it is agreeable to themselves.

And what wonder? What contemplation is there more charming in life than that of the fresh and unprejudiced mind drawing its conclusions and forming its opinions simply from what is conveyed to it by the senses, ere yet worldly, or social, or party influence is brought to bear upon the elastic spirit, and to confine and cramp it within its own predetermined boundaries; ere yet the stern and implacable realities of life have cast their shadows over the youthful fancy, to check its pure aspirations and cloud its happy dreams? Everything the child speaks is the reflex of its heart, for as yet hypocrisy, or—

what is the same—the requirements of artificial society, have not entered into its calculations: afterwards it will learn to make these a part of its being, but as yet its language is the true exposition of its thoughts. But let parents beware that they carry not this half-selfish enjoyment too far; let them be careful that in directing the young mind into certain channels, and in turning it aside from others, they push not their officiousness beyond its righteous bounds, and seek to control as well as instruct that which should ever be left free. Up to a certain time it is well for them to perform the part of guide—perhaps, even teacher; but once the young mind is capable to think and judge of its own experience and reason-once it can add retention and reflection to sensation, it is time for them to retire. They can now do no more good; the living spark is ignited, and must burn on to the end, all external influence will but smother and divert for a time without extinguishing the flame. The mind must take its own course, and reason out its own conclusions; it is for such that it was created, and it must and will fulfil its destiny; leave it to itself, and lit will hollow out a channel for its own stream—deep or shallow as its force greater or less, but interfere by artificial means, divert the current of its thoughts into canals and dykes of mere human invention, or stop it near its source in its as yet feeble onward flow, and either it remains dark and stagnant where it has been drained off, or, interrupted in its legitimate course, spreads too widely, lost in the dry sand, or wasted in useless ponds and petty rivulets. While the child is yet young it is well for the parent to play the part of guide, or, as it were, interpreter to it; it is well to instruct it in terms, in names and relations, as well as in etiquette and the usages of the society in which it will be called upon to mix. Such artificial learning he can well impart, for such is the product of experience and time only; but let him never seek to give a predetermined direction to those mental faculties which are as far above his control as his knowledge; let him never endeavour to confine and fashion them after his own partial ideas of perfection. We acknowledge the infinite variety of man's physical attributes, and yet dare to raise our standards of excellence for his mental. Even as there are no two faces precisely alike, so are there no two minds: we do not

seek to mould our children's forms, as they grow up around us, after our own; why then should we—as it is to be feared but too many of us do—seek to mould their intellects? Let us supply nourishment to both, but in all common humanity let us never stultify the development of either. While yet the child's ideas are simple, it is well for us to assist in their accumulation, but once they become complex our mission is at an end: a purer, a clearer, and more unprejudiced judgment is now at work, and ours, warped and distorted by time, can but injure it by our support; let us watch, let us counsel, let us warn it, but let us never desire, let us never endeavour, to substitute ours in its place. It is a strangely anomalous belief, that of some, that the faculties of age are clearer than those of youth; far more reasonable is it to suppose the contrary; the longer we live the less plastic and simple-hearted do we undoubtedly become, and the less able to take fair and impartial views; longacquired habits of thought must sway us whether we like it or no, and cannot but affect our judgment. True, in matters involving study, time will give the advantage to those who have longest lived and laboured most, but then the conditions are no longer equal. The mind of youth is as far superior to the mind of age in its capacity of perception as the bright mirror which has never been tarnished, and in consequence truly reflects that which is placed before it, is to the clouded and worn one, which of its own infirmities cannot but distort in transmission the image it receives; the bright quicksilver of the first is as yet new, unworn, and untarnished, but the damps of age and the accidents and mishaps of years have wrought their work upon the latter, its powers are wasting away, its attributes mouldering to decay, and the medium through which its reflections are made cannot but give its own colouring to the pictures it throws off. Let us not be supposed to say that the judgment of a child is better than that of an older person, or that its knowledge of the world can be at all as great; in all matters of experience age has evident advantages; but where experience is not an element we do not see that it has. Neither let it be supposed that we would encourage young persons in perverse opposition to their elders and well-wishers; precisely the opposite of this is indeed the case; we would like to see both take up their

legitimate positions, and neither encroach on the other's rights. What we desire to show is, that the child is not such an unimportant person as some would have it, and demands not only a very great share of attention, but a very great share of respect also. On this point it is gratifying to have one testimony in our favour, which alone we need quote, because it is worth all that could possibly be quoted besides upon either side of the question. Our Lord Jesus Christ, when upon earth, fully recognised the claims of little children to be regarded as reasoning and responsible beings, and more than once asserted their importance, in passages far too well known to require to be indicated here. He was, indeed, a lover of little children, as all those who duly appreciate what is best and noblest in creation will ever be. The positions of age as instructor, and youth as instructed, are natural and right up to a certain limit, and that limit is from the moment when the simple ideas of sensation are matured and become complex by reflection—from the moment, in fact, that reason shows its indubitable presence. At what precise age this period may arrive depends altogether, of course, upon the individual. One of the most absurd instances of the systematising mania which could well be found, is the fixing of a certain number of years or months as the limit of a certain phase of being; these distinctions, which may be of great use in law, are to the last degree irrational and puerile in common life. It is said a man is not a man unless he numbers twenty-one years. We would wish to know in what does being a man consist? If simply in his capacity to inherit property, then we grant he is not; but if it consists, as we are inclined to think, in the development up to a certain point of his mental and bodily functions, then we have seen men of seventeen years, and boys of twenty-five, if not much older. As it is with manhood so is it with infancy, and so with childhood, and so with puberty. You cannot grow a child as you would a plant, and arbitrarily fix a time when you will graft upon it or prune it away; you cannot say, when it attains to such and such a height it will be time to do such and such a thing, for perhaps that height may never be reached, and perhaps it may reach it far too soon. always remember that a child is a thinking and reasoning being, and if you would have it continue so, treat it as such.

Of the thousand defective systems of educating childhood, there are two only which, both for their extraordinary prevalence above all the rest, and for their subtle and treacherous influence, we have singled out to examine in detail. The merely indicating all that we might would occupy far more space than the limits of a short article such as the present would admit of, and would be besides but a dry summary; sufficient will it be for our purpose to take these two as instances, and much that we shall have to say of them, and much that has been already said in a previous part, will be found to apply with equal force to all. These two systems are—the Spoiling System, by which we mean the adoption of that extravagant and irrational mode of education which leads a child to overrate itself; and the Snubbing System, by which we mean that deplorably false one, which makes a child underrate itself, and teaches it that its youth is its crime. We will take them seriatim.

There is a considerable class of people so selfish by nature, and so obtuse of mind from the continued indulgence of this passion, that its members gradually lose all power of distinguishing between good and evil where self is concerned, and confound the significations of things in a manner all but incredible to any one not similarly afflicted. Such people have the power of persuading themselves they are acting justly, and of really and honestly believing they are doing so, when to the eyes of any one not similarly blinded their conduct is of a precisely opposite nature; what to an ordinarily unselfish person appears an act utterly indefensible by any principles of common justice, appears to these proper and equitable, not to say praiseworthy. Their mental vision has become so blinded and distorted that the most beautiful appear hideous, and the most hideous things beautiful, simply because it is always by and through themselves that everything is judged, and because they are unable to regard it from any other point of view. Such, for the most part, are the disciples of the Spoiling System. Parents are vouchsafed a child by Providence, and they straightway set about spoiling it; it is the pledge of mutual affection, and they vie with each other in effecting its ruin; they both love it dearly, but it is with an overpoweringly selfish love—a love which is as far removed from affection as vanity is from pride, as glass from

the pure diamond—a love such as a girl feels for her dress, a man for his careerthat is, in each case, only inasmuch as it can aid and abet them towards their own gratification, and comfort, and enjoyment. They would suffer a great deal upon its account, but not for its sake but their own, lest they should lose it and a source of pleasure be gone. A child is to them a plaything, a means of recreation, a novel source of amusement, anything rather than what it should be—a charge of inestimable importance, demanding the most unwearied care and most continued self-sacrifice. Do they really love their child? then let them not pander to its appetites to spare it a momentary pang and themselves the annoyance of having to inflict it. The proof of love is not to perform for the object of the passion things agreeable to oneself; it is to suffer, to bear odium, complaint, disgrace, anything, so that the beloved one may really benefit thereby; it is the very refinement of selfishness to grant an improper request only to be spared the slight pain of a refusal. There is a time when it should be the parent's duty to guide the yet unformed intellect of the child, even as to support its faltering footsteps; hereafter it will learn to walk erect, and neither kind of support will be longer needful. There is a time when it should be his care to direct the young thoughts into a right and worthy channel, there to run on themselves towards the great expanse before. But into what channels do the disciples of this school direct their children's minds? Is it into those pure and transparent, those broad and strong ones, which run unceasingly from their source -the heart-towards the great ocean, the common good? Alas, no! it is into those swollen and turgid, those narrow and retrograde, in which they have themselves become involved, and which roll their misdirected current back from the rest-of mankind into their own confined and frozen bosoms. Selfish themselves, they would with fatal consistency make their children selfish also; and no means is better adapted to their end than this one of spoiling. From the moment of its birth the destined victim is petted and spoiled, and made the cause of injustices and absurdities of every kind: if it cries, it is the nurse's fault; if it is naughty, she has been unkind to it; it is dressed out in expensive and extravagant finery, and the young eye getting accustomed to the gaudy colours and unnecessary orna-

ment, learns soon to appreciate and miss them; thus early laying a foundation for that least pardonable of all vanitiesdress. As it grows up a little, nothing is refused it, and it learns to regard its wishes as commands, and itself as a person of the very first importance. Nothing that it does can be wrong, nothing that it asks for can be withheld; if it is illtempered, it is nervous; if sulky and impudent, unwell—in both cases it is only the more petted for the fault. It soon sees the folly of this treatment—for children always know when they are wrong and begins to consider its parents very undiscerning people indeed; the inferiority of their judgment gives it a very exalted opinion of its own, and, as there is no middle course in the mind of childhood—always in extremes—it has but the choice of revering or despising its natural protectors, and necessarily does the latter. The idea of the infallibility of its parents —so necessary an ingredient in filial love —is here utterly destroyed; and even as the child comes gradually to underrate them, so does it come gradually to overrate itself; hence false pride, selfishness, vanity, want of deference to the opinion of others, and a host of evils. A child early understands the tempers of those with whom it has to deal; it is very seldom wrong in its estimate of individual character as it bears upon itself. A professed child-hater, let him be ever so genial and propitiating, will never deceive it—it can see through his pretence at a glance, and will recognise a sympathiser from among a hundred such. Their perceptions are acute and instinctive even as they are new and unprejudiced; and, as with strangers so with parents, and whoever children are brought in contact with -they can read them all, ay, and do so continually. What! you think, madam, that your child never dreams of criticising your conduct or actions? We tell you that there is scarcely an act, scarcely an observation of yours, which he has not weighed, and tested, and balanced to the full. Of course he has; of what are the musings of children made up ?--of visions of toys and sweetmeats? Not a bit of it; they are made up of what they have seen, of what they have heard, and of what it all means. Who will remember a conversation better than a child, once his attention is directed to it? who will be so capable of receiving a deep impression from it?

Not the least melancholy result of the

spoiling system in children is the sad vice-how very, very sad in the young !of hypocrisy. A child desires something which is not good for it, and which it should by no means be permitted to have; it has found by experience that it has but to express this wish to have it gratified (for the great lesson of self-denial has, alas! been left untaught), and accordingly clamours all the more on account of the difficulty of its attainment. But for once it is refused, and experiences a feeling hitherto unknown—disappoint. ment: now is the time, if any, to teach a wholesome lesson; there is no better schoolmaster than disappointment, surely common sense will at length be allowed to dictate the proper course to pursue; but no, the child naturally begins to cry, partly from chagrin at the refusal, partly from not having gratified its desire, the fond parent relents, the object is won, and an hitherto unknown and powerful weapon disclosed to its perception for future operations. Henceforth, whenever it desires anything and is refused, it gives vent to tears, and hypocrisy becomes an integral part of its being; its education has from the first been so hopelessly neglected, that right and wrong are to its apprehension names simply synonymous to gaining or not gaining its ends; its whims have been gratified equally with its legitimate wishes, how, then, to distinguish be-tween them? Even though it knows it is wrong, the temptation is too strong for so youthful and unformed a mind-it yields and is lost. And can we then blame it? Most certainly not; it acts according to its impulses, and has never been taught to hold them in check; quite the contrary—its education has been the education, the drawing forth all that is bad within it, but the leaving unsought all that is good: it has seen others unjustly blamed for faults of its own committal, it has done wrong knowingly, and yet has not suffered for it; it has had its caprices and its appetites pandered to alike; what wonder, then, if these grow while the better seeds of its nature remain undeveloped or unknown? Not unless that nature was perfect, not unless it was born without the spirit of evil within it at all, could it triumph over the circumstances which have conspired against it. The very noblest intellects the world has ever seen, have, in the height of their maturity, been unable to withstand the subtie

influence of flattery and servility; the very greatest men have fallen before the spoiling hand of Fortune, and sunk to the level of very ordinary mortals, victims to her too great partiality; and if these, how much more then, the sensitive, the impressionable, the inexperienced mind of youth? And how sad is it in reviewing even as partially as we have done here, the melancholy effects of this too prevalent system of education, and in tracing it once more back to its source, to find this in the neglect, the culpable neglect of parents, the result of the most hardened selfishness, all the more dangerous on account of its blindness to its own criminality. Let people invent ingenious phrases, and say that they have spoiled their children through "undue kindness," through "over-indulgence," and the like, but we tell them it was the selfish wish to spare themselves pain which prevented their reproving their children when they acted wrongly. Did they really wish to indulge them? did they really wish to act kindly by them? We do not believe it; or, if they did, why then adopt a system of which these are the fruits-selfesteem, hypocrisy, vanity, and vice!

The next branch of our subject, namely, the Snubbing System, differs from that of which we have just spoken in almost every particular—first of all in its object, which is to crush not to exalt; secondly, in its means, which are sarcasm and repression, instead of flattery and inflation; and thirdly, in its effects, which are discontentment and humiliation, instead of vanity and presumption. The snubbing system has this great difference from the spoiling, that whereas the latter seems the effect of chronic mental blindness, and is therefore more comprehensive, the former has more the appearance of a series of petty vexations and cruelties without any apparent origin, and bred in a narrow and inglorious mind. The latter appals us by the magnitude of its means, the subtlety of its influences, and the skill with which its real nature is concealed; the former disgusts us by the paltriness of its tools, the insignificance of its conception, the cowardice of its design, and the general littleness which pervades it all through. It is of the essence of the spoiling system that it is a large and consistent whole, acting upon a broad basis, and engendered of a vast though perverted passion; but it is of the essence of the snubbing system to be mean and paltry, to be small and con-

temptible in all its causes, in all its means, in all its objects, in everything, in fact, but its effects. Great minds may sometimes be led away by the former into a partial or temporary adoption of its extravagances, noble but undiscerning spirits may become disciples of its tenets for awhile, but never was a noble spirit, never was a great mind a follower of the latter; this is reserved especially for the lower type of humanity, for those who, having no virtues but what are negative, are yet not sufficiently considerable to

have a great vice.

The snubbing system of education exists in a greater or less degree in almost every family and household; it is especially observable where there are many children, in which respect it again differs from the spoiling system, which is almost altogether confined to small families of one or two; it is much more prevalent among the middle than either the upper or the lower ranks of society, and its chief supporters are the illiberal and illiterate, who have received a certain amount of education, but not sufficient to refine their minds or soften their prejudices. Its doctrines are, that age is venerable, no matter under what circumstances, and youth always contemptible; that mere length of life is entitled to command esteem, irrespective of the manner in which that life may have been spent, and that reason and age, and youth and error, are either synonymous terms, or should be made so, in all cases and upon all occasions. Its obligations are to assert the rights of social precedence for age and exact them to the uttermost; to sneer at, humiliate, and, if possible, crush all young talent daring to pretend to originality; to stigmatize self-dependency and pervert truth; to claim clamorously and continually as a right what is only conceded by courtesy -the forbearance of juniors towards their elders; to endeavour to make reason subservient to authority, and to repress and drive in again those clear intelligences of the young, which ever militate against unjust usurpation. It is its policy to cultivate all that is superficial and frivolous in youth, but to suppress all that is deep, thoughtful, and vast. The slave, satisfied with his servitude, is the sight it would desire, not the freeman working out for himself his own career; usage, and that love of humiliating another common to mean natures, are its supporters, reason and affection its enemies.

The flagrant injustice of these tenets is only equalled by the terrible fatalness of their results, and the barefaced cowardice of their promulgation; their very ablest defenders do not attempt to prove that there is anything naturally contemptible in being young, they do not pretend that their creed can in any way be defended by reason alone; the only possible circumstance in their favour they can cite is custom—an argument equally applicable to any other of the thousand evils which always exist while calling loudly for remedy. The truth is that their might is their right, and this fact it is impossible to conceal; and yet they go on braving the scorn of the generous and the contempt of the wise, using their social and physical advantages—the mere accidents of their position—to trample upon the liberty of thought and liberty of speech, the originality of fancy and the richness of imagination, of one-half the community, and that, too, at a time when every slight inflicts a scar, and every sarcasm a deep, deep wound. Length of years carries with it naturally more enlarged experience; it is commonly accompanied by accumulated wealth and a certain social standing; it has, therefore, weight and position in society; it can perchance confer a benefit and inflict an injury, and is therefore respected. But youth comes into the world poor and naked; it has no experience for its guide, it has naught but its instincts, which are not always good; it has no social standing but its rights as a human creature; it has no wealth but its own faculties (none at least which is not dependent on the will of others); it can neither confer a favour nor inflict an injury. Is it, then, to be despised? Is it, then, to be trodden upon by those whose position is assured, and who can thus do so with impunity? Is its only wealth—those precious faculties in which it is still at least equal to its persecutors—to be filched from it? to be dimmed and confined and stunted into abortions in their growth, and that not in ignorance or blindness, but spitefully, cruelly, and of design? And has all our boasted law and justice no remedy for this crime? None; but there is a law and justice elsewhere, which will not pass it by unheeded.

Parents who adopt this system are necessarily very dangerous instructors for the young; if they have to do with a weak spirit they infallibly crush it, if with a strong they either warp, or force it into an opposite extreme: harassed by the continual and unequal struggle, and disgusted at the injustice it sees and feels but dare not oppose, it becomes misanthropical, shuts itself up within itself, and merges finally into one of those unsatisfied and unamiable members of society which unfortunately abound. In the first instance the spark is annihilated, in the second it burns and spreads, but luridly and fitfully—not with the strong, clear flame of young and independent intellect. Such parents, too, make it their business to inspire their children with dread rather than with love, thinking that in thus doing they best preserve their dignity; they have equally high notions of filial duty and their own importance, and a great desire that others should participate therein; they, would have their children like spaniels round about them, fawning upon their favour, and equally uncertain whether a kind word or a kick would be their recompense; they seldom speak to them but to chide, and make a point of always contradicting their assertions lest they should have "too high an opinion of themselves," the most dreadful thing, in their opinion, which could possibly occur. They are for the most part strict upon matters of discipline, and regard obedience as a quality very much before affection, consequently they are regarded by their children somewhat in the light that a schoolmaster is by his boys — they are very silent and uncomfortable when he is present, but very much at their ease and very noisy when he is away. They are always ready to put a stop to anything pleasant, and to introduce matters serious or disagreeable, and the result is that they are universally shunned by their own children—feared and avoided if not positively disliked. Oh! when will parents learn the folly of this treatment? It is not by a long course of snubbing, and slighting, and ill-treatment that the affection or even the respect of a child is to be gained-how could it? Can we love that which ill-uses us? can we respect that which is unjust to us? can we bear affection to that which we avoid? When will fathers learn to make companions of their sons, mothers to make confidantes of their daughters, and friends as well as children of all? How soon will they learn that obedience is not affection, that silence is not respect, and that neither can exist without esteem? Some persons, supporters of this sys-

tem, show a singular ingenuity in inventing malicious means of snubbing and humiliating children, and it is a curious thing to watch the spiteful and petty ways they have of accomplishing their end, and the shifts to which they will sometimes resort. The commonest and most effectual seems to be through the sensibilities, which seldom fails of its effect. A grown-up person is less dependent on the opinion of others, and is consequently better attacked through self-love, but in early days, and more especially with lymphatic temperaments, the sensibility of a child is extreme. This, then, is the great object of attack, and here is the raw spot upon which the flies pitch: sometimes it is by a needless reproof before those whose opinion they value, that the deep wound is inflicted; sometimes by sneering at them in general terms—a species of sarcasm which the young seldom know how to meet; sometimes—and this is the very worst of all-it is by making them ridiculous to their playmates, than which nothing is more galling to a proud spirit; in fact, the minds of such persons seem but too fertile in expedients for accomplishing a purpose disgraceful alike to the intellect and heart. There are others of this category who err through positive stupidity as well as little-mindedness, while meaning perhaps no great harm; they have never experienced the misfortune of over-sensibility in their own persons, and are therefore inclined to regard it in their children as an acquired fault, which may be cured by rough treatment, laughed away, or by continual wounding, accustomed to the smart. Such reasoning is false indeed. A human being can no more help the sensitiveness of his mind than he can the sensitiveness of his touch, and it is not by aggravating either that they are to be cured. If the skin is tender, do we apply friction to restore its tone? Do we not rather clothe it in soft and soothing balm till time and nature shall work their gradual cure? And even so with the mind. Should we not rather calm and cheer, than foolishly fret and exasperate it more? But by far the greatest number of parents, it is to be feared, wound the sensibilities of their children from pure indifference to the consequences, and from a pretended disbelief of their importance; they find this weakness-inherent in all truly sympathetic naturesa very great nuisance, and deliberately

sacrifice their children's interests to their own personal comfort; it is the fashion to do so, and was done to them in their youth, therefore they will be revenged upon some one else. Or they reason according to a method of their own, that they are themselves the best judges of other persons' feelings, and know in what direction they really tend. "What!" they say, "hurt a child's feelings! Nonsense! give it a lollipop or a bull's-eye, and it will soon forget all about it;" or still worse—"Wound its feelings! it has no right to have feelings; look at little Tommy Trousers, he is never sulky when he is put down." But is this the case? Does the lollipop or the bull's-eye compensate a deliberate slight? and is the state of mind enjoyed by Master Thomas Trousers the rule or the exception? We are inclined to doubt every one of these propositions: the appetites in some children may no doubt be more developed than the sensibilities, and the gratification of the one balance the pain of the other; but such, we think, is neither the case in the majority of instances, or the most to be commended in any. Individuals of the Tommy Trousers school are agreeable enough companions where there is not much love in question, but are they the most likely to do credit to themselves and their parents hereafter? Is callousness to the opinion of others a desirable quality or a defect in youth? And should hardness of heart be rewarded as a vir-Let the common sense and experience of the community decide.

We would still have much to say upon this branch of our subject did space permit us, but we fear it will not; we would wish to discuss the principles of that class of people who seem to look upon their children very much in the light that the children themselves do upon their less valuable toys—as commodities for their amusement and relaxation; that class of people whose risible faculties are strongly developed, and whose delight is to laugh a sensible child out of all countenance, simply on account of its sense. We would wish to have been able to point out the folly of those who through an apparent desire to make their children unnaturally acute, or through a perverted bigotry, early disgust them with life by painting it in its blackest colours, and thus rob them of the one great privilege of youth We would have dearly -innocence. wished to have given a word of contempt to those-happily few-ignorant logicians, who would aver that all the duty is from the child to the parent, and that no responsibility is incurred in its creation; but we have already fairly reached our limit, and have yet a few words to say by way of suggestion before we finally lay down our pen. The snubbing system is at all times a mean and cowardly injustice, but when it is made the instrument to crush a tender and sensitive mind, it amounts to nothing less than a positive crime. How many a fine intellect has fallen victim to its depressing influence—how many a sweet and joyous temper has become soured through its fatal agency! The continual dropping of the water wears away the stone, be the latter ever so vast and solid, and the former ever so insignificant in itself—be it ever so tainted and contemptible; and an ingenuous mind will fall victim to a far inferior, through the ceaseless annoyances and vexations to which it can subject it. There is nothing so sad to us as to see a child unjustly and harshly treated by stupid and mean-spirited parents for delivering an honest and truthful opinion, whether called for or not; be the remark ever so childish, it is entitled to our respect, and a truth is a truth, no matter by wlfom it is spoken. There is no greater sign of a large and generous mind in age than its acknowledgment of the equal claims of youth, and there is no truer test of a kind and noble heart; there is something congenial to a great mind in the pure and unbiassed reasonings of a child, just as there is something in them insufferably odious to the mean and small intellect. The parent who snubs his child, does it either through culpable stupidity, or spite, or merely because he is a low and cowardly bully.

In conclusion, then. Parents, you tell your children, and they are told elsewhere, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Can they honour you if you spoil them, and unfit them for every task of life?

Can they honour you if you take advantage of your authority to snub them, to slight and to hurt their feelings? Can they honour you if you disgust them with the world, into which you have of your own free will brought them? Give up the idea that children are born for you a bit more than you are for children; that there is anything at all naturally superior about you as compared to them, but rather the contrary: give up the idea that their education is a matter of amusement; give up the hope that you can always watch and assist in it without occasional pain: remember this life has no unmixed pleasure, and while yet you have the power help them on the good path. If you love mankind, instruct them to do so too; it is the real proof of a noble spirit such as you should wish them to possess; examine yourselves well and tear out that root of selfishness, whose fruits look so fair without, but are so very foul within. And do not be harsh with those little ones; do not rob them of those bright dreams of childhood which they can possess already but for so short a time; do not check one bright poetic instinct, though you may not understand, or even approve it quite. Educate them! drawout and direct their latent powers, but do not strive to nip them in the bud; soon enough they will all fade, then let them have their little life. Remember, while it is yet tender, you may bend the twig, but not for long, and do not seek to do so when the twig has become a strong branch. Do not sneer at the sensitive mind because it is weak against your taunts, and you are strong; do not deny to any that freedom of thought and speech of which you are justly proud yourself; do not paint the world in darker colours than it wears. If there are disagreeable surprises in store, if there are cruel awakenings, why add to them in antici-Think of what your children pation? think of you, that your old age may be blessed with their esteem as well as with R. W. C. T. their love.

MOUNT ZION AND THE JEWS.

To "go round about Zion and mark well her bulwarks," and see her beauty and her strength, is a task that requires no slight pedestrian strength, as well as determination in a pilgrim traveller. We are up and out early, strongly tempted everywhere throughout our route by narrow, intricate, half-covered streets, or rather alleys, darkened with canvas where not by arches, to turn aside hither and thither by celebrated localities, long before we have reached the gate of Zion. Passing through this, we place ourselves once more at the House of Caiaphas, where we pause in the footsteps of the Saviour, leaving him imprisoned, and awaiting the morning to be taken before the Sanhedrim or Council of the Jews, by them to be condemned, mocked, and blasphemously maltreated. We proceed on our way to the spot where was the Council-Chamber, first pausing to look down upon the Christian buryinggrounds. That of the English is on the south slope of Zion, overlooking the Valley of Hinnom. Here lie Bishop Alexander, Robert Bateson, M.P., Dr. Schultz, the Prussian consul, and others. That of the American Missionaries, which is on the Hill of Zion itself, though but a few years established, has some remarkable names. The burial-ground of the Roman Catholics is nearer to the gate; and the story of an unfortunate there buried is so curious as to be worth noting. This is Costigan, an Irish traveller, who was the first in modern days to navigate the Dead Sea (a feat since successfully performed in a thoroughly professional style by Lieutenant Lynch of the American Navy), and whose death from so doing the superstition of the people hereabouts—Jew as well as Christian—has invested with peculiar terrors. He had a boat brought over from the Mediterranean to Lake Tiberias and came down the Jordan; sliding through its rapids with some danger, and even entering with it into the Dead Sea, into which its waters constantly pour, and where it loses itself. He had only a Maltese sailor with him, and they rowed together round the sea, taking eight days to accomplish that journey. On their return Costigan was exhausted. It was in the month of July, and from nine to five dreadfully hot; every night a north

wind blew, and the waves were worse than in the Gulf of Lyons. They had suffered exceedingly from the heat, so the sailor reported, Costigan taking his turn at the oars for the first five days; on the sixth day the water was exhausted, and Costigan gave in. On the seventh day they were obliged to drink the water of the sea; and on the eighth they were near the head of it, the sailor also being exhausted, and unable any longer to pull an oar. There he made coffee from the water of the sea; and a favourable wind springing up, they hoisted their sail for the first time, and in a few hours reached the head of the lake. Feeble as he was, the sailor set off for Jericho; and in the meantime poor Costigan was found by some Arabs on the shore, a dying man, and by the intercession of an old woman was carried to Jericho. He was next conveyed up to Jerusalem, where he died in the Latin Convent; but he never once afterwards referred to his unhappy voyage; remaining silent and—as the people about him imagined—terror-stricken at the horrors he had seen while floating over the doomed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. We now enter the city by the Zion Gate. Turn to the left towards the Jewish quarter, where, even before reaching it, we find ourselves in the midst of all kind of filth, ruins, and desolate waste ground overrun with the cactus. The walls of the Armenian Convent rise high on one side, shutting out all view; on the other side the ground slopes down towards the Tyropæon through halfruinous houses over to the site where the Temple enclosure rises. A little on one side are the houses of the lepers-a loathsome race—whom we must avoid. See where "the grass upon the housetops" is "withered before it be grown up." -See where the woman is sitting at that hovel-door, spinning woollen yarn with a spindle, while another near her is twirling the ancient distaff. This may be such a wife as King Lemuel would have "thought good;" but they lock up their wives too much in Jerusalem to have many very good ones. That woman is making girdles-"She girdeth her loins with strength, and delivereth girdles to the merchants." (Prov. xxxi. 17, 24.) These articles are always in demand; everybody wears a girdle round their loins

to strengthen them. "Scarlet, purple, and tapestry and embroidery," are still favourite colours and patterns. Hark to the nasal discord of that synagogue!—see the Jews with their broad-brimmed hats. In spite of all their oddity of vain costume and dirtiness, what a noble race they are! Bida, the French artist, tells us that everywhere in Jerusalem he is struck with the noble heads he meets with among these ancient people.

That broken arch you are now almost touching is the ruins of what is left of the prison of St. Peter, whence, delivered by the angel, he passed, by the new gate, up the street to the house of the mother of John, surnamed Mark (Acts xii. 10), where now stands that small Syrian convent with its massive portals, the only

thing remarkable about it.

As we are looking over the Tyropæon, the Valley of the Cheesemongers, in coming down the slope, towards the Temple wall—that within the city—let us imagine one scene of the olden times. Take the Temple in its splendour; the priests in all their power. Let the murderess-queen, Athaliah, hear across the Tyropcon, as she sits stately in the Zion Palace, the rejoicings of the people, as the High Priest points to the young king-preserved within those sacred precincts from the whosale murder of his race (2 Kings xi. 16)—"Treason!" she cries, and rushes over the connecting bridge from the Palace to the Temple, but the High Priest orders her to be taken out immediately, "and they laid hands on her," and carried her out down by "the Horse Gate," to Kedron, and there was she slain. The "great stones" of part of one arch of this bridge that Athaliah crossed, on which, too, Titus stood in order to hold a parley with the Jews in the Temple, are still here. us measure this one; it is twenty-five feet long, another, twenty; the width of the bridge we can tell from the spring of the arch remaining, and its length must have been over the Tyropæon from Zion (as it were from Snow Hill to Holborn Hill, across the Valley of the Fleet) not less than three hundred and fifty feet. Of course there must have been several piers and arches. What a magnificent passage along this causeway, from the south porch of the Temple to Zion!

But this is not the place to speak of the glory of Zion. We are now nearing her wall; that narrow passage like a corridor open to the sky, with that huge massive wall rising about forty feet, and at the base of the wall which supports the west side of the Temple area, is the Wailing Place of the Jews. Doubtless these large stones with bevelled edgessome of them still preserving the polish so carefully tooled upon them, as you will notice on the old Egyptian monuments-formed part of the foundations of the Holy Temple itself, certainly they are not later than Herod's day. Here we see a sad and affecting sight, the most painful spectacle in Jerusalem; there are at least fifty Jews, old and young, white-headed, turbaned, fur-capped, or broad-hatted, along the wall, praying and lamenting, with tears running down their cheeks. They lay their foreheads against the sacred stones-they kiss them; they lean against the wall, and seemingly try to pray through cracks and crevices. The tradition which leads them to pray through as well as against this wall is, that during the building of the Temple, a cloud rested over it, so as to prevent any entrance: and Solomon stood at the door, and prayed that the cloud might be removed. and promised that the Temple should always be opened to men of every nation desiring to offer up prayers; whereupon the Lord removed the cloud, and promised that the prayers of all people offered up in that place should find acceptance in His sight; and now, as the Mussulman lords it over the place where the Temple stood, and the Jews are not permitted to enter, they endeavour to insinuate their prayers through the crevices in the wall, that they may rise from the interior to the throne of Grace. How long and fervent their prayers! See how they stand, with the right foot extended, and the Bible in their hand, intoning the Lamentations of Jeremiah (v. 21, 22, 23), or the Psalms of David, or singing with Isaiah (lxiv. 9-11): "Be not wroth very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity for ever. Behold! see, we beseech Thee, we are all Thy people. Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste." Benjamin of Tudela mentions this touching custom in the twelfth century. After the capture of the city by Adrian, the Jews were excluded from entering within Jerusalem, and it was not until the age of Constantine that they were permitted to approach so as to behold Jerusalem

from the neighbouring hills. At length they were allowed to enter the city once a year, on the day on which it was taken by Titus, in order to wail over the ruins of the Temple; but this privilege they had to purchase of the Roman soldiers.

The present condition of the Jews at Jerusalem is exactly what it was when Nehemiah attempted their restoration. "The remnant that are left in the captivity, these are in great affliction and

reproach."

All the Jews in Palestine are under the spiritual domination of a Chief Rabbi, called Chackham Bashi, "the First in Zion." He is assisted by a special council of seven leading rabbis, and a large number of sub-rabbis. Hither, to the Holy City, asking but to lay their bones in Jehoshaphat, Jews crowd from all parts of the world; but there is no trade, no employment, and they are, consequently, miserably poor. The subscription for the Jews, generally, throughout the world, does not avail to allow the poorer Jews more than thirty shillings a year, on which wretched pittance they live miserably, starve and die, constant in their faith, though strongly tempted aside by schools, and hospitals, and allowances, and employment, offered in pious zeal by the different divisions of Protestant Christians, who lay out large sums of money annually in Jerusalem for the purpose. The converted Jew is despised by his brethren and regarded as a dead man; but the unconverted Jew is looked down upon alike by Christian and Turk, nay, it would cost a Jew his life, even at this moment, should he venture into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or even within the outer court of his beloved Temple. They are divisible into Sephardim and Askenarim, or the Spanish and German communities, or southern and northern Jews, the latter numbering 4000, the former about 7000. Each class has its own synagogues, and are again divided. The old Pharisees still remain in the Perous-choni, which means "separated" or "isolated." The class assuming that title affect great piety and a knowledge of the mysteries of the Kabala. Almost all agree, however, in adopting the Talmud and its traditions as their canon. Yet there is a sect of Jews which rejects everything but the sacred Scriptures; but it is a very small community, and rarely represented in Jerusalem. The Rechabites still exist, and boast their descent from Jethro, the

father-in-law of Moses, and High Priest of Midian. They are still dwellers in tents, and still, as in the time of Jeremiah, offer an example to the faithless sons of Israel (Jeremiah xxxv. 8). They drink no wine, and would deem it a transgression to dwell in houses or obtain a living otherwise than by agriculture.

Near this wall or Wailing-Place is a hospital founded for the Jews by the humanity of M. de Rothschild. Each bed bears the name of one of the members of that family—a monument of their charity. Here, too, is a school for Jewish children, recently erected, and bountifully supported by Sir Moses Montesiore; but here, as everywhere, the Jewish quarter is full of dirt, and dust, and nasty smells. The men have a magnificent appearance, in spite of all the po-

verty and the squalor around.

Having seen the Jews in their present degradation, we now revert to the Jewish Sanhedrim in its haughty pride, and look for the place whither the Saviour of the world was brought before the Council of the Jews to be questioned. We find it in the present Mehkemeh or Councilhouse (or Guildhall), of the Turks, at the western wall of the Temple, just where Josephus tells us the "first wall" of Jerusalem abutted. We learn from the Psalmist that it was built on piers or arches, and that like the present building it had one entrance to the Temple area, and another to the city. It has now a splendid Saracenic portal, and here is the most beautiful Saracenic Fountain in Jerusalem, the women of Jerusalem, as of old, fetching and carrying water from it. "You shall meet a man bearing a pitcher of water," was thus a special direction whereby to notice the individual, sure to engage the attention of the disciples of our Lord, when searching for a fit place and person to prepare the Last Supper. The Sanhedrim and its subalterns, having condemned, mocked, and blasphemously maltreated Christ, "then led they Jesus from Caiaphas, unto the judgment-seat of Pilate, and it was early, and they themselves went not into the judgment-hall, lest they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover." Pilate then went out to them. The judgment-hall of Pilate was undoubtedly a large apartment in the Tower of Antonia, situated on the north-west corner of the Temple area. Pilate, without condemning him, sent him up to Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of

Galilee, who had no doubt come up to the feast, and was occupying the magnificent Palace of Herod the Great, near the Tower of Hippicus, where the chief priests and scribes stood, and vehemently accused Jesus; and Herod, with his men of war, set him at nought and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him back to Pilate. The governor having examined him, informed the chief priests and the rulers and the people assembled in the yard of the Fort of Antonia, that as neither he nor Herod could find anything worthy of death in the Messiah, he would chastise and release him. But the malicious hierarchs having finally extorted his condemnation, he is taken into the Prætorium by the soldiers, arrayed in mock royalty, and smitten, treated with the utmost indignity and cruelty, and finally Pilate, occupying his judgment-seat out on Gabbatha, or "the pavement," brought him out of the Prætorium. With this act of the Roman Governor who, as well as the accusers of Christ, and Herod, the conscientious murderer of John the Baptist, knew Jesus to be innocent, commences what is known in ecclesiastical history as the Via Dolorosa, or the Way of Affliction.

The Via Dolorosa is a steep, narrow, crooked street, vaulted with arches, and gloomily impressive in appearance, even were it not for the awful reminiscence that up this steep ascent—along this gloomy way, reviled, spat upon, and beaten, the meek Saviour of mankind was compelled to toil, laden with his cross, from the judgment-seat of Pilate

to the Hill of Calvary.

Standing with our backs to the city wall, at St. Stephen's Gate, having on the right (behind us) the church of St. Anne, where the Virgin was born, and close to the spot where the woman was healed by touching his garment, and on the left the Pool of Bethesda, where "the angels used to come from heaven and bathe," we have, to the right, a small tower of modern construction upwards, but ancient below, which is regarded as one of the five towers of Fort Antonia, and stands by an archway of pointed architecture. A few paces to the left of this is a small porch; here was said to have been the celebrated Scala Sancta, or Sacred Staircase, up and down which, on his way to Herod's Palace and back, and also, after his delivery to the soldiers, the Saviour must have several times ascended and de-

scended. It was removed by the pious care of the Emperor Constantine to St. John the Lateran's Convent. This gate opened into the Prætorium by the guardroom of the Roman soldiers. An iron door under a gateway here, about twenty paces farther up, leads into the Convent of the Flagellation, which marks the place where the soldiers mocked and scourged our Lord. The early Christians raised a chapel on this spot; one Quaresmius will tell you how this church was in ruins in 1618, and how the son of the Governor of that day repaired it and made a stable of it, and how on the night of the 14th of January, 1619—the fête of the Holy Name—all the horses placed in it died, and so the Turks abandoned the buildings. A pious pilgrim, Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, saw it in 1838, deplored its condition, and paid for rebuilding the convent and chapel. There is still to be seen a beautiful mosaic pavement, whether of the Prætorium or the original chapel is doubtful.

Coming out of this gate we have before us the Palace of Pilate, now only a ruined portion of a house. A Turkish post use it for barracks. It commands a charming view of the (Temple) Esplanade of the Mosque of Omar, and the gardens and corridors, and marble pulpit of that sacred locality from that upper chamber, where you may see the Turkish colonel smoking at the window as he tranquilly

enjoys the prospect.

Christ having been scourged with rods, crowned with thorns (probably of the cactus, as thorny and common) and dressed in a purple robe, was presented to the Jews by Pilate. *Ecce Homo!* "Behold the man!" exclaimed the judge, and you still see the window from which these memorable words were pronounced.

0

is

W

th

bu

A

W

th

do

Tu

011

ch

Li

w

fire

he

the

ha

lor

tua

10

Over against the northern corner of Pilate's house the arch of the Ecce Homo crosses the street—a lofty gateway with a narrow gallery at the top, from which Pilate is said to have addressed the Jews on delivering the Saviour into their hands.

Ecclesiastical tradition commences from these points the numbering of what are called "The Stations" of our Lord's journey to the crucifixion. These are the two first—the "Condemnation to Death" and "Jesus laden with the Cross comes forth from the Guard Room." Would you wish to know the words of the Sentence of Death, pronounced by Pilate on the "Giver of Life Eternal?" Here

are the very words, preserved by tradition :-

"Jesum Nazarenum, subversorem gentis, contemptorem Cæsaris et falsum Messiam, nt majorum suæ gentis testimonio probatum est, ducete ad communis supplicii iocum, ut cum ludibriis regiæ majestatis, in medio duorum latronum, cruci affigite. I, lictor, expedi cruces."

"Jesus of Nazareth, a disturber of the peace of this people, a despiser of Cæsar, and a false Messiah, as proved by the majority of witnesses of his own nation, take ye to the place of common punishment, and there, him with mock emblems of kingly state, in the middle, between two thieves, nail to a cross. Hasten, officer!

Provide the crosses."

Passing through the arch with the procession of people, soldiers, and the meek Saviour, sorely burthened with his cross, we look up the narrow street, and we see it rapidly ascending, sometimes open, at others gloomily covered with arches. The walls on either side rise like those of a prison. There is just such a place within Newgate, whence the prisoners pass from the cell to the gallows. It is called the Debtors' Yard, and has a passage just such as this—no wider; with just such walls and stones, which, marked with numbers, the turnkey will point out to your shuddering attention as denoting the graves of murderers, the very mention of whose names, with the memory of the awful crimes associated with them, is appalling. Go there and imagine this Via Dolorosa. The stones are rugged and slippery. A few small doorways or grated windows, or a rare wooden lattice, open into it; and at these bend the spectators, gazing on the Procession of Death. We mount the steep ascent until we turn the street by which stands the neatlybuilt house of the Austrian Consulate. At this corner, on the left, is a column which marks the "Third Station," being the place where Our Saviour first sank down under the weight of the cross. Turning our backs to this column, we see on the side of this street a dilapidated church—what is left of the ruins of "Our Lady of Sorrows"-built on the spot where the Holy Mary—who had been at first driven away by the Guards-met her Son, bending beneath the weight of the cross. St. Boniface and St. Anselm have preserved the tradition, which the love of every Christian mother has perpetuated. Mary, we know, was at the foot of the cross, with Mary, the wife of Cleo-

phas, and Mary Magdalen (John xix. 25). St. Boniface tells us, that the Virgin " sank to the ground as if lifeless, and could not utter a single word." St. Anselm asserts that Christ said, "Hail, mother!" "Eighteen centuries of persecution without end," says Chateaubriand, "of incessant revolutions, of continually increasing ruins, have not been able to erase or hide the traces of a mother going to weep over her son."

This is the "Fourth Station."

The road, which before ran east and west, makes here a sharp angle, and turns to the north and south, the Via Dolorosa continuing in the latter direction—the former trending; up to the Damascus Proceeding southwards, about sixty yards to the left, we come to the House of the Rich Man (Luke ii. 16), now a military hospital. The stones of which it is built are laid in courses of red and white, so that you can easily recognise it. Close by here the Jews, seeing that their victim was not able to carry his cross any longer, caught hold of Simon the Cyrenean, who was just going into the city towards the Gate of Ephraim (a street from which leads up here), and made him assist in carrying it. This is the "Fifth Station." A niche in the wall at the angle of the street on our right hand, shows at a short distance on the left the broken shaft of a column marking the situation of the house, on the threshold of which Berenice, afterwards known as St. Veronica (or the Holy Woman of the True Image), came forth to wipe away the sweat of agony from the suffering Saviour's brow, and received on her handkerchief the full impress and character of His Holy visage. This is the "Sixth Station" or haltingplace of the Death Procession of our

It is here where the legend of the Wandering Jew and the terrible curse pronounced on Isaac Laquedem finds its locality. It tells us how our Lord, in passing near a shoemaker's stall, stopped, and endeavoured to lean upon it, and how the fanatic Jew struck him and told him to pass on. Jesus rose, and, in the act of departing, said, "Thou shalt go on thyself, and know no rest until the end of time." The story runs that the Wandering Jew is yet unresting, and has been so through the eighteen centuries that have since that time elapsed. Sufficient for us to know that the whole Jewish nation has even yet, since that day, found no

rest for the sole of its foot. Proceeding a few paces near the intervening point of the Bazaar—at the northernmost corner, considerably above the street, is a single column of limestone, said to denote the "Gate of Judgment," or "Judicial Gate," by which criminals were led out to be executed on Golgotha, for that hill, now enclosed within the new city, was outside the walls of ancient Jerusalem. This is the "Seventh Station," and here the Saviour is said to have fallen for the second time, under the burthen of his cross. Just at this place, a number of women expressed their pity for the sufferings of the Son of God by tears. were accompanied by a sympathising crowd, for by this time the arrest, the false accusation, the sudden hurried trial, and hasty urgent judgment on the new Prophet, so greatly spoken of, the reputed Messiah, the self-avowed Son of God, and worker of wondrous miracles, had spread through the city, and the people were hastening to the way to see him pass to death! Crowds were already hurrying on to the wall, and through the gardens that hang upon the rugged ground. "But Jesus turning to them, said: Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

Here ends the Via Dolorosa and commences the descent of Calvary. Here begins what an American missionary has called "the most interesting half acre on the face of the earth;" for within that space are Mount Calvary, Golgotha, and the Holy Sepulchre, the scene of our

Lord's Passion.

We have reached the top end of the Via Dolorosa, and begin now to descend. We now pass through a portion of a vaulted Turkish bazaar, and on coming

out again see three columns denoting the spot of another, the third, fall of Our Saviour under his oppressive burthen, Each time was he driven forward, as we are told by the blows and revilings of the impatient soldiers, amid the tears of his followers and the pitying daughters of Jerusalem, and the outcries of the fanatic party of the Jews, many of whomstrangers from the outer country-were present for the Feast. Up the little street to the right, and we reach the square of the Church of Calvary, or of the Resurrection, which is included, together with that of the Discovery of the Holy Cross—three churches under the one roof of the Church of the Holy Se.

pulchre.

Thus far we have traced the Sacred Scene. It is impossible even to peruse in the Gospels the mournful history of our Lord's sufferings without the most painful emotion. What must be the feelings of a Christian mind, when, with profound and melancholy admiration, it traces the scenes around, and follows the very footsteps of the Saviour at the foot of Mount Zion, in sight of the Temple, and within the very walls of Jerusalem! The Via Dolorosa itself is only a mile in length. but it has taken just two hours to ascend it to the present point. It has been calculated that the distance traversed by the Saviour between the "Upper Room" and Golgotha, was from four to five miles; from Zion to Gethsemane, .900 yards; Gethsemane to House of Annas, 2400; House of Annas to High Priest's Palace, 2100; High Priest's Palace to Council House, 400; Council House to Prætorium (in Antonia), 400; Prætorium to Herod's Palace, 1000; Herod's Palace, back to Prætorium, 1000; Prætorium to Golgotha, 600. Total yards, 8000.

MARGARET OF NAVARRE.

HENRY DE LORRAINE, Duke of Guise, was one of those men whom nature rarely forms, and who has only to appear to be beloved. His ambition, and the violent remedy Henry III. was obliged to employ against him to retain the sovereignty, is well known. He, above all, acquired the greatest empire over women; and it is thought that many husbands found great relief in his death. success in this respect made him neglect his wife; but it is said that she herself made amends for it, and the assassination of Saint Megrin confirmed this report. It was believed that the duke was the author of Megrin's death; and we are assured that the King of Navarre said upon hearing of it, "I am obliged to the Duke of Guise, my cousin, for not suffering such a minion as Saint Megrin to dishonour him." Others, however, differ on this point. If the Duke of Guise experienced chagrin on account of his wife's conduct, love made him amends, particularly in the success of his passion for Margaret of France, afterwards Queen of Navarre. He became enamoured of this princess in an interview between the courts of France and Spain, at Bayonne. During the tilts and tournaments, at which Margaret was present to crown the victors, the young Duke of Guise was several times at the feet of the princess to receive the coveted prize, and in those moments he inspired and felt the most ardent passion. At a ball which was afterwards given, the duke, under the disguise of an astrologer, had the boldness to declare his passion for the princess. This dawn of happiness was soon The queen-mother had perceived the new-born passion of the duke for her daughter, and not willing that the princess of Lorraine, already too puissant, should become more so by this alliance, she insisted upon the duke's absenting himself for some time. The Cardinal de Lorraine, chief of his house, made the duke, in spite of himself, content, and he departed for Hungary, where there had been a war between the duke and the emperor. Previous to his starting, he had the address to write a letter to the princess, in which he painted his passion in lively colours, and acquainted her with the motives of his departure. Winter having ended this war in Hun-

the Our

en. we

the

his

of

tie

ere

tle

he

of

to-

he

e-

ed

in

ul

nt

;

gary, the Duke of Guise returned to France. He caused a gentleman named Chastelles to precede him, who was the cousin and lover of Mademoiselle de Thorigny, maidof-honour and confidante of the Princess Margaret. It was not difficult to win this lady to his interests, and she engaged the princess to repair, under pretence of devotion, to the Abbey de Poissy, and to receive the duke incognito. The duke flew to the rendezvous on the wings of love, and threw himself at the feet of his adored mistress. It is unnecessary to give the particulars of this interview: the result was a promise from the princess to marry the duke.

Political interests soon after disunited the knot that love had formed. queen-mother, incensed against the Protestants, and not being able to destroy them, had recourse to artifice and stratagem. She affected great esteem for the Admiral de Coligni, chief of the Huguenot party, and to convince him of the sincerity of her reconciliation, cunningly proposed a marriage between Margaret and the King of Navarre. When all the preliminaries were settled, she informed the princess, who soon showed her displeasure at the proposal of her mother. After this visit, in which she was informed of the project, Margaret wrote the following letter to her lover:—

"The queen has been to inform me that my marriage with the King of Navarre has been resolved upon, and this cruel stroke has thrown me into the greatest despair. I will not yield to my fate, until you have told me whether this misfortune is inevitable. I was destined for you-can you see them tear me from you? Remember the mutual engagements we have contracted. The fear of losing you makes me deeply sensible how dear you are to me. I am too agitated to describe my feelings, and yet I could wish you to know them. Contrive with Thorigny if I cannot see you alone; and rest assured that if my person is devoted to the king, my heart shall be with you only."

This news reduced the duke to despair, and he finally obtained of the pope that famous bull, which excommunicated the Queen of Navarre, and declared all the

26 - 2

heretic princes incapable of succeeding to the crown. The queen-mother, who perceived the repugnance of her daughter to the King of Navarre, and her evident partiality for the Duke of Guise, sent orders to the latter from the king to marry within eight days. During these proceedings the duke obtained an interview with the princess. Thorigny asked permission to have a large coffer belonging to her brought into her chamber, and in this the duke was transported into the apartments of Margaret. The princess is said to have spent much time in adorning herself for this interview; and it may be supposed their meeting was pleasing and satisfactory. A few days after the duke espoused the Duchess of Cleves, widow of Prince Porcein, and Margaret became Queen of Navarre. Both, says an historian, were joined by a conjugal knot, and not by love. The Princess Margaret was compelled by the king to decide either on this marriage or a cloister; and it is also said that, remaining silent when it was necessary to say yes, before the Cardinal de Bourbon, who performed the nuptial ceremony, his majesty forcibly bent her head forward to make her give that token of assent instead of the word. The marriage of the princess with the King of Navarre was principally to draw in the Huguenots at Paris, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew was the consequence. In the midst of this dreadful carnage, love reserved for the duke some happy moments, and he would have had more opportunity for indulging in his passion for the queen, had he not been awed by the dreadful drama of which he had been the author and actor.

After the death of Charles IX. and the return of Henry III. from Poland, the King of Navarre and the Duke d'Alencon resolved to leave the court out of some disgust. This duke, whom report says was too fond of his sister, would not depart without bidding her farewell, and introduced himself into her apartment at night, by a cord which was fastened to the window, using the same means for his descent. The brave Bussy, who accompanied him, was perceived by the Duke of Guise, and he needed no more to excite his jealousy of the queen. He immediately went to the apartments of the queen, and loaded her with the severest reproaches. She soon, however, convinced him of his injustice toward her, and they were nearly reconciled when the king was announced, who had just been informed that the Duke d'Alençon had departed quite incensed against his sister. He left her under guard, and quitted the apartment. The Duke of Guise, who was concealed in a closet, was anxious to withdraw, but the guards entering soon after, increased his embarrassment. Fortunately, the officer had been page to the duke, and he suffered him to go by a private staircase disguised in a soldier's overcoat. The historian of Guise has endeavoured to persuade us that passion had no part in the affection of the duke for the princess, and the memoirs of the times represent the Queen of Navarre as little acquainted with the bounds of virtue and modesty; but how does this Platonic love agree with the journey of the queen to the waters of Spa? The duke, it is said, was incognito, and apparently ill at an inn at Castelet, where the queen was to stop. He occupied a chamber communicating with that of the queen, and made his frequent visits with the greatest facility. It was in these interviews that they concluded the projects of the duke -plans at which the queen would have revolted had not passion blinded her reason. On her return to court, the queen sought all possible pretences to avoid rejoining her husband, but an unlucky circumstance obliged her. One of her couriers was arrested, and her letters to the Duke of Guise fell into the hands of Henry III., who had the wickedness to send them to the King of Navarre. He a short time afterwards challenged the Duke of Guise to combat, under pretence of religion, but jealousy was the true cause—the combat, however, did not take place. To paint Queen Margaret's passion for the Duke of Guise two fabulous anecdotes are recited. It is said that in the battle at which the Swiss and Germans came to the succour of the Huguenots, the Queen of Navarre appeared disguised as a chevalier, and that she fired a pistol, and struck on the head with her sword Marquis d'Ouar, chief of the Germans. Finally, it is said, that this princess, being at Ager, and informed by the Duke of Mayenne of the danger of the Duke of Guise at the States of Blois, pretended to have an inflammation in her eyes, and closed her apartment, caused Thorigny to occupy her bed, and, taking the habit of a courier, repaired to Blois, when she gained admittance to the apartments of the duke, and remained with him the greater part of the night preceding his death. With regard to the passion of the Duke of Guise for Margaret of Navarre, it is well known to be a fact. Charles IX. ordered Henry

who

uke

sed

der

The n a the his cer uf-ase

he to

in-

re-

tle

nd

nc.

18

as

n-

nd

re.

d'Angoulême, grand prince, and natural brother, to assassinate the duke for his presumption, but it was not executed through cowardice, and the duke was apprised of the design, and married.

PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

DIAPHANIE.

This beautiful art is so simple in its elements that it will not take much space to initiate the reader into its mysteries. The principal purposes to which it is applicable are for the decoration of hall windows, churches, lamp-shades, staircases, hand-screens, windows, and windowblinds, Chinese lanthorns, and conservatories; but it is equally available for every purpose in which the combination of transparency and ornament enter. Although the chief feature of this art is the decoration of glass to the resemblance of stained windows and painted transparencies, it may be used for the adornment of window-blinds, &c., upon muslin or silk.

The materials required are few and inexpensive; but great care should be exercised in their selection. We will enumerate them:—

Glass, muslin or silk, a roller, brushes, designs, one bottle of clearing liquid, prepared gum, a bottle of washable varnish.

Be sure that the glass is free from imperfections, such as specks or bubbles, and scrupulously cleansed. Of course, if it is already fixed in window frames, you must take it as you find it. Muslin for pictures is preferable to silk, for its cheapness and possession of greater transparency. Whichever may be chosen, observe that it must be tightly stretched upon a frame, and that the muslin be free from coarse threads. Much of the beauty of the work depends on the careful selection of the designs. In experiments, choose a simple design, the subject of which must be left to the fancy of the person engaged in the work. The brushes (hog's hair) will be sufficient for the application of the varnish and cement. Starch, mixed with cold water, and boiled, is the best cement that can be used to make the designs adhere to the glass; but gum or size will do, if more

convenient. The cement must be thinly laid on. The Washable Varnish renders the picture easy to clean, and the clearing liquid is used to destroy the opacity of the paper. It must be applied to the blank side of the picture.

We will now instruct the reader how to use these materials in the best manner to bring out the enchanting beauties of this art:—Lay the glass flat upon a folded cloth; then cut out the subjects, and placing them upon the blank side of the grounding paper (the plain side upwards), trace the outline by rubbing on with the finger a small quantity of black lead; after this, cut the paper so that the subject may clearly fit it. We cannot enjoin too much care in these operations. The next process in order will be the fastening of the papers on glass. This is done with a sponge and water; the uncoloured part of the paper must be made quite damp; then put on the glass and the printed sides a thin coating of the cement. Take care that no air bubbles remain between the glass and prints, and also observe that the papers must be kept damp while the operation is carried on, for if the cement is allowed to dry it will destroy the transparency when the clearing liquid is used.

The cement requires about six hours to dry, when two coatings of the liquid should be applied to the back of the

As a remedy, if it is not clear, rub on an additional supply of Clearing Liquid on the opaque parts. Let the glass remain for twelve hours, that the paper may dry, after which apply the Washable Varnish. There are other methods, but they are inferior to the one we have now laid before the reader, and we pass on to the instructions connected with the operations on MUSLIN or SILK.

After stretching either material tightly

on a frame, take the sheets, laying the plain sides upwards to receive the clearing liquid, which put on with a brush, and when dry give it another coating. A coating of cement will now be necessary to apply to the coloured side of the paper, taking great care to press it equally with the roller. There is now nothing left to the completion of the transparency but to varnish it. If the picture be misty, again

use the clearing liquid.

Painting upon Glass or Muslin.—For this purpose you will require the following colours :- Raw and burnt sienna, brown pink, Prussian blue, yellow lake, crimson lake, rose madder, French ultramarine, ivory black, burnt umber, gamboge, verdigris. In using these colours, should they work stiffly, work a little turpentine with them. If your painting is on glass, after laying it flat on the print you have chosen to copy, with ivory black and a fine sable pencil trace the outlines, and after it is dry let the colouring commence. There is but little difference in the operations of painting on glass or muslin. The latter material should have a coating of parchment size after it has been tightly stretched; but the process of colouring is precisely the same as in the process on glass.

Painting Glass and Muslin in Watercolours.—The same colours are used as those previously enumerated, omitting the verdigris. Fist, see that the glass is free from grease, and if not, wash it with a little gall. If the operations are to be on muslin, better apply a thin coating of size before working. Add a little gall to your cake colours after they are diluted

with water on the slab, and then proceed as in oil colour. Between each layer of colour, as water-colours quickly dry, give the glass a coating of mastic varnish. After the outline is complete, the glass should be placed on a frame, and supported on both sides by an upright piece of wood. The colours may be heightened by applying others of the same tint; and for the sake of durability, a second sheet of glass should be placed over the work

in all departments of this art.

For using ordinary Engravings on Glass .- The paper they are printed on should contain no size. Damp the plain side of the picture with a sponge, and apply to the other a coating of Washable Varnish; then warm the glass, lay on the print, press with the roller, and place it at some distance from the fire to dry. The next process requires great care, or the beauty of the engraving will be injured. Damp the print again with water, and rub off the superfluous paper; after this, and when the miniature has been absorbed, apply the clearing liquid with a camel's hair brush; and lastly, when it is thoroughly hardened, the washable varnish can be applied, and the work is finished.

Imitation of ground glass may be effected by taking equal quantities of ground white lead and sacrum, and mix with one part of boiled oil and two of turpentine, slightly tinted with yellow or blue. When this is done, take a painter's clean duster, and gently dab with the ends of the hair, until the work has assumed the uniformity of appearance ne-

cessary to its perfection.

THE HOROSCOPE.

A LEGEND OF LIEGE.

THE pealing clangour of many bellsthe tapestry and fine carpeting suspended from window and balcony-the streets crowded with citizens in their gayest apparel-all betokened a grand festival day in the ancient city of Liege, in the earlier part of the 17th century. It was One of the frequently-recurring quarrels between Ferdinand of Bavaria, the Prince-Bishop, and his turbulent subjects the burghers, had been happily adjusted, and, in honour of the reconciliation, the magnates of Liege were about to proceed in grand array through the city, and finish by attending a solemn high mass in the cathedral of St. Lambert.

eed

lve

sh. ass

up-

ece

red

eet

rk

on

on

nd

le

On the elevated portico of a public building, so as to have a good view of the procession, stood two young men of gentlemanly appearance. One, whose ambitious spirit gleamed through a frank and open countenance, was a citizen of Liege, of considerable wealth and good family, named William Beekman. other, whose mild and amiable features seemed to conceal a lurking poetic feryour, was the painter Gerard Dow, then just returned from the classic shores of Italy, where he had been studying art with all the ardour of an enthusiast. Beekman had promised his companion that, as the procession passed, he would point out his affianced bride, Catherine Ardspine, whom in a few days he was to marry. Accordingly, when the banners of St. Bartholomew's defiled along the narrow street, he, by a glance of his eye, indicated to the artist a young lady remarkable for her modest grace and beauty. As long as she remained in sight, Dow could not withdraw his eyes from the lovely apparition, and, when lost to view in the moving crowd, he felt how he could have loved her, had she not been the betrothed of his friend. Immersed in thought, he saw no more of the pageant, till roused by Beekman, saying -"Come, we must follow close after the procession, or we shall not be able to obtain a place in the cathedral." Entering that sacred edifice, the young men joined in the ceremonies of their religion, and after the parting benediction had been given, they still lingered in the lofty aisle, to avoid the pressure of the dispersing assemblage. Dow, lost in

reverie, was endeavouring to re-establish the serenity of his mind, which the sight of the fair Catherine had so rudely disturbed. Beekman, joyous in hope and good fortune, not observing his companion's absence of mind, abruptly said—"Is she not a beautiful girl?"

"Charming; and she loves you?" in-

quired Dow.

"Very much indeed."
"What is her family?"

"Very honourable; but she, being an orphan, has only an uncle, who brought her up, an old canon of St. Bartholomew's."

"Has she a fortune?"

"But little; that, however, does not signify; her fortune is to come. That is what so particularly attaches me to Catherine. Her uncle, the canon, is a famous astrologer; you saw him in the procession—the tall old man, with grey hair and ruddy countenance, round whom the people pressed with reverence and affection. Well, he has foretold great things for the husband of his niece; and who knows? for so far all his predictions have proved correct. He warns the poor of tempests and change of weather; that is the reason why they revere him so."

"Between ourselves, then, if it is a fair question, what has he predicted?"

"Well, my dear Gerard, I may tell you the secret. He has read in the stars that the man whom his niece espouses will rise to high station; for her horoscope foretells that the happiest period of her life will be when her husband is raised by his fellow-citizens above themselves."

This mysterious vaticination of astrology threw Dow into another reverie, from which he was again startled by his friend exclaiming—"Let us proceed to my house and clear our dress from the dust of the procession; then I will introduce you to the fair Catherine and

the good canon, her uncle."

"Are you," rejoined Beekman, "a Grumbler or a Swallow-tail?"

The artist, surprised, repeated the words grumbler and swallow-tail, which were quite new to him; the other, perceiving his perplexity, explained that those were then the slang terms for the

two rival factions into which the citizens of Liege were divided. The dandies of the aristocracy who adhered to the prince-bishop, wearing a new Parisian dress, were, from its peculiar cut, named swallow-tails; the other, and larger party, to which Beekman belonged, and which advocated the rights of the people, wore the old national costume, and were termed Grumblers. Gerard, after receiving this enlightenment, said—

"As for myself, I am a painter."

"Right," replied Beekman. "Your Roman costume cannot displease any one."

The two friends passed into Beekman's house, from whence, after re-adjusting their dress, they sallied forth on their way to the dwelling of the learned canon. On arriving there Catherine herself opened the door, and received the visitors with artless grace.

"I present you," said Beekman, "a pupil of the renowned Rembrandt, a Roman, or, I should say rather, a native of Liege, just returned from Rome, who excels in portraits, and will be happy to

paint yours."

The young girl blushed, while Dow felt

very awkward and ill at ease.

"Can we see your uncle?" continued Beekman. "I wish to make my friend known to him."

"He is fatigued," said Catherine. "He spent nearly all last night on the tower of St. Bartholomew's observing the heavenly bodies; but you know he always likes to see you. He is in his study with a friend."

Saying those words, Catherine opened a door which led into a large apartment, but in which there was scarcely room to move, it was so blocked up with spheres, astrolabes, quadrants, compasses, and other astronomical and mathematical instruments, while the seats and floor were littered with books and manuscripts. Dow on entering this room perceived a gentleman about sixty years of age, whose countenance wore a peculiar expression of mingled genius and benevolence, and whom Beekman thus addressed—

"Ah! my respected father, how does

your Centuries progress?"

"I am still busy with the last volume, my son, and am more convinced than ever of the advantage to be gained by us moderns from the study of ancient history."

Gerard did not recognise in the last speaker the canon he had seen in the procession. In fact, he was the canon's friend that Catherine had just spoken of, the celebrated Lurlet de Chokier, who, if his historical works be forgotten, is still remembered in Liege by his hospitals and other charitable foundations. In the meantime an older man, holding in his hand a scroll covered with hieroglyphics, emerged from the embrasure of a window, where he had been concealed by a pile of ponderous folios. He was the uncle of Catherine, the renowned Matthew Laensbergh, canon of St. Bartholomew's, professor of philosophy, mathematics, and astrology.

"Thanks, my brave William," he exclaimed, taking hold of Beekman's hand; "you have brought me an artist, a great painter; he must be one of our friends."

"Did I not tell you," said Beekman, turning to Dow, "that he was a wizard? of the good kind though; he has no dealings with Satan. But see how he divines."

The painter, not a little surprised, saluted the old man.

"When do you publish your almanack?" said Beekman.

"Not yet," replied the astrologer; "I wish to live in peace, and the physicians annoy me already, because, as they say, I infringe on their exclusive right of being the medical advisers of the people."

"But," said Beekman, "so few can read, your almanack will only be useful

to the higher classes."

"Not so, my son. There are few but understand numerals; and here," showing a specimen sheet, "is the mode I intend to convey information to the illiterate by means of emblems. Thus, when it is the fortunate time to plough, I have inserted a representation of that useful implement of husbandry; here a pair of scissors, when the stars are favourable for hair-cutting; there a lancet shows the desirable period for blood-letting."

The conversation then became general. The intelligent and eloquent artist, fresh from the eternal city, was, in those days of limited travel, a great acquisition to the canon's circle. While he spoke of Italy as the land of art, Laensbergh claimed it, through Galileo and others, as the birthplace of science. Dow left the house delighted and astonished with the uncle; and, in spite of all his efforts, captivated by the niece.

Two days before the marriage of Catherine, whether she commenced to doubt the sincerity of the sentiment she enter-

tained for her betrothed, or for any other reason, she demanded earnestly from her uncle that he would reveal to her the horoscope of her husband. "I do not know it, my child," said the good canon; "I have never cast it. Life has enough of disquietudes without our seeking to know too much. Everything will happen as God ordains. It is sufficient for you to know that Beekman is a worthy, honourable man—a little too ambitious, perhaps; but, as I have often told you, it is your lot to have a husband who will be raised to a high station."

The marriage of Catherine and Beekman was celebrated with great splendour. Dow, who was present, astonished his friends by announcing his departure on the following day. He felt that absence was the only means of stifling the unhappy passion he so unwillingly conceived for Catherine. Accordingly, the day after the wedding he set out towards

Germany.

The history of Liege for several centuries is merely a succession of insurrections for freedom, power, and some-times—in strict historical truth—for licence, against a series of tyrannical and narrow-minded rulers. One of the most incompetent of the prince-bishops who so long misgoverned that city, was Ferdinand of Bavaria; consequently, no period could have been more favourable to the ambitious aspirations of Beekman, who by his wealth, energy, and abilities, soon made himself the principal leader of the party of the people termed the Grumblers. The folly of the prince-bishop gave him his first advancement. A tax was laid upon meat. The butchers declared that if any attempt were made to levy this obnoxious impost, they would, like Adolphus Waldeck, cut and sell their meat sword in hand. At this very crisis a burgomastership became vacant, and the guilds, carried away by the popular furor, elected Beekman to that office, although it had always been previously filled by a much older man. This was the first step towards the fulfilment of his wife's horo-The prince-bishop, enraged at this election, demanded that it should be cancelled; the guilds refused, and the bishop, maddened by their refusal, committed a still grosser act of folly. On the next morning, when the cathedral of St. Lambert was opened, the officiating priest found a sealed paper on the high altar. Summoning the burgomasters, he opened and read it at the church door; it proved

to be a sentence of excommunication, launched by the prince-bishop, placing the whole city in interdict. Beekman seized the paper, and mounting on a bench, read it to the assembled populace. Having concluded, he cried—

"Liege is the daughter of Rome, as the motto on the great seal of our city states—'Legia Ecclesiæ Romanæ unica filia.' The Pope alone has the right to

excommunicate us."

"It is true," exclaimed a collier; down with Ferdinand of Bavaria!"

Beekman threw the document among the crowd, who tore it into pieces.

Amongst cries of "Down with the prince-bishop! long live the brave Beekman! down with the Swallowtails!" a shout of "To the Perron!" was raised, and immediately re-echoed by a thousand voices—

"To the Perron-to the Perron! we

must elect a Mambour!"

The Perron, the grand outer staircase in front of the Town Hall, in the great square, was the time-honoured forum of the people of Liege. The Mambour was the citizen chosen to conduct the affairs of Government during the interregnum occasioned by the death or deposition of

a prince-bishop.

Beekman trembled with joyful anticipation. In the popular excitement he was certain to be elected. "As Mambour," he muttered to himself, "I shall have the right of levying and leading the troops of Liege. I shall be dictator. Who knows? I may yet be a prince. The horoscope is bravely being fulfilled." But on the crowd arriving at the Perron, they found standing on its upper landing two old men of grave and dignified demeanour—these were Lurlet de Chokier and Matthew Laensburgh, the former bearing a letter from the irresolute princebishop to the citizens recognising the election of Beekman as burgomaster, renouncing the impost on meat, and according several other trifling concessions. This tranquillizing oil poured over the troubled waters of popular commotion, instantly quelled the rebellious tempest, and the people dispersed to attend to their private affairs. Beekman, overwhelmed with disappointment, could not refrain from casting a reproachful glance at the venerable canon, who, unheeding it, took the other's hand, saying-

"Cheer up, my son, we must wait a little longer for your increase of dignity. It is on this very spot that it will take

place, but the time is not yet arrived. Ah! I am as anxious as you are for that elevation which will not fail to

happen."

The sincere tone in which these words were uttered, the sigh breathed by the old man as he turned away, struck the new-made burgomaster with surprise, as he well knew that his wife's uncle had no ambitious fancies. But the fact was, that Beekman, wholly absorbed in the pursuit of rank and power, could not see what was clearly apparent to everybody else. Buried in an unceasing round of political and municipal intrigue, he neglected his wife. The demon of ambition having obtained full possession of his soul, to her gentle pleadings for more of his society, the replies were harsh and unfeeling; so much so, indeed, that at last the painful truth became evident to her mind, that he had married her on account of the prediction only. pletely wretched, she passed her solitary hours in tears. Even the ordinary solace of a deserted wife, the tender cares and duties of a mother, was denied to the unhappy Catherine. The worthy astrologer observed all this, and fully believing in the infallibility of the horoscope, wished as ardently as the ambitious Beekman to see its fulfilment; for had not the stars proclaimed that Catherine would be happy, when her husband was raised above all his fellow-citizens?

Death, the sternest of moralists, however, had his part to play in this little drama, as he has in all others, though his entrance on the stage is so seldom calculated upon by any of us. The magnificent aspirations and subtle schemes of the ambitious burgomaster were in one moment stopped for ever. Not more than two years after the period when this tale commences, at the close of a grand municipal banquet, Beekman dropped down dead as he was rising to leave the Whether poisoned by his political enemies or stricken by apoplexy, though the question was much debated at the time, it is useless for us to inquire now. Laensbergh unwillingly acknowledged the vanity of astrology, and Catherine wept for a husband from whom she had received but little kindness.

Gerard Dow, to shun the sight of the woman he loved as the wife of another, had settled at Dusseldorf, where he achieved his grand composition of the finding of the true cross by the Empress Helena, and where he commenced his superb picture of the martyrdom of St. Catherine. No sooner did he hear of the death of Beekman than he returned to Liege. After a year of mourning, Catherine married the devoted artist; her uncle, at the wedding dinner, denouncing the follies of astrology. But the pursuits and convictions of a lifetime, even though discovered to be erroneous, are not easily relinquished in old age. Two more years passed over, and again it was a gala day in the city of Liege. The citizens had just finished the inauguration of the statue of their political idol, William Beekman, placed on a lofty pedestal on the summit of the Perron. Dow had laid down his palette to enjoy the evening meal with Catherine, who sang quaint Flemish ditties to her baby in her lap. The door opened, and the worthy canon entered, a reconverted astrologer, proclaiming the fulfilment of the horoscope. "Catherine," he said, "was happy, and Beekman was raised by his fellow-citizens above themselves." Catherine could not deny her happiness, though an incredulous smile, unfavourable to the pretensions of astrology, illumined the listeners' faces. But what of that? The people of Liege considered, and still consider, Matthew Laensbergh the greatest of astrologers. Though he first brought out his almanack in 1636, yet you may purchase it, for this present year of 1865, in all the villages of Belgium. It is still enriched with numerous predictions, which, perhaps, might be very useful, if they were not totally incomprehensible. Thus, like our own famous Francis Moore, the glory or shame -no matter which-of Stationers' Hall, the canon of St. Bartholomew's seems to enjoy an interminable existence. A more pleasing remembrance of him, however, is in Dow's celebrated painting of the "Astrologer," which, tradition states, is a portrait of Laensbergh, as his famous St. Catherine is reputed to be a correct likeness of Catherine Ardspine.

MARCH VIOLETS.

"A blossom meek, which on the wild heath

IS

Tempering the air, and loading it with sweets,
More luscious far than all the gaudy gems
Which grace the proud parterre have power
to yield."

NEVER was modesty so delicately arrayed, never was beauty so embalmed in fragrance, never was the breath and blush of love more hallowed than in the violet's bloom—coy, retiring, with no ambition to be seen and admired by the world, though blessing the world from its nook of leaves with breathings of the sweetest perfume. Its associations are perhaps the most enchanting of any of our British flowers; its very name calls up memories of the great and good, old and young, from the age of fable, ere the birth-time of history, to the hour that is now beating out its pulses on the clock. Hallowed by hoary tradition, sanctified in the songs of the bards, grouped in the greetings of the present hour, and endeared to the heart of man by innumerable whisperings of things green and beautiful-of flood and field, of forest, river-side, and home -it is one of the dearest or our out-door friends; the precursor of the season of flowers; the companion of the first glimpses of spring-green.

The origin of the violet dates back to the age of Apollo, and associates itself with the peccadilloes of those earthly gods, whose highest mission was perplexing man. Ia, the daughter of Atlas, one of the nymphs of Diana, falls in love with Apollo; and her mistress, determined to prevent a match of which she did not approve, causes the face of the nymph to become of a violet colour, to disgust Apollo. Apollo, however, still pursues her, and she, in escaping from him, is converted into a violet, preserving as a flower the beauty and the timid bashfulness she felt before. Herrick has a quaint conceit entitled, "How violets came blue," in which he accounts for the change of the flower in a manner less poetical than curiousShakespeare has several allusions to the violet, which he never mentions but in connexion with the most refined images. That memorable passage in "King John"—

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,

* * * *

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

only suggests a hundred more equally beautiful, and of the highest order of poetry. The comparison of its odour to music is exquisitely elegant—

"That strain again, it had a dying fall;
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours."

From Homer to Byron it has been suggestive of the most beautiful of allegories, a favourite alike with the poet, the man of science, and the wayside plodder.

There are two etymologies of the word violet; the one from the Greek, the other from the Latin. The Greek Iou, violet; from which comes *Ioeides*, purple or violetcoloured, is by some held to be the etymon; while the better derivation seems to be from the Latin Vias, the wayside; whence the fragrance of the blossom so often greets the rambler in the country. Many other flowers beside our true sweet violet of the woods have been known by the same name. In old times the snowdrop was called the Narcissus violet; the wallflower was termed the Garnesee violet, and in French viole jaune. Two species of gentian were called, one the autumn bell-flower, or Calottican violet, and another Marion's violet, the true violet being usually distinguished from these others by the name in England, of March violet; and in France of violette de Mars. The esteem in which the violet has always been held is evidenced in the popularity of its name, no less than eighty-five species having been described and classified, and the name applied to innumerable others having no affinity or relation to it whatever. The order violaceæ, though not a large one, contains several genera, but the most interesting is the genus viola, which includes, among many other species, the sweet violet (viola odorata), and the heart's-ease (viola tricolor). The flowers of both species have many claims to admiration, but they do not add the

[&]quot;Love on a day, wise poets tell, Some time in wrangling spent, Whether the violets should excel, Or she, in sweetest scent.

[&]quot;But Venus having lost the day,
Poor girls, she fell on you,
And beat ye so, as some do say
Her blows did make ye blue."

charming regularity in construction to their other attractions, as few flowers are less symmetrical in their arrangement

of parts.

The construction of the flower of the violet—as of the heart's-ease also, which is nearly the same in detail—is of the most complicated character, and it presents some puzzling enigmas to the young botanist. The calyx or green cup at the base of the flower, consists of five pointed leaves or sepals not attached at the base, as in most other plants, but so as to leave nearly a quarter of their length standing up, and forming a border round the stem between it and the flower. The flower itself consists of five petals, two of them much larger than the others, and one of the other three being quite different in form to its companions. The two large petals form the back of the flower, and these in the heart's-ease are generally of a dark purple and laid over each other, and behind the two below them. The two side petals which form the centre of the flower are furred at the base; and the lower petal, which is placed between them, has its claw drawn out behind into a spur, which passes between two of the sepals. The furred part of the two side petals forms a triangular roof-like opening, peeping out of which is seen a little pale-green ball, like a head peeping through a dormer window, and this is all that 's seen of the parts of fructification. To the student, searching for stamens and pistils, this peeping head is a thorough puzzle—heart's-ease and violets produce abundance of seed, but where are the organs of generation? Commencing a work of destruction by pulling the flowers to pieces, we carefully remove the petals and sepals from the stem, and open the spur of the lower petal with a pin, and there we find five curiously-formed stamens, with a singular pistil in their centre. The stamens appear like little seeds, each tipped with a bit of brown skin and a sort of white nib in the front, which is the anther; the broad part, looking like a brown seed, being the filament. Two of the anthers have each, in addition to these peculiarities, a long tail: the pistil consists of a large ovary full of ovules, with a narrow style, which is drawn out into the hollow globular termination which is seen through the triangular opening in the flower. In all these points the heart's-ease and the violet are alike; but they materially differ in the leaves, which in the violet are broad and heart-shaped, but in the heart'sease small and ovate, with large and deeply cut stipules or leaf-like bodies added. The violet, too, is essentially a creeping plant, with no stalk but those supporting the flowers, while the heart's-ease stands erect, with a thick square stem, so strong, that, notwithstanding its succulent nature, it may be trained like a little tree.

The violet was anciently much esteemed as a medicinal plant, and as a cosmetic. In the streets of Athens it was anciently sold in great quantities for perfume and medicine, and it is now used in the East in the preparation of those syrups which accompany all oriental entertainments. Pliny held the violet in great esteem, and he avers that a garland of violets worn round the head would prevent headache or giddiness. But modern science does not recognise this; and the practice is rather calculated to produce headache; and there are instances of a great number of violets in an apartment having given rise to convulsions. We may remark, en passant, that the fragrance of flowers is only beneficial when inhaled in the open air, and that a large number of flowers of any kind in a close apartment is injurious to health.

The leaves of the violet are exceedingly useful as an application to bruises; and the flowers were so highly esteemed as a medicine for weak lungs, that a conserve called violet sugar was, at the time of Charles II., sold by apothecaries.

The violet is exceedingly rare in Scotland, although it once flourished among the Highland glens, and on the borders of her beautiful lakes. It was formerly used by the highland ladies as a cosmetic, and Professor Hooker has quoted some lines, said to be from the Gaelic, which would lead us to infer that it was once held in great esteem. "Anoint thy face with goat's milk in which violets have been infused, and there is not a young prince on earth who will not be charmed with thy beauty." We can bear testimony to the cosmetic influence of the violet, if merely gathered for contemplation, and to those of our beloved countrywomen who would wish to preserve and enhance that beauty which has been so lavishly bestowed upon them, we would say by all means let the violet be your favourite cosmetic, but bear in mind it will have no effect whatever, unless it be gathered by those who need its beautifying influence.

The violets of Pæstum were of equal

renown with the roses, and enchanted the voyager with their delicious odour. In the gardens of Athens they were reared with great care, and they were brought from the woods around Rome, and sold in the streets of the eternal city to the citizens, who loved violet wine. The esteem in which the flower is held in the East is conveyed in the Mahometan tradition :- "The prophet said of the violet, 'The excellence of the extract of violets above all other extracts, is as the excellence of me above all the rest of creation; it is cold in summer, and it is hot in winter:" and another tradition saith, that the "excellence of the violet is as the excellence of El Islam above all other religions." The syrup of the violet is extracted by the Orientals, and mingled with sugar and the essence of roses forms the principal ingredients of the Turkish sherbet.

With us the violet does not bloom till March: in Greece it treads upon the very brink of winter, and is one of the earliest spring flowers. In our English meadows it is very common, and the same plant supplies the fresh spring violet, so full of fragrance, and the dog violet which is scentless, besides putting forth another crop of blossoms towards Christmas. Miller reckons eleven species, and Linnæus twenty-five species of violet: the chief are, however, the sweet violet (viola odorata), and the white violet (viola alba). The first forms lovely tufts in the woodland hollows, and perfumes the air around the homes of sylvan silence, and many a time climbs over the rugged precipice and purples the bald rock "with vernal flowers," while the white violet forms sheeted masses on our ponds and lakes, and sprinkles many snow-flakes among the rushes in the mere. At Stratfordon-Avon there are extensive grounds on which the violet is reared for the chemist, who prizes it as the source of the blue tint for test papers, and for various medicinal preparations. Such spots, however, have no beauty, the flower losing its charms from the absence of the scenery in which we are accustomed to meet it. Numerous cultivated violets grace our gardens and make pretty additions to the charms of spring. Our cultivated pansies or heart's-eases are mostly natives of

Siberia, and are exquisitely beautiful in their rich tints and velvet softness of texture and outline. Two specimens of pansy grow wild in Britain, and may be found on dry banks and on the skirts of corn-fields during summer; the blossoms are small but very beautiful: transplanted to the garden they spread into beautiful tufts, and serve well to cover hillocks and unsightly corners. With the old poets the violet was an emblem of modesty and the pansy of thought. The old spelling of pansy, "paunse," indicates its derivation from the French pensée (thought). Ben Jonson says—

"Now the shining meads
Do boast the paunse, lily, and the rose,
And every flower doth laugh as zephyr blows,"

Neither is its name of heart's-ease a modern one. John Bunyan represents the guide as saying to Christian and her children, of a boy who was singing beside his sheep:—"Do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy leads a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clothed in silk and purple."

The sweet violet blooms usually about the 17th of March; and its blossoms lose their scent and become dog violets (V. Caninia) about the beginning of April. The white violet blossoms about the 2nd of April, and the pale violet (V. tonbrigensis) about the 10th of the same month. The wild heart's ease puts forth its brimstone blossoms usually by the 13th of March, and the garden pansies are in the perfection of blossom from the end of May till the end of July.

"Not from the garden's cultured bound,
That breathes of Pæstum's aromatic gale,
We sprung; but nurslings of the lovely vale,
Midst woods obscure, and native glooms were
found,

Midst woods and glooms, whose tangled brakes around

Once Venus sorrowing traced, as all forlorn She sought Adonis; when a lurking thorn Deep on her foot impressed an impious wound. Then-prone to earth we bowed our pallid

flowers;
And caught the drops divine: the purple dye
Tinging the lustre of our native hue:
Nor summer gales, nor art-conducting showers,
Have nursed our slender forms, but lovers'

Have been our gales, and lovers' tears our dew."

Roscoe's Lorenzo de Medici.

FRENCH DETECTIVES.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

IMMEDIATELY after his election, the President of the Republic (now Napoleon III.) appointed as Prefect of Police M. Rebillot, an ex-colonel of gendarmerie; and M. Carlier was nominated head of the Municipal Police, an office he had before held from 1831 to 1833. Owing to these two appointments, important changes took place on the staff of the prefecture. M. Allard, among others, chief of the detective staff, was allowed to retire on a pension.

M. Carlier, who had seen me at work, and who was aware that I had had long practice in police matters, thought that I might be employed with advantage at the head of the detective staff. On the 3rd of March I received my appointment, and so soon as I was installed I set actively to work in establishing new regulations and remedying various abuses.

Thus, the system of informing was not at all satisfactory, and had no regulation but the good pleasure of the denouncer, who was at times impelled to assume this character through the caprices of a jealous temper. I resolved to organize a brigade of informers, whom I called my irregular Cossacks; for this purpose I enlisted new convicts, and subjected them to regular discipline. Each of them received high pay, for the pecuniary retribution I gave my Cossacks, by preserving them from want, was intended to prevent them from seeking means of existence in crimes, and by thus binding them to the police make them afraid of falling into their clutches again.

They were expected to do the "depôt" and the "St. John." At four o'clock every afternoon the detectives pay a visit to the prisoners confined in the depôt of the prefecture. Some of my Cossacks accompanied them to see whether there might be among them any ex-companions at the hulks or prison, who had concealed themselves under false names, in order to escape the maximum of punishment which justice allots to relapsed convicts. This visit was called by the detectives "doing the depôt," but the robbers, in their picturesque and figurative language, used to say that they were going to "pass the censorship."

Rounds were made daily through Paris and the suburbs, where criminals lounge and spend the day in drinking, while waiting till night allows them to slip into town and attempt some criminal trick. The informers marched ahead, and the agents followed about fifty yards behind, nothing showing that they were in any way connected together. When they first met any escaped convict, or any man who had broken his ban, he quickly raised his hat or cap in a certain manner; then the agents walked up and arrested the man, who was completely ignorant by whom he was denounced, or how they had managed to discover him. This was called "doing the St. John."

My Cossacks never assisted the police agents under any circumstances; they never aided in an arrest; they were never asked to join in any important operation, and they were ever passive instruments in the hands of my agents, acting according to the orders given them, just as the ox obeys the goad, but thus composing an exclusive and most secret surveillance, intended to act as an appendix to the police, and not to represent it, as was the case under Vidocq and his successor, Coco Latour.

When a professional robber spends money and leads a jolly life, it is because he has committed a robbery. I had, therefore, the greatest interest in knowing exactly who were flush, and, thanks to my Cossacks, I was constantly posted as to their daily deeds and actions.

Independent of my Cossacks, I had a secret police, composed of liberated convicts, who were under surveillance and were living in the capital without leave, but whose regular conduct proved that repentance had entered their hearts, for each of them worked, either in a shop or at home, according to his trade. Every week, I discreetly inquired of their masters or comrades whether they worked regularly and had regained habits of honesty. After referring to the prefect of police, I allowed some of these persons to remain temporarily in the capital, upon the express condition that they should spend the whole week at work, and employ their Sunday in the service of the police, by taking a walk on that day, either in Paris or the suburbs, and sending me a report in writing on Monday, in which they scrupulously informed me of meetings with old companions, or any schemes of robbery they might have heard of. These men, perfect strangers to the police and the public, rendered me great services, for through their position they attracted the confidence of robbers, who, believing that they had also broken their bans, did not hesitate to avow their designs, and propose to them to take part in their schemes. This secret police secured me many important captures, which cost very little, as I merely granted a premium for each arrest made.

When I took the head of the detective branch, Paris and the suburbs were infested by criminals of every description, who hoped to profit by the disorder which accompanies every revolution. There was not a day or night during which robberies did not take place in Paris, while the roads leading to the capital daily witnessed highway assaults

and plunder.

Under these circumstances I sent for all the declarations of robberies committed during the past year. I soon acquired a certainty that there must be several associations of criminals working the capital and the suburbs, but unconnected together. As I had at my disposal but a very limited number of agents, I selected twelve whom I took under my own special direction, and began hunting down the rogues who at night plundered the shops of jewellers, goldsmiths, &c., whose articles had an intrinsic value, and could be easily melted down. On the night of February 9th, 1849, a considerable burglary was committed at a jeweller's in the Palais Royal, and my predecessor had made every effort to discover the burglars, but in vain. 1 began investigations in my turn, which soon taught me that an ex-convict of the name of G-resided at Montmartre. I had long been acquainted with his cleverness, and hence the idea occurred to me that he might be a receiver to the daring thieves, and I sent an inspector to watch his house and arrest any suspicious person who went there. At about eight in the evening my agents apprehended a man in a state of intoxication, and in possession of a bundle of false keys. He was immediately brought to my office, and I tried to obtain some information from the man, who was temporarily deprived of reason. It was fortunate that I did so, for I soon learned from him who he was: I held, in fact, the leader of the band, Pierre Leveille,

thirty-six years of age, and a very sharp fellow. He had lived in Paris for several years, and had been condemned to eight years' penal servitude for robbery. On the expiration of his sentence he broke his ban, and had set to work again at his old game with very considerable skill. He gave me the names and addresses of his accomplices and receivers, as well as that of the locksmith who made the false keys. The total number amounted to twenty-six persons. Three days after, they were all locked up simultaneously to wait for the assizes.

So soon as this band was disposed of, I set to work actively in discovering another association of a far more dangerous character, whose deeds were daily recorded in the newspapers. In 1848, numerous highway robberies had produced a terror in the parishes adjoining Paris; daily, or rather nightly, new attacks took place; every day fresh victims came to complain, and there seemed no prospect of the evil being checked.

Two persons had been described to the police, who, with unparalleled boldness and success, hid on the roads, and arrested vehicles, principally those in which farmers were returning from market with the proceeds of their sales. One of the two villains clambered into the cart from behind, and adroitly threw round the driver's neck a cord which pulled him violently back, while the other villain got up in front and plundered the hapless victim of money and watch; and at times, owing to the tension of the rope, the sufferer's face turned blue, the blood poured from his nostrils, and he was all but strangled. It was no longer money or life, but money and life.

At other times, when the use of the cord was not possible, owing to the construction of the vehicle, the villains employed a knife or a pistol to intimidate the travellers. Lastly, the crime sometimes assumed melodramatic proportions, for the adventurers carried on their trade with blackened faces. Among their exploits I will quote the following speci-

on March 17, 1848, Madame Bertha, wife of a small farmer at Villetaneuve, was proceeding home quietly in a cart with her daughter. All at once, at about nine in the evening, her horse shied and stopped; a man with a blackened face pointed a pistol at the woman, and shouted, "It is time." At this signal, another man, also with blackened face,

who held a monstrous knife between his teeth, leapt upon the front of the cart, and held out his cap. Madame Bertha eagerly threw into it all the small change she had; but this did not suit the robbers, who, though very willing to receive small coins, preferred large. The man with the knife, therefore, said to the woman, "This is not enough, we know that you have more than this," and she at once threw all her money into the cap. The robbers, at length satisfied, went off, courteously wishing their victim a good night and pleasant dreams.

On the 25th, a powerful carter of Meulan, who was returning to his master's house with his cart, noticed two men going the same road, at one moment behind, at another before him, and apparently talking very earnestly on business matters. At ten o'clock he reached the demi-lane of Naunterre, a place generally deserted at so late an hour. The pedestrians here suddenly came up, and one of them put a pistol to the carter's chest, saying, "You must give us your money, or you are a dead man." The startled man made no attempt at defence, and the second assailant searched him, and took from him a purse containing two hundred and ten francs.

On the 28th of the same month, the two men attacked a couple of women on the Montmorency road, who were returning home in their cart. At about halfpast eight in the evening, a man came up to the cart, who tried to get up a conversation by asking where they were going. Madame Tuleux's reply was to give her horse a smart lash, and it started at a gallop; but one hundred and fifty yards farther on, the vehicle was arrested by another individual, who held a pistol at the two females. The first man ran up, mounted the step, and received from the women all they possessed, and then both bandits disappeared.

Owing to these repeated complaints, I sent a party of agents supported by irregular Cossacks to explore that portion of the suburb formed by La Chapelle, Montmartre, and their dependencies, in order to discover whether any suspicious persons lived there. After two days' investigation, the serjeant intrusted with the search came to tell me that two men lived at No. 3, Rue des Clayes, one of whom went by the name of Dupont, the other by that of Charles, called the Flea. They had no trade or work, and yet seemed to live at their ease; they each kept a mis-

tress, spent nearly the whole night away from home, and returned in the morning with a full bag, which they had been seen to take out empty. I established a watch, and at three the next morning my agents arrested the so-called Dupont, at the moment when he returned with the stolen objects, and brought him to the prefecture. When questioned about his means of existence, he asserted that he picked up bullets at the St. Ouen targets; but he was soon recognised as one Michaut, who had already undergone degrading punishments on several occasions. A trap was set at his domicile, and his accomplice, Pellé by name, was apprehended in his turn. I then examined all the declarations of highway robberies made, compared the imperfect descriptions made by the victims with those of these two men. and felt convinced that they were the criminals. Besides, I questioned the first prisoner in such a way that he was forced to yield to the evidence, and resolved to speak. Michaut, after confessing to me that he and Pellé were the originators of all the highway robberies, denounced to me all his accomplices, as well as the receivers of the stolen property, who were all arrested.

The examination revealed a number of unrecorded robberies, but among them is one which deserves to be quoted for its originality. On the night of February 23, 1848, a sleepless night for many, Michaut, Pellé, and men of the names of Rivals, Picard, and Casse-Tuile, attacked the guard at Monceaux, and disarmed them; and then, representing the armed force ordered to watch over the repose and safety of all, they attacked the shop of a curiosity-dealer under the excuse of obtaining arms. The shutters were smashed in by their repeated blows, and Rivals took out a case containing ten watches which disappeared in his pockets, and were afterwards divided among the thieves. Michaut and Pellé were sentenced to penal servitude for life, Rivals to eight years of the same penalty, and the rest to minor punishments.

Leveille's band was arrested four days after my appointment as chief detective. The incarceration of Michaut and his companions took place toward the end of March; but all was not finished yet. Every night shops were broken into and plundered, and new complaints daily taught me that I must increase my vigilance.

I had to no purpose sent out my best

agents. In vain did I send my irregular Cossacks all over Paris and the suburbs, for no result satisfied my expectations, and my men were beginning to feel discouraged. One evening my memory and reflection enabled me to lay hands on the chief of the band whom I had so long sought, and who was a celebrity among his fellows. It was April 16; I had, as usual, left my office at eleven at night to go home to my lodgings at No. 1, Rue Lenoir, and on reaching the corner of my street, a few minutes before midnight, I noticed two men in blouses conversing quietly in front of a broker's shop. The sight of two men standing on the pavement and conversing is not very extraordinary, for I every night saw at the corner of my street half-drunken workmen or ragpickers talking and quarrelling. I fancied that these two men had just left a disreputable ball-room in the street; but what struck me was the voice of one of them, which was not strange to me. I tried to recall this voice, and under what circumstances I had heard it, and I soon had it all. It was the voice of a very tall, muscular man, with an olive complexion, who had been indicated to me as an exconvict under rupture of ban. I had had him arrested and brought to my office a tew days before, when he handed me a perfectly regular passport with the name of Samson. The search made for this name in the judicial registers had led to no result, and when confronted with my Cossacks, they did not recognise my man, so that I was compelled to set him at liberty. On reaching my door, I turned round to have a last look, and noticed that Samson's companion was following me. This led me to think that I had been recognised by the latter, and he had followed me to see where I was going; but I presently learned that I was mistaken in this supposition.

At seven o'clock the next morning, when I left my house to go to the office, I noticed a large crowd opposite the broker's, the front door of whose shop had been broken open. Madame Lebel, on seeing me, came up crying, and said that thieves had broken in during the night and entirely stripped her shop. I left her with a promise to pay especial attention to the affair. From this moment I felt certain that Samson was one of the robbers. On reaching the office, I selected two of my strongest agents, and sent them to Samson's lodgings, with orders to bring him to me at once, if he

were at home, or to wait for him if he were not so. My robber, who had been out all night, returned to his lodging at eleven A.M., and after being arrested, he came to my office with a smiling face, and that assurance which is produced either by a good conscience or a most perfect villany.

"Samson," I said to him without further preface, "you and some other individuals robbed last night the broker at the corner of the Rue Lenoir."

"I, sir?" he answered; "you are mistaken."

"Do not say that; you entered the shop by breaking open the front door."

"I assure you that you are mistaken; I was not even aware that there was a broker where you mention, or that he had been robbed."

"And I assure you that you are the burglar, because at midnight last night when I turned into the Rue Lenoir to go to my lodgings, you were talking in front of the broker's door with another man, who, by the way, followed me; probably by your orders to see where I was going."

"Well, sir, I repeat that you are mistaken, and that the person whom you fancied you recognised was not I."

"But where did you spend the night?"
"At Paul Niquet's in the Halle."

Seeing that I could get nothing out of him, while convinced that I had to do with a clever professional robber, it occurred to me that the passport under which he sheltered himself might not belong to him, or at any rate had been obtained in a false name. Consequently, I had Samson again looked at by my Cossacks and the informers in the Conciergerie, but with no result: and in my desperation I had the registers again searched for any description which might tally with that of my man. Samson, with his tall stature, olive complexion, and thick black hair, bore an extraordinary likeness to a man of the name of Alexander Puteaux, a liberated convict from Brest, who had broken his ban. I therefore sent for him to my office, and said to him with a smile-

"Tell me, Master Samson, did you ever know any person of the name of Puteaux?"

"Come, come," he answered, "that will do. I see that I am recognised and denial is of no avail. Well, yes, what you said about the robbery of that night is exact, and I committed it; but you are mistaken about yourself, for I did not

recognise you. My comrade followed you for the purpose of settling you with an iron crowbar he had under his blouse, if he had seen you going towards the guardhouse to have us arrested, so you had a lucky escape."

Then he added—

"I know that you are a worthy man who always keep the promises you make, and so I will be frank with you and tell you all. At one in the morning, Janin and I broke into the shop, and then our comrades arrived. We made the contents of the shop into bundles, and carried them off in three sacks to our usual receiver."

"Roussille, the second-hand dealer at No. 4, Rue du Plâtre St. Jacques. The bargain is not concluded, and we have

only received 200 francs on account."

He then gave me the names of his five accomplices, who were arrested on the same day, as were Roussille and his wife. The latter, when confronted with Puteaux, refused to recognise him, and made a dreadful row when he spoke to them about the receiving. In vain did he recall the facts connected with the last delivery, in vain did he mention special circumstances which proved their complicity: they persisted in their denial and demanded a search of their shop, which led to no discovery.

While this was going on, Madame Lebel and her two daughters arrived, and implored Madame Roussille to state where the goods were, as the loss of them would ruin them completely. The scene lasted for nearly three hours, with alternations of tears and denials. My heart bled and Puteaux himself was disgusted, when a clerk came to tell me that a person wished

to speak with me.

"Tell him that I am busy, and cannot see him at present: he can wait or call

again."

The clerk took back my answer, but the stranger insisted on seeing me upon a matter of the deepest importance. I therefore ordered him to be shown

"I am a carpenter, sir," he said to me, "and a near neighbour of Roussille, in the Rue du Plâtre. Hearing that he and his wife were arrested, I have come to declare to you that M. Roussille, this very morning, asked me to keep for him, for a little while, a number of sacks filled with goods, and in feeling these sacks I noticed in one of them an iron crowbar. You can suppose that I have not the

slightest wish to be compromised in the affair."

This statement put an end to the impudent denials of the Roussilles. I went to the carpenter's with a police commissioner, and we seized the goods, which were recognised as the property of Madame Lebel. In spite of their apparently small trade, the Roussilles also bought, on terms very advantageous for themselves, plate and jewellery, and after melting them down, sold them to a dealer in bullion. A search in their domicile led to the seizure of two of these ingots, as well as of various articles of jewellery which they had not been able to place in the melting-pot.

The examination and the search made enabled us to trace the perpetrators of a great number of robberies committed with aggravating circumstances in Paris and the suburbs. Consequently Puteaux, Janin, and their accomplices, twenty-six in number, including the Roussilles, and two women of bad character who got rid of stolen property either by selling or pledging it, were brought to trial. Puteaux had twenty years, and the rest varying terms of penal servitude.

I had thus picked up seventy-four prisoners on these expeditions, but for all that the number of robberies did not decrease; on the contrary, they merely assumed a different shape. This time the doors did not show the slightest sign of breaking in, but the most complicated and secret locks were opened without an effort. On April 14, 1849, one of my Cossacks met two old companions at the hulks, of the names of Dupont and Moser, who believing him to be like themselves, approached him unsuspectingly, and proposed to have a bottle with him. So soon as they were cozily seated in a wine-shop, tongues became loosened, confidence was restored, and the fellows began describing their projects.

"Will you join us?" Moser suddenly asked my Cossack. "To-morrow morning we are going to plunder the room of a journeyman butcher in the Rue St. Amboise."

"I would do so with pleasure, old fellow," the denouncer replied; "but I have an engagement for to-morrow with two college companions to pass an hour at the apartments of a swell who spends his Sunday regularly with a clergyman in the country."

"No matter, you will find us here to-

night if your affair does not come off. You can join us all the same."

At night, when my three convicts were seated at the wine-dealer's, I sent one of my agents, by the Cossack's advice, to have a look at Dupont and Moser. The agent went up to the waiter, told him about an imaginary bet, and obtained leave to take his place for a moment. Ere long my agent, with an apron and cap on and sleeves turned up, was serving a bottle of wine to the three friends, and stamping on his memory the faces of the two roques.

er

the two rogues. At four o'clock the next morning an inspector, with four agents, stationed themselves in the neighbourhood of the indicated house. At seven o'clock they saw two persons enter it: they were Moser and Dupont. In a few minutes the agents saw them come out again, and supposed that the robbery was effected; so they let them go a few yards, then arrested them, and took them to the nearest guard-house. While the two robbers were being searched, a woman came to inform the agents that a man, apparently an accomplice of the arrested persons, was watching in front of the house in which the robbery had been committed. Two agents at once went off to arrest the third man: on reaching the house they found a very well-dressed man, who, on feeling himself collared, shouted furiously that there must be some mistake; he gave himself out as a respectable tradesman in the quarter, and called to his help the journeymen butchers present, who taking his part, enabled him to escape from the agents' hands. Profiting by this moment of liberty, our selfcalled tradesman drew a dagger and a pistol from under his clothes, and then fled at full speed in the same direction by which the agents had come, and thus ran right into the arms of their two colleagues, who were hastening to their assistance on hearing their shouts. After an obstinate struggle they at length succeeded in mastering him. The butchers who had helped his flight, believing him an honest man, rushed upon him when they learned he was a thief, and one of them, who had a chopper in his hand, would have cut him over the head with it had not one of the agents caught his arm. When led to the post and searched there were found upon him, in addition to the dagger and pistol, some false keys newly made, a gold watch and chain, two purses, one containing 160 francs in gold, while another amount of 200 francs was found in his boots. Moser had in his pocket a crowbar, and Dupont eight false keys and a cold chisel.

When these arrests had been made the agents went to the house which the thieves had entered, but not a sign of a burglary could be found. Moser and Dupont, when questioned on the point, declared that they had certainly entered the house for the purpose of committing a robbery, but struck by the poor appearance of the interior, they resolved not to make any attempt, but went away as they came, empty-handed. On being brought to my office they repeated their statement, and declared that they did not know the third person arrested, and had never seen him before. When they were taken to the lock-up I had the third man brought in, who presented himself with great assurance, stated that his name was Daufier, and protested against the violence of which he considered himself the victim. But this tissue of falsehoods was soon destroyed by the truth, for the perfectly honest man was recognised as one Renaud, an ex-convict of Brest, standing under police surveillance, and guilty of breaking his ban to come to the capital.

Although he had served no apprenticeship to the trade, Renaud manufactured his own false keys, and most certainly those found in his possession were little masterpieces. Among others, one was most remarkable for its finish and delicacy of manufacture: he had christened this Joséphine, and said that he would back himself to open eight locks out of ten with it. It could be enlarged or reduced as was required, and could be made to fit almost any keyhole. Provided with such cleverly made instruments Renaud was the more dangerous, because he also possessed an easy manner, an excellent delivery, and a demeanour which seemed to denote the man of fashion. Thanks to his advantageous exterior, which was heightened by a very careful attire, our robber boldly presented himself at the best houses, and passed the porter's lodge without exciting the slightest suspicion. Renaud, after committing a considerable robbery, went to spend the summer in the country a few miles from Paris; he visited the best society, and passed himself off as a rich Parisian who preferred green fields to the dust of the Boulevards. He was on the point of marrying a wealthy young lady, when he suddenly disappeared—his purse was drained, and he was compelled to line it again. His mode of working was by going up a staircase and rapping at a door: if he was answered, he asked for Mr. So-and-so, who generally lived on the floor above or below, whose name he had been careful to obtain from the Directory. If there was no answer, he at once produced his keys: he opened the door and closed it again immediately. Once master of the situation, Renaud searched everywhere, took whatever he thought proper, and then went away,

closing the door after him. On learning that Renaud had lived with his cousin-german in the Rue St. Jacques, I thought myself bound, out of prudence, to arrest the latter as well as his wife, for they might be possibly accomplices or receivers. While this arrest was being effected Renaud, seated in my office, was talking with me as if he were a simple visitor and the subject of conversation had not been his own arrest. He was ignorant, however, that Moser and Dupont had not committed the projected robbery. "I know my fate," he said to me. "I shall be sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude as a relapsed convict; but I don't care for that, a little more or a little less, for I shall

"Why not?"

never leave the hulks."

"Oh, I have my own condemnation inside me; I have but a few years to live. I am suffering from consumption,

and shall not get over it."

"Well, it will certainly be more agreeable for you to do your sentence in a Paris prison, where you will be far more comfortable than at the hulks. Confess, and I will promise to manage the affair."

"Confess! Well, that is not so very difficult; but whether I am concerned in one robbery or fifty, the punishment will bet he same, as I am a relapsed convict."

At this moment my office door opened, and his cousin, Madame M—, was brought in. She was short, but her whole person was marked with extraordinary distinction, and her large eyes, which were remarkably fine, seemed trying to read the thoughts of those whom she looked at.

"Come," said Renaud to me, "if you will promise me to set my cousin at liberty, I will confess anything you please. I pledge you my word of honour that she is perfectly innocent in all this."

Renaud's word of honour! Still I made no objection to the pledge, and after assuring him that his cousin should be released, he at once revealed a dozen robberies, committed with false keys, in which, however, he denied that he had had any accomplice. He coolly declared himself to be a professional robber; and he prided himself on the boldness and skill he had displayed in effecting his criminal designs alone.

The next day I sent for Renaud that he might continue his revelations, and, after answering several of my questions, he remarked with admirably feigned simplicity, "Monsieur Canler, you had better seize a great number of objects stolen by me, which are deposited in a room I hired for the purpose in the Faubourg Montmartre. I forget the name of the street, but, if you will have me taken there, I will point it out to your agents." I had him placed in a fiacre with three agents, whom I ordered not to leave him, even for the most pressing wants. Renaud was scarcely in the vehicle ere he complained of a violent colic; his sufferings appeared intolerable, and on reaching the Rue Lamartine, and the room which he pointed out, his first request was to be allowed to retire. The agents, remembering my orders, would not leave him, although Renaud tried a thousand schemes to get rid of them, saying, for instance, "You can surely remain at the door, for I shall not fly away." One of the agents went in with him, and it was fortunate he did so, for the iron bars closing the window had been removed: this window looked upon a little roof, from which it would be easy to leap down into the courtyard and escape. On inquiry, it was learned that the room had been occupied by a convict of the name of Faligaud, a friend of Renaud, who had only moved on the previous day, and had probably prepared this way of escape for his comrade.

When the agents told me of this affair on their return, I said to Renaud, "So you wanted to play us a trick?"

"What would you have?" he replied, laughingly; "the police and the thieves are continually playing at prisoner's base, and the cleverest man catches the other. This time you were cleverer than I, that is all."

A fortnight after this arrest, on May 4th, 1849, Paris celebrated the festival of the Constitution. The day terminated with a magnificent display of fireworks,

and an immense crowd collected in the Champs Elysées to admire the fairy-like illuminations. Amongst the promenaders were three men, not there for their amusement, but whose character it would have been impossible to detect: they were a sergeant of detectives and two inspectors, my agents, whose duty it was to watch the crowd and stop the pranks of the pickpockets, and they were talking about one thing and the other while looking around them scrutinizingly. For a long time an individual of the name of Godmus had been described to the police as one of the most dangerous robbers in the capital; liberated from Brest in the previous January, he had broken his ban to come to Paris, where, owing to his remarkable skill, he had hitherto contrived to elude the active search made All at once one inspector said to the other—

fter

be

zen

, in

had

ared

and

and

his

that

and.

ons,

sim-

tter

l by

n I

urg

the

ken

our

not

ng

ve-

c;

nd

he

ld

"I have just seen Godmus on the other side of the way."

"It is certainly he," said his companion. "Let us cross and take him."

But they were obliged to employ great precautions in approaching him, for they knew him to be armed and a very dangerous fellow. Godmus was a man endowed with athletic strength: large moustaches, an upright walk, and a coat buttoned to the chin, gave him a thoroughly military aspect, while, to add to the illusion, he impudently wore in his button-hole a wide red ribbon, the insignia of the Legion of Honour. The agents rushed upon him and threw their arms around him, but rapid though the movement was, Godmus was able to draw a pistol from his pocket and cock it, though it was luckily taken from him before he could do any mischief. struggle went on most obstinately, and the sergeant having accidentally raised his hand to a level with the convict's mouth, the latter seized one of his fingers and bit it to the bone; then, seeing the promenaders collect round him, he had recourse to a very common trick of the time: "Citizens!" he exclaimed, "citizens, help! I was condemned by default in the June insurrection, and do not allow a political accused to be ill-treated!" But this appeal met with no echo in the crowd, and the agents succeeded in conveying Godmus to the prefecture, where he was searched. There were found on him a dagger and a clasp-knife, as well as papers belonging to one Porchereau, which were the produce of a robbery.

Temporarily confined at La Force, this audacious criminal found himself there at the same time as Renaud, with whom I had locked up a spy, with orders to discover his accomplices were it possible. One day, while they were walking in the airing-yards, only separated by a partition wall, the spy picked up on the ground a "postilion," which Godmus had just thrown over the wall. A postilion is simply a ball of bread-crumb, containing a note addressed to a prisoner with whom it is impossible to communicate otherwise, and which is sent to him, either through an open window or in any other way, in order to warn him of what he is to say when examined, or of something else to his advantage. The copy of this note was immediately sent to me, and it revealed the existence of a lodging common to both prisoners, which undeniably proved a complicity which we had hitherto been unable to establish. Henceforth the trial assumed a new phase, and Godmus was inculpated in Renaud's offences. A search at their common domicile soon led to the arrest of the M ----s, husband and wife, as well as of a fifth accomplice, a man of the name of Faligaud, to whom I have already referred on the subject of the attempted escape from the Rue Lamartine.

Since his arrest, Renaud had also attempted to assassinate a gendarme who was taking him before the magistrate, and at the same time we obtained certain information that Godmus had been guilty of a similar attempt on the person of one Rouchon. They were all tried at the next assizes; the two first prisoners were sentenced to penal servitude for life,—Faligaud, as a relapsed convict, to twenty years,—while the M——s were acquitted.

The chase of those robbers who were not afraid of the assize court was not the only one to which I had to devote myself, for it was urgent to get hold of the fellows who merely commit offences which come under the cognizance of the

The ring-droppers, &c., who, worn out by the pursuit to which they had been previously exposed, left the capital in disgust, eagerly returned after the events of February. The police had been warned of their presence by a large number of robberies, in which were employed the well-known tricks, which, in spite of the publicity so frequently given them for the benefit of the public, still find dupes. This

may be explained, however, by the skill with which these rogues manage to excite the cupidity of the persons whom they intend to plunder. The arrest of scamps of this class had become much more difficult since prudence had caused them to take various precautions to Hence they escape from the police. were careful never to live in the heart of Paris, and only to enter town disguised; and when they had found their victim they led him to some remote spot, and generally hired a fiacre, in order to be safe from my agents. Once the robbery was performed, they hurriedly left Paris, and continued their malpractices in the

provinces.

At nine o'clock on the evening of March 15th, 1849, I was proceeding to the Elysée by order, and on passing through the Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré, I noticed three persons whose faces I could not distinguish in the darkness, but the voice of one of them appeared familiar to me. He was a fellow of the name of Seutin, who had been convicted several times for sharping, and who joined to extraordinary skill all the roguery of lengthened expe-I at once suspected that he had caught a pigeon to pluck, and hence, leaving him to carry out his scheme before I arrested him, I passed the party, and hid myself in a gateway so as to see everything without being seen. I easily succeeded in concealing myself from them. Thus, I saw them converse for a while, and afterwards turn into the Rue de la Madeleine, where I followed them in the shadow of the houses; when they reached the other end of the street they separated. I suspected that the trick had been done, and so I ran after my sharper, who was walking along very quietly, and collared him while saying"In the name of the law I arrest

Seutin, continuing to play the American, said, "Aho! you say-"

"You will follow me to the guardhouse, and a little quicker, then."

" Môsieu! I told you that-" And my false American began raising cries of alarm, while impudently asserting that he was an honest, peaceful citizen of the United States, recently arrived at Paris, and who had no concern with the police. On hearing these cries and imprecations, which he addressed to the passers-by with an effrontery which he derived from the thought that he was not recognised. a good many persons began to collect, and I could already hear the crowd murmuring at this pretended violation of the law of nations, and the clumsiness of the agent who was guilty of it. Now it is only a step from blaming to assisting, and fearing lest some hotheaded fellows might enable my prisoner to escape, I raised my voice and said to him, "Ah! Master Seutin, you wish to pass for an honest, peaceful citizen? It is very smart, but it is unlucky for you that the head of the detective staff should have passed and recognised you as a Now, gentlemen," I said to thief! the persons who surrounded us, "are there any of you willing to assist me in taking this thief to the guardhouse?"

Enlightened by this appeal, Seutin's victim himself eagerly lent me a hand, and the sharper was soon put in a place of surety. When brought before the sessions he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Such was the arrest of the first sharper, and within six weeks ten other thieves à l'Americaine, and ninety-two liberated convicts who had broken their ban, were convicted.

CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

THE readers of the "Legend of Montrose"-and who has not read it?will remember the enthusiastic eulogies of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, Lion of the North, Bulwark of the Protestant Faith, &c., unctuously enunciated, in season and out of season, by Dugald Dalgetty. It would seem that he never heard of Christina, the only offspring of the Northern Lion, but for whom the victories of Gustavus Adolphus would have been fruitless, the cause of scriptural truth itself lost, and been mortally stricken down with its metaphorical immortal champion at the battle of Lutzen in Upper Saxony. The sun of England has, we know, set for ever, very many times,—a phenomenon which the British people rather enjoy than otherwise; perhaps because custom or habit becomes a second nature. Be that as it may, Sweden felt itself doomed, given over to perdition, when, in the year of grace 1632, news reached Stockholm that the great King and Lion of the North had fallen in victorious battle.

eri-

rd-

ind

of

hat

the

118,

ce.

om ed,

vd

Amidst the general dismay, Chancellor Oxenstiern, the reputed original author of the saying—though a truth so trite must have been uttered a thousand and a thousand times before Sweden was a nation-"Behold, my son, with what little wisdom the world is governed,"gave a striking illustration of his theory or platitude by reminding the hastily assembled States that the glorious King had left a daughter, who, though but about seven years of age, might, if immediately recognised as Queen of Sweden, save the vessel of the State from foundering. He concluded by introducing the child, who was immediately acknowledged to be the picture in little of Gustavus Adol-"Behold," exclaimed a leading peasant deputy, "Behold the very features of the grand Gustavus. We will have her for our sovereign. Seat her on the throne, and at once proclaim her King." This was done, and Sweden ipse facto saved.

Christina herself was no less enchanted than the nation to whom she was the herald and sign of salvation. The enthroned girl, many years afterwards, when she had developed into a Brummell-Brummagem royal celebrity, thus wrote of herself and the occasion: "I

was so young that I knew not either my own worth or my great fortune; but I remember how delighted I was to see all those men kneeling at my feet and kissing my hand." She adds, with touching modesty: "It was Thou, O God, that didst render the child admirable to her people, who were amazed at the grand manner in which I enacted the part of Queen upon that first occasion. I was little, but upon the throne displayed an air and countenance that inspired the beholders with respect and fear. It was Thou, O Lord, that caused a girl to appear thus who had not yet arrived at the full use of her reason. Thou hadst impressed upon my brow a mark of grandeur not always bestowed by Thee upon those Thou hast destined, like me, to glory, and to be Thy lieutenant over men.'

This innate greatness of Christina had been foreseen, predicted by the astrologers, whom Gustavus Adolphus, Bulwark of the Protestant Faith, had consulted with respect to the child with which Maria Eleonora, his queen, was in travail. Both their majesties imparted their dreams to the wise men, who, having interpreted them by the light of the signs in heaven,—the Sun, Mars, Mercury, Venus, being in conjunction, -declared the coming child would be a boy, and that if he outlived the first twenty-four hours, which that mischievous Mercury rendered doubtful, he would attain as great celebrity as his father. The sex of the child was a sad stumblingblock to the soothsayers at first, but soon removed, as easily as John Cumming, D.D., will explain in 1867, that his prediction of the end of all sublunary things in 1866 was a figure of speech, having reference to the extinguishment of the Maori tribes, and the passing away, as a heathen country, of New Zealand from the map of the world. The mistake of the Swedish soothsayers was, after all, a merely verbal one; the girl, Christina, "having been born with the head of a Machiavelli, the heart of a Titus, the courage of an Alexander, and the eloquence of a Tully." Who would not be entitled, speaking of an incarnation of such heroic qualities, to exclaim, "This is a man!" Gustavus Adolphus, though ardently

desirous of a son, bore the disappointment with greater equanimity than at first did the astrologers. His sister, the Princess Catherine, was the first to announce that the expected boy was, in sad truth, a girl. "Sister," said the King, "let us return thanks to God. I trust this daughter will prove as valuable to us as a son; and may the Almighty, who has vouchsafed her to us, graciously preserve her. She will be an arch girl" the King added, "who begins to play tricks upon us so soon." This was an allusion to the announcement of the attendants at the birth, who, momentarily misled by the thick hair which encased the child's head, the thick down upon her face, and the harsh, loud cry with which she greeted the world, proclaimed that a man child was born.

The Lion of the North was resolved that though his child would be Queen by sex, she should be a King—a warrior King, like himself, thereto fashioned by education and custom. He, the Bulwark of the pure Christian Faith, diligently instilled into his offspring a taste for the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war. "When but three years of age," delightedly exclaimed the Champion of Christendom, "she, as a soldier's daughter should, crowed and clapped her tiny hands at the blare of trumpets and

roar of cannon."

The Lion of the North promised his very promising child, when she could but have dimly, if she did dimly, comprehend his meaning, that she should one day be a partner of his in real glories; —the slaughter—scientific slaughter of impious people who declined acquiescence, or were coerced by their rulers into resisting, vi et armis, the Gospel of Peace, as interpreted by the great Gustavus. "To my irreparable misfortune," sighingly simpers this once much-belauded lady,—"to my irreparable misfortune, Death (a terrible promise-breaker in a vicarious sense is Death) prevented him from keeping his word, and me from serving an apprenticeship in the art of war to so complete a master."

Concurrently with a taste for the glories of war, the great Gustavus was very desirous that his daughter should be thoroughly grounded in the Lutheran Faith, and especially, should be versed in Holy Scripture, the ground of all true knowledge. An odd mélange.

In subsidiary matters the masculine, military propensities of Christina were

developed by the system of instruction devised by Gustavus Adolphus, who sought from her cradle to mould the infant Queen of Sweden into a reflex of himself. He was so far successful that in a very few years she had acquired, and loudly expressed, illimitable contempt for women-her own mother compassionately excepted-and was constantly regretting she was not a man; not that she cared much for men-but they had this advantage, they were not women. Her own portrait has been given by a graphic A more accurate pen-and-ink sketch has seldom been drawn:—

> "By her petticoat so slight, And her legs too much in sight,— By her doublet, cap, and dress, To a masculine excess,-Hat and plume, and ribands tied Fore and aft in careless pride,-By her gallant, martial mien, Like an Amazonian queen,-Nose from Roman consul sprung, And a fierce virago's tongue,-Large eyes, now sweet, anon severe, Tell us it's Christina clear."

This mentally unsexed girl was not unattractive as to personal charms. Her figure was petite, but well enough formed. She had fine hazel eyes, and a profusion of bright-brown hair; her teeth were fine and regular, which a more constant use of a tooth-brush would have improved. Her mouth was large, her lips coarse as the boisterous laughter and frequent oaths in which the girl-queen lavishly indulged. Christina was devoured by a restless energy, which made her the torment of all about her. "The men and women," she wrote, "who waited upon me were in despair, for I gave them no rest night or day. They had the audacity to propose retiring from their posts. They should have known that I would not permit them to escape the bondage in which I held them. Incensed by the application, I made their yoke more galling. I did so upon principle, and no one ever afterwards dared propose to quit the Sovereign's service." Queen Christina was indefatigably studious, at least she herself says so, and it is certain she rapidly acquired a showy, superficial knowledge of the Greek, Latin, two or three modern languages, geography, astronomy, mathematics, philosophy, and Her theological studies did divinity. not, however, include the only commandment with direct promise-Honour thy father and thy mother-for so intolerable a life did she lead the Dowager Queen, that that lady fled secretly to Denmark, leaving a note upon her toilet table declarative of her intention rather to beg her bread elsewhere than live with all the appliances, the outward show of royalty, at her daughter's court! The two Queens were, however, ultimately reconciled, and Maria Eleonora returned to Stockholm.

10

of at ad or ly aged

It has been truly said that the possession of absolute, irresponsible power would corrupt and debase an angel. Christina, though no angel, affords a striking illustration of that truth. The prime article of her political creed was the divinity of monarchs. They were the gods of the earth, to whom all sublunary power had been delegated by the She remorselessly exercised that absolute power when but a mere "Those," she writes, "who believe that childhood is the season when a princess that will one day wield the sceptre hears wholesome truths, are mistaken, for in the cradle they are feared and flattered. Men fear the memories of royal children as much as their power, and handle them as gently as they do young lions, who can only draw blood now, and hereafter will have strength to tear and devour."

Christina as child-queen proved herself quite equal to the representation of the royal rôle. She had scarcely passed her seventh birthday when, seated upon a lofty silver throne, she received ambassadors from Muscovy in great state. Chancellor Oxenstiern and others sought to fortify the mind of Christina, in order that she might acquit herself creditably at the audience. "Why," said the self-confident child, "why should I be afraid or timid before men with long beards? You also have long beards, and am I afraid or timid before you?" There could be but one answer to that question.

At fifteen Christina openly presided in the senate, "and became at once," wrote home the French ambassador, "incredibly powerful therein. She adds to her quality as sovereign, the graces of honour, courtesy, and the art of persuasion, so that the senators are astonished at the influence she gains over their sentiments." A very shallow gentleman this French ambassador: Christina herself could have whispered in his ear the true secret of her influence over the sentiments of the senators. The daughter of Gustavus had reached an age when, if so willed, she "could tear and devour." A fact, we

may be sure, never for one moment absent from the minds of the grave and reverend Swedish senators.

The nominal regency of Chancellor Oxenstiern expired on the 18th of December, 1644, Christina's eighteenth birthday, and the queen no longer affected to be swayed by any other influence than her own imperious will. She was remorselessly indefatigable in the exercise of absolute power, regulating every detail of government by the simple magic of "such is my will." Taxation, the freedom or limitation of commerce, questions of war and peace, were decided by her peremptory "shall" or "shall not." Having no taste for the elegances of dress, she issued sumptuary decrees forbidding Swedish ladies to wear lace or coloured ribbons; prohibited any festal rejoicings at betrothals, bridals, baptisms. People sometimes drank to excess at such meetings, and that, Christina, who was a total abstainer just then, could not tole-Funerals, it was also decreed, rate. should never exceed in cost about five pounds of English money; and gaming was forbidden under severest penalties. How a nation could quietly submit to such extravagance of despotism is a

In other than government matters the wayward, eccentric girl exhibited the same love of capricious domination. In a fit of educational enthusiasm, Christina endowed universities, academies, appointed largely salaried professors, and suddenly changing her mind, dismissed them all with abuse and contempt. Two solemn philosophers, whom she had taken into favour, she one day, brusquely interrupting a grave colloquy, compelled to play at shuttlecock with each other as long as they could move their arms. Three of the most eminent scholars in Sweden she made pirouette before her in a Greek dance, she screaming with laughter the while, and urging the musicians to play faster, faster, until one of the venerable men fainted and fell on the floor. Descartes, whom she had induced by the most flattering promises to take up his residence at her court, she literally worried into a consumption by insisting, in that terrible climate and the season winter-a more than usually rigorous winter-upon his presenting himself in her library punctually at five o'clock every morning. The young queen's manner was always very suave, almost caressing, like Ferdinand VII.'s of Spain, when she had

once decided upon the death or ruin of any one who had offended her. velvet covering concealed a terrible claw. Christina was but nineteen when Captain Bulstrode, a Danish officer, and said to be one of the handsomest, most accomplished men of his time, being present upon some mission from his sovereign at her court—he was, I suppose, a subordinate member of the Danish embassyattracted her notice. She honoured him with her hand in a dance, and on several occasions comported herself very graciously towards him. The handsome officer misconceived the motive of the young queen's graciousness, and was indiscreet enough to boast that he should one day be King Consort of Sweden. This silly, impudent vaunting was reported to Christina, whom it deeply of-She had always boasted of being an adept in the art of vengeance, and now gave a signal proof of her skill in the demoniac science. Captain Bulstrode found himself treated with more pointed favour than ever, and at last it was confidentially intimated to him that if he obtained the royal license of his sovereign the King of Denmark to throw up his allegiance to that monarch, and become naturalized as the subject of Queen Christina, there was nothing he might not hope for. Bulstrode swallowed the bait with avidity, knowing as he did that the queen could not marry the subject of any other potentate than herself. The King of Denmark consented, Bulstrode's connexions being very influential, and all rejoiced at the great fortune in store for their handsome relative. Other necessary preliminaries were completed, and the gallant captain was to all legal intents and purposes the subject of the absolute Queen of Sweden. He, in a state of overflowing jubilant vanity, solicited the honour of offering his devoted homage to the new sovereign to whom he had sworn fealty—a request promptly granted. The triumphant captain was ushered with much ceremony into "the presence." Christina was alone, and emboldened by the flattering reception given him, this military Malvolio threw himself at the sovereign's feet, and poured forth a high-flown declaration of passionate love. Christina's answer was characteristic. She listened with a smile of withering scorn, and in reply said, "Poor witless fool! I will teach you what it is to falsely boast at your filthy orgies of the favour of a queen." Sum-

moning her attendants as she spoke, "Take this man, who has dared to insult me, to prison. Let him be guarded securely, and fed during my pleasure upon the coarsest prison fare. Not many days will have passed before it will be necessary to confine him in a prison for lunatics during life. That shall be his fate. Away with him!" The astounded dupe was never again heard of. He died in either an ordinary prison or one specially reserved for the reception of lunatics. The saying of Solomon was terribly true, till the English people struck down kingly despotism in the person of Charles the First, giving flunkeyism, to quote Carlyle, a crick in the neck, from which it has never since fully recovered, and is not likely to recover. "Curse not the king," wrote the royal sage, who had found that all was vanity under the sun—"curse not the king, even in thy bedchamber, for a bird of the air will carry the news, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

Queen Christina's determination, in opposition to her chancellor's counsel, to finish with the thirty years' war, is creditable to her judgment. She boasted to have been born "in the palms and laurels thereof," but the cypresses so thickly intertwined with those bloody palms and laurels seem to have at last made an impression even upon her, by no The year means sensitive conscience. following the Peace of Westphalia, Christina indulged herself in the caprice of being solemnly crowned king with great splendour. On the afternoon of that day of high festival the queen or king issued an order commanding that the illuminations in Stockholm should be continued in unabated splendour till the dawn of

By this time the Swedish people, with whom the Queen was universally popular, spite or possibly because of her eccentric vagaries, were extremely anxious that Christina should marry, lest peradventure they should, some disastrous day, find themselves queenless-a doomed nation with not even a child six years of age to save them from perdition. The crown being, as her majesty smilingly observed, "a very pretty girl," there were abundance of suitors for the sacrificial honour of dividing the glittering burden with The kings of Spain, of Poland, of Naples, with no end of electors, dukes, margraves, were willing to undertake the onerous duty; but Christina begged to decline the assistance so generously proffered. Neither heaven nor earth, she vowed, should compel her to marry, "an act which required far more courage than to fight a battle." Taking pity, however, upon her loyal people, who were daily becoming more and more demented by the dreadful risks they were daily running of sinking into insignificance by being reduced to the condition of lost fatherless and motherless sheep, —an unhappy flock, destitute of shepherd or shepherdess,—Christina suddenly nominated her cousin, Charles Augustus, Crown Prince of Sweden, whereupon the alarm of the people subsided.

Wearied at last by the very indulgence of her petulant, capricious humours, disgusted with the sameness of the dissipation in which she had so long lived, and was living, Christina by way of change fixed her thoughts upon heavenly joys. She admitted to her confidence several clever Jesuits, who, having succeeded in converting her, or more correctly cajoling her into the belief that she was converted to the faith of Roman Catholicism, advised her to "put money in her purse"—abundance of money—and then exhibit to the world the edifying spectacle of the daughter of the crowned archheretic, Gustavus Adolphus, renouncing an earthly for a heavenly crown. Sacrifice so heroic and sublime would ensure her a glorious immortality in this world and the next; -canonization would follow in due course, and no name in the holy hierarchy of heaven would be more frequently invoked than that of Saint Christina!

The children of Loyola were too strong for her. As no Roman Catholic could by the fundamental law wield the Swedish sceptre, she determined upon resigning the crown in favour of the but recently nominated Crown Prince. The solemn act of abdication took place on the 6th of June, 1654, in presence of the Assembly of States. Whitelock, Cromwell's envoy, was there. This the wilful woman did in defiance of the remonstrances of her wisest and most attached counsellors. The English envoy reported the speech delivered by the Marshal of the Boors upon the occasion, which is conclusive as to her general popularity amongst the masses of the population. "O Heavens! madam," exclaimed the rude, coarselyattired, but common-sense country-fellow, -"O Heavens! madam, what are you

about to do? It humbles us to hear you speaking of forsaking those who love you as well as we do. Can you be better than you are? You are queen of all these countries, and if you leave this large kingdom, where will you get such another? If you should do it -as I hope you wont for all this-both you and we shall have cause, when it is too late, to be sorry for it. Therefore, my fellows and I pray you to think better of it, and keep your crown upon your head; then you will keep your own honour and our peace; but if you lay it down, in my conscience you will endanger all. Continue in your gears, good madam, and be the fore-horse as long as you live, and we will do the best we can to bear your burthen. Your father was an honest man, a good king, and very shining in the world. We obeyed and honoured him whilst he lived. You are his child, and have governed us very well. We love you with all our hearts; and the Prince is an honest gentleman. When his time comes we shall be ready to do our duties to him as we do to you. But as long as you live we are unwilling to part with you, and therefore I pray, madam, do not part with us."

The entreaties of the blunt-spoken Marshal of the Boors did not prevail; the formal act of abdication was accomplished, and Christina hastened out of the kingdom, taking with her an enormous amount of treasure in gold, silver, and jewels. A few weeks afterwards she openly renounced the reformed religion, and was solemnly received into the fold of Rome. "The greatest scandal she could afflict us with," remarked the Pope, when the intelligence reached him, "unless the idea of writing a book in defence of the faith should unhappily seize her."

Cardinal Mazarin, the prime minister of France, differed from the Pope, and despatched a French troop of comedians for the express purpose of giving éclat to so illustrious a conversion. Balls, plays, concerts, masquerades, succeeded each other for many weeks in celebration of the great event. The conversion, we need hardly say, was false factitious, the vagary of a hot brain ambitious of notoriety. When leaving the play one evening, Christina remarked to a lady, sotto voce, "They could do no less than treat me to a play after I had indulged them with a farce." That particular mind-fever soon passed

The woman would seem to have doubted the existence of God. "If there is a God," she whispered to a confidant, after finishing her first confession,—"If there is a God, I shall be prettily caught." In a letter addressed at the same period to the Countess Sparre, she wrote, "My chief employments are to eat well and sleep well, to study a little, chat, laugh, see French and Italian plays, and pass my time in an agreeable dissipation. In conclusion, I hear no more sermons, and utterly despise As Solomon said, 'All all orators. wisdom is vanity." Every one ought to live contentedly, eat, drink, and be merry."

Christina could not herself follow Solomon's advice. The remainder of her restless life was chiefly consumed in vain efforts to regain a crown, that of Sweden or of Poland, and in quarrelling fiercely with successive popes. One dogma she strenuously insisted upon, that of taking

the life, with or without cause, of any of her former subjects. She carried this article of her political creed into execution. Suspecting her chamberlain Monaldeschi of having betrayed or threatened to betray her interests, she ordered the captain of her guard to stab, murder him almost in her very presence. His piteous screams for mercy availed nothing. The crime was consummated, and afterwards defended by her as a legitimate exercise of authority committed to her by God, which she had not and could not give up! The plea was allowed by "the gods of the earth." The murder was committed at the Palace of Fontainebleau, and even the philosopher Leibnitz was of opinion that Christina was justified by her inherent royal power! Christina died, having shortly before obtained plenary absolution of the pope, in April, 1689, in the sixtythird year of her erratic, bizarre, bloodstained existence.

MEMORY.

Thou comest in the silent hour, When twilight's shadowy pall Is resting on each sleeping flower, And dew-drops softly fall; Then, when the earth is all at rest, Thou wakest thoughts within the breast. Thou wakest thoughts whose echoes roll Across the distant past; While darkness rests upon the soul, And tears are falling fast O'er weary days and wasted hours, And hopes that died like summer flowers. Thou biddest us remember those Long passed from earth away; Who oftentimes have soothed our woes With love's own cheering ray; Who were our stay amid the strife And tumult of a busy life. O Memory, thou drawest back The curtains of the past, Which hide life's deeply graven track
Which shall for ever last; Whether by good or evil made,

Through endless ages ne'er to fade.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

A STORY FOR MY CHILDREN.

ONCE upon a time, when the plants had voices, and could talk like people (you must know that they talk among themselves now, only we have lost the knowledge of their language since Solomon died) there lived a little boy and his sister with their father and mother in a beautiful valley by the side of a high mountain. One morning, when it was almost winter, the dear father said to his little son—

of us u-

oed

he m

us

se

p!

of

ed

n

6-

"Let us go to the great forest to-day to bring home fuel for the winter fires, before the cold snow covers the broken branches."

So the little boy kissed his little sister and followed his father into the forest. The father bound a bundle of faggots and put them on his son's back, and fastened them so that they might not fall off.

"Go now, my son," said he, "follow the path straight to your home; turn neither to the right nor left, and beware that you break no living wood, for the rose has told me that the wicked brownies have come to fight the flower fairies, and, although the good father will not, I hope, permit them to prevail, yet, if you give them any excuse, they may do you a great injury."

So the little son promised to give good heed to the father's words, and started on his way; but it soon grew dark, and he could not see the path, so that he turned aside and stumbled over a young tree, and broke it.

Now, the darkness was not of night, you must know, but the wicked brownies held their hands before his eyes so that he might lose the path, and that they might get him into their power.

When the poor boy saw what he had done (for it became light as soon as the young tree was broken), he looked up and saw the hateful brownies standing around, watching him to see him get angry. He was terribly frightened and grieved, as you may think, "for," said he to himself, "I may never see my pleasant home and dear sister again."

Then he remembered that he had once heard his dear mother say, that if one who is in the hands of the brownies,

through some accident, is careful to do no wicked or cruel thing, although the brownies treat him very unkindly, they must let him go free after a time, and can do him no permanent injury. So he said to himself—

"I will do no wrong thing to please them, let them treat me ever so badly;" and he earnestly hoped that some good fairy would come that way and help him

"Come," said a brownie, trying to look very kind (which was so strange a thing that he did it very badly), "I will show you where there are flowers growing, whose blood will cure the young tree, and then you can go home to your mother with your faggots. Come, her fire has gone out for the want of wood, and your father's dinner will not be done, and he will faint with hunger. You have only to bind up the broken tree and rub the wound over with the blood of the flowers, and it will soon be well. Come," said he, beginning to get angry, "there is no time to lose."

"No," said the boy, "I will not take the lives of the poor flowers, not even to make the tree well again;" for he saw the violets weeping at the words of the cruel brownies, and heard them beg of him to be patient, saying—

"We have sent the wind-flower fairy to Elfland to our queen, to beg of her to come to your help."

When the brownies heard him say that he would not go with them they began to pull his hair, and pinch him, and bite him, and push him about, and try in every way to make him angry. But the violets and harebells kept saying—

"Only be patient; she will surely come;" and he was patient, and thought of his father and mother, and his dear little sister, and would not get angry, in spite of anything that they could do.

Soon he heard the sound of wings, and, looking up, he saw the queen of Elfland and court come sailing through the air, and his heart was glad. But when the queen came near, she trembled and turned pale, for she saw that the king of the brownies was before her. So she

called for her cloak of moonlight, that makes the wearer invisible, and, having put it on, she slipped in among the brownies and kissed the little boy, and immediately he was changed into a beautiful rose-tree.

When the brownies saw that they had lost their prey (for they have no power over a plant that bloomed), they were horribly enraged, you may be sure, and the king called out—

"The queen of Elfland is here and has

And he ordered his subjects to try to grasp her in their hands, for, although she might not be seen, yet she might be felt, which startled the poor queen so

give the poor rose-tree the gift of speech.

When the father came home, the mother asked for her little boy.

that she fled away and quite forgot to

"Did he not come home with a bundle of faggots to cook my dinner?" said the father.

"No," said the mother, "he has not been here since he followed you into the forest. I fear the wild beasts have eaten him!" and she wrung her hands and wept.

"No," said the father, "I fear the brownies have carried him away. They are out in the forest, and their king with them, to battle with the fairies. Give me a cup of milk, for I am faint with grief and hunger, and I will go and find him if I can."

So the father went to look for his dear son, and the mother and sister wept at home.

The father followed the path until he came to the place where the boy had turned out of it, and there he saw the broken tree.

"Alas! alas!" said the father, "the wicked brownies have carried away my son; I shall never see him again. Here is his bundle of faggots at the foot of a rose-tree!" and he wept sore.

When he had told the mother and sister they wept with him, and would not be comforted. Every day the sister took her knitting and sat by the bundle of faggots, at the foot of the rose-tree, and was comforted in spite of herself and sung sweet songs.

In the meantime the king of the fairies had fought the king of the brownies, and had driven him back to his old place in the bowels of the earth, and the flower-fairies tended their flowers in peace. One day the queen remembered the boy that she had saved from the brownies, and called for her chariot to visit the rose-tree.

IT

as

lin

wh

ing

tui

the

we ne

hu

be

or

fol

CO

ta

be

th

re

al.

W

al

m

"For," said she, "if it withered away and was ungrateful for my help, I will change it back into the boy again, and let him go. But if I find it blooming and beautiful, I will give him a good gift."

So the queen rode through the air, on a road made of a sunbeam, and at the end of her journey she found the rose-tree full of flowers, although the snow lay on them. She was very much pleased and touched it with her sceptre, and the boy stood before her, and began eagerly to thank her for her kindness.

"Go," said she; "because you are good and loving and have a thankful heart, I give you the will and power to please, and the love of all." With these words she passed from sight and was gone.

I need not tell you how the father and mother rejoiced when their boy came back, nor how the sister wept with joy as she had wept with grief before. You can think what a good gift was the fairy blessing. But, because there are no good fairies to give good gifts to us now, my dear children must be very good and kind, very unselfish and obliging, that they may please all, and be beloved as was the dear good boy.

BORDER LIFE;

OR, THE MYSTERIES OF THE RED RIVER.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONSULTATION AND ITS RESULTS.

It was not until Orondooka had reached a solitary spot, where he was not likely to be intruded on, that he addressed Millingen, whose pale cheeks and flashing eyes denoted the violence of his emotion, which, in deference to his friend's train-

ing, he with difficulty repressed.
"You are right," the Indian said, turning suddenly and confronting the other; "we must retrace our steps, for the object of our search is found, and we know what we have to do. never doubted the treachery of the white hunter called Lamech, but now it is before us, and punishment must follow, or we must die."

"But the scoundrel himself may escape," said the excited Millingen; "he

was not to be seen."

The Indian smiled and shook his head. "Where the dove goes the hawk will follow," he said, sententiously; "we must wait and see."

"You think, then, that Lamech will

come?"

"I am certain of it," was the unhesi-

tating reply.

"Then the poor girl's rescue must be attempted before he arrives," said

the anxious Millingen.

"It is wise to wait with open eyes and ready ears, and to do little well rather than by attempting too much to fail in all," was the answer.

"But the villain will be sure to come with reinforcements from his own band, and in all likelihood accompanied by others of his Indian allies," said Millin-

gen, impatiently.

"He will not need so many to conquer a captive girl," replied Orondooka, calmly; "nor is it likely that his troop will abstain from their own pursuits to further his; neither is it likely, my friend, that more Indians than necessary will be called home when the Salteaux warriors are in the field and threatening an attack. He will not come alone, but he will not bring an additional force which cannot be met.

"But you do not meditate an attack on their village?" asked Millingen.

"Not if it can be avoided," replied the chief; "but our friend must be rescued at all hazards. We have the day to think of it, for we dare not leave this until night has fallen."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the eager lover of Imola, for such he was; "why not

follow them at once?"

"And cross the river by daylight and before their eyes?" said Orondooka. "It cannot be done. Patience, brother; remember that we are men—do not let us act like children or fools. I go to speak with Eagle Eye. Come!"

He turned away as he spoke, and was followed by his disappointed associate,

who chafed bitterly at the delay.

They found Eagle Eye quietly employed discussing his morning meal of pemican and buffalo beef, and surrounded by his "braves," who were engaged in the same way. At a signal from his chief, the warrior arose at once and joined them, and the trio walked aside.

Eagle Eye was a man somewhat past the middle age, but as lithe, active, and powerful as the youngest warrior of his tribe. His singular power of vision had conferred on him the name he was popularly known by, and his quickness of perception and confirmed sagacity had fixed Unlike the majority of Indians, he was not a niggard of his speech, and fortified as he was by the general estimate of his well-earned character for prudence and courage, he did not scruple to give vent to his natural vein, and to dissent, when he considered it needful, even from the supreme Orondooka himself. could be playfully argumentative or bitterly ironical as the occasion demanded, and next to the opinions of the great chief, his views had the greatest weight with those under his command.

Now he listened with great gravity to the propositions of his superior, which, shortly given, amounted to this-namely, that their band, though small, should retrace their steps to the mountains they had so recently left, and should, when there, be guided by circumstances as to what line of conduct they should eventually adopt. Clearly, with the reinforcements now arriving, it would be hopeless to attack the Blackfoot village, as they might have done with success, had they chosen to do so a little while ago, and therefore it was that stratagem must be resorted to in order to effect what an open demonstration must fail to achieve.

To all this the astute Eagle Eye paid marked attention, although his eyes glistened as he reminded his leader that had his advice been listened to—that is, had he been allowed to attack the village by night with his own small force, as he wished to do, not a single living being would now have remained to welcome or

"Those who think only of what to-day will bring forth, will have much to answer for should grief and misfortune be the product of to-morrow," said the chief. "Go! Had we listened to rash counsels we might have trodden out the fires of a village, and waked up a flame in all the nations through which we shall have to go before we reach our home."

"And are we more secure when the dogs, whose lives we spared, are joined by wolves who are trained to hunt with them and strike at the same prey?" asked Eagle Eye.

"We are," was the decided reply; "they will rest secure until we can gather strength to baffle their designs. Anandarrah and Narangat are swift runners and brave warriors both. Let them start forth at once, and with such directions as I will give them, we shall in a few days—it may be, in a few hours—have reinforcements of our own which will make victory secure. Call them at once."

Eagle Eye disputed no more, but turned to obey. In another moment two of the youngest warriors of the band stood before their chief. His directions to them were clear but brief. They were at once to set forth on different paths, and to travel until they should meet with some parties, either of the Salteaux proper, which had been ordered to follow as far as possible in their chief's wake, under the expectation that their assistance might be needed, or missing them, some of the tribes in alliance with them and connected by kindred or common offspring from the same stock. Orondooka felt that his own name was beginning to be known and respected; that it would be looked upon as a privilege to fight under his ormand; and that the very fact of

his summons being dated from within the hitherto sacred boundaries of the Blackfeet, would act as a spur to all those who were opposed to them, to hasten to obey the orders he sent. Of course it was not to be doubted that there were dangers in the way, and that disappointments would ensue, should the runners be trapped or slain; but these were accidents which could neither be foreseen nor provided for, and which it ought to be his business to countervail by future precautions, without pausing to think over or discuss the probabilities of the mode.

ta

he

lo

ai

sh

ar

In

th

as

st

de

in

lit

en

ob

an

la

ad

pe

sp

ta

fo

lit

eff

VO

he

us

Tr

kii

gr

of

an

wa

ha

wa

mi

oth

mi

pe

of

as

de

fui

wa

dic

you

fro

at

Vio

COL

The young warriors who were thus honoured by so dangerous and responsible a trust evidently regarded their mission as a great prize. Their national gravity did not permit of much outward manifestation of joy, but their sparkling eyes, glowing features, and erect frames, as their chief concluded, showed that the fame, and not the risk, was the matter foremost in their thoughts. When Orondooka's last words were spoken, they both turned proudly and smilingly away, and in five minutes more Eagle Eye, who had left with them to further their preparations, returned to say that they were gone.

As yet, the female called Love Bird had heard but little of what was going on. During the earlier portion of the dangerous proximity of the returning Blackfeet and their allies, she had slept, and since then Orondooka and Millingen had been too busily employed to seek her. Now, however, they did so, and while they received from her hands their morning meal, she was told of all that had happened, and of all that was proposed to be done.

So far from offering a word of dissent, or appearing to be shocked at the idea of again entering the perilous boundary they had so recently got well clear of, the young girl (for, in truth, she was but little more) at once acknowledged that it was the proper course, and that nothing else could be done. She agreed with them that the niece of the Governor of Fort Henry was the person concealed within the guarded palanquin, and that Lamech Overend was the doer of the deed which had taken her from her friends. she mentioned his name, her features became inflamed with passions altogether different from their usual somewhat melancholy quietude, and it was not until both Orondooka and Millingen repeatedly entreated her to be calm that her hands and tones ceased to tremble, or her ex-

treme agitation to give way. Evidently, both the young men had seen her under the influence of such paroxysms before, and were prepared for them, but it was on the Salteaux chief that the principal task of remonstrating with and quieting her devolved, and so gently and kindly was this done that after a time her eyes lost their wildness, the fierceness of her air and gestures gradually subsided, and a violent burst of womanly tears at length showed that the arguments of her friend and protector had had their usual effect. Indeed, it was not difficult to perceive, that although differing in colour and race as she did from the noble-looking Indian, still that his high qualities and extreme devotion to herself had established an influence on her mind which wanted but little more to become affection of a very enduring kind. Under the most serious obligations to him as she was, and now altogether dependent on him for the care and protection which were so willingly lavished on her, gratitude and respect added intensity to the feeling which his personal qualities and kindly nature inspired, and there were times when a certain weakness of her mind, caused by former suffering, and which, in truth, was little short of insanity, overcame her efforts to prevent or conquer it, when no voice but that of Orondooka could calm her, and no arguments or representations used by any other had the slightest effect. True it was, that under his gentle and kindly treatment, her malady had in a great measure given way, but still enough of it remained to render him exceedingly anxious on her account. These fears it was—coupled, perhaps, with the wish to have her always near him and under his own eye-which had induced him to give way to her urgent entreaties that she might accompany him and Millingen, her other friend, in their search after the missing Imola; while, on her part, her perfect trust in him, and the confidence of her belief that she was nowhere so safe as under his care, may have in some degree led to her request, which was further stimulated by a restlessness which was the remains of disease, and by a wish dictated by it to assist in recovering the young girl, so violently snatched away, from the power of one whose very name at one time threw her into the most violent paroxysms, and which even yet could never be heard without an emotion which it was painful to behold.

When thus nervously excited, or im-

mediately after it, retirement and prayer were found to be her best restoratives, and now the chief and Millingen left her to herself, seated beside the natural fountain, while they proceeded to discuss the measures proper to be taken, or rather the course they meant to pursue. The area of the knoll or woody island which was their present resting-place might be about three or four acres in circumference, and as they had still several hours to remain there, the prudential habits of the Salteaux induced him to walk round it, partly to examine its capabilities of defence, supposing an unexpected attack, from the discovery of their trail, should be attempted, and partly in the hope to see from what point it might be best to procure a supply of fresh food, which it was necessary to provide.

The prairie which surrounded this pleasant oasis was covered with short, crisp, velvety grass, different from the heavier kind which they had toiled through during the night; a small herd of buffaloes had been discovered in the distance by some of the band, but they had been forbidden to follow them until further orders; and now as the two leaders traversed the boundaries of their cache, engaged in conversation as they went, Orondooka suddenly raised his finger in a warning way, and stopped short, as a pointer might do when his

game is found.

Peering cautiously forth from behind the thick growth of brush or underwood which fringed the borders of the knoll, Millingen perceived a troop consisting of five deer, of which four were does and fawns, led by a magnificent buck, who cautiously advanced as if to reconnoitre before he would permit his family to enter within the leafy covert, which they evidently wished to do, as the sun was high and the waters of the fountain cool and clear. Selecting the male for his own rifle, Orondooka whispered to Millingen what he was about to do, and within the space of a minute the noble animal leaped from the earth and fell dead on the sward, while the plumpest of the does received her death-wound from Millingen, staggered towards her protector, and sank down by his side. The remaining three dashed wildly off, and when they had scudded a few hundred yards, stood at gaze for a moment, as if wondering what could detain their companions, and then turned and dashed off again. In a short time the two animals were carried within

the covert, and when safely deposited the work of dismemberment and preparation

began.

The day passed slowly, as all days do to those who have certain objects in view and who look anxiously forward to the hour when active measures will commence; but it wore away without any intrusion or any hostile appearance of any kind, and shortly after sunset the whole cavalcade which had entered the covert in the morning left it again in the same order, and once more set forward on their way back to the dangerous neighbourhood which they had so recently left behind.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

Long before day had dawned the river was crossed in safety and without discovery, and the whole party of the Salteaux had made good their footing on the old ground. But when light came, and Millingen was able to use the glass, which was his constant companion, and generally slung round his neck ready for use, the scene in the Blackfoot village had decidedly changed. Evidently, the party which had crossed the Salteaux the day before in the prairie had arrived, and had brought with them habits of vigilance, discipline, and caution, which were not observable before. Guards were stationed at different points, and the empty lodges had been hastily opened to accommodate those who had newly arrived. The squaws were busily employed in preparing food and otherwise attending upon the warriors, who stood in groups or lounged idly about; while the white hunters who accompanied them home, and might now be looked upon as their guests, were occupied in grooming their horses, or walking up and down in twos and threes, making a survey of the ground. It was to be remarked, however, that not one of the latter was unarmed.

Almost in the centre of the village stood a lodge, larger than ordinary, and which must have once belonged to a chief, and this, again, was increased in capacity by the addition of a screen or tent, which had been positively added to it since Millingen saw it before. It was now a compound of wood and skins, and evidently was the habitation of some per-

son of importance, since few approached it, save three or four of the half-breed hunters who patrolled round it with rifles in their hands and knives in their belts, and who were left to their solitary occupation by the Blackfeet, who evidently considered it to be no business of theirs. From all these marks and tokens, Millingen at once calculated that this lodge or tent was the abode of Imola, an opinion with which Orondooka agreed. But against all rash or dangerous expedients the latter resolutely set his face. He agreed, indeed, that constant vigilance was necessary, and that, when the proper time arrived, a great deal must be both dared and done to accomplish the objects of their long and anxious search. But at present active interference would be premature, and only expose them to defeat. He explained that there could be no danger to Imola (supposing that she was an inhabitant of the building before them) from delay, inasmuch as her arch enemy and theirs had not as yet arrived; and he showed that, without further reinforcements, it would be to the last degree hazardous to venture an attack, unless under some peculiarity of circumstances, which just now did not appear to justify it.

b

b

hi

01

bo

to

fa

to

W

th

C

na

S

th

A

tı

be

W

to

h

b

V

b

b

ir

T

ir

C

n

h

S

So strongly and repeatedly did the chief paint all this to his impatient friend, that at last he had no choice but to yield to reasoning so conclusive and clear, and now the occupation of his entire day was to sit with the glass to his eye, endeavouring to trace the outline of the missing maiden in the female forms which occasionally passed in and out of the tent; but in this he was always disappointed. Two Indian women, one young and the other old, were constantly seen alternately entering and leaving, but never together. So far as he could perceive, no male, either white or red, actually entered the lodge, although three or four times Morgan, the lieutenant, stood for a moment or two at the entrance, and appeared to converse with those within.

Meanwhile a fearful struggle was going on in the mind of Millingen, as he paced up and down the narrow esplanade, only again to resort to his glass for a few minutes, and then to close it in despair. He could neither eat, drink, nor sleep; a thousand times he formed plans to escape the vigilance of Orondooka, and at all hazards to cross the river at night by swimming, and see for himself whether Imola were really the prisoner, and if so,

to attempt her rescue. But the watchfulness of the noble Indian was not to be
baffled; he saw that he had to do with
a desperate man, who in his extremity
might compromise the safety of the whole
band, and defeat the object dearest to
his own heart; and, therefore, either by
his own presence, by that of Eagle Eye,
or Love Bird, no possible opportunity
was given Millingen of openly breaking
bounds, except on such terms of hostility
to his friend as he certainly did not, even
in his worst agony, contemplate.

Thus matters went on for three or four days, and then there appeared for the prostrate lover a gleam of hope.

About the middle of the night he had fallen into an uneasy sleep, when a light touch on his shoulder awaked him, and starting up, Orondooka was before him. "Arise and come," he said; and straightway Millingen followed him to the esplanade. There were assembled a band of the Indians called "Prairie Crees," as contradistinguished from "Crees of the Coast," and "Thickwood Crees;" all, however, belonging to the Algonquin nation, and in strict alliance with the Salteaux tribe. About twenty warriors crowded within the small space allotted them, and at their head stood the runner Anandarrah, who had had the good fortune to fall in with them, and the still better luck to conduct them safely and without suspicion across the river and to where they now stood. But this was not all. Scarcely, with a wave of the hand, had these obedient sons of Indian discipline melted as it were into the dark background, into which they seemed to vanish, than others as suddenly appeared and took their place. Of this latter band Millingen reckoned sixteen; they were genuine Salteaux, and were headed by a chief called "The Black Bear," only inferior to Eagle Eye himself in renown. The young brave, Narangat, had fallen in with them, hanging about the confines of the Blackfoot frontier, and anxiously awaiting tidings of or orders from their chief. It might not argue well for the good order or strict discipline observable by the Blackfeet tribes, when so large a force was allowed to burrow near them, unthought of or unopposed; but the truth was, that so daring an inroad had never before been attempted, and it was held to be all but impossible that a back station like this should be selected for attack when so many more tempting and less dangerous ones lay in the way.

It cannot be concealed that in his present strategy the astute Orondooka meditated a great double stroke-one part of which was in favour of his friend, and the other to suit himself. No doubt he greatly sympathized with Millingen, whose confidant he was, and whose distress he pitied, and was determined to relieve, if possible; but, as an able ruler and politician, he never lost sight of the main fact, that great glory and profit were to be gained by himself, and greater prestige for his arms and name, should he be able to advance into the very stronghold of his enemies, and there inflict on them a loss which, if not irreparable, would at all events cripple them, and clearly prove that no limits or boundaries, however broad, wide, or distant, were sufficient to baffle or balk the indomitable energies of the young chief who now guided the destinies of the Salteaux tribe.

As the Cree warriors had before done, so now did the newly-arrived Salteaux vanish at a sign given by Orondooka. Whither they went, or how they located themselves, only those perfectly conversant with the rules of Indian warfare could tell: one thing, however, was evident, that they were a wonderful accession to the Salteaux force, which, instead of ten or a dozen of fighting men, might now number from fifty to sixty, acting under a chief of great renown, and located in a most favourable position whether for offence or defence.

The question still remained to be asked as to what was to be done with the new accession of force; and, in order to solve it properly, a sort of council of war was held, consisting of Orondooka himself, Millingen, Eagle Eye, Black Bear, and one or two other warriors whose courage and experience made them admissible to the council-table of their chief. Millingen's impetuous counsel been listened to and followed, it would have been for instant attack; he argued that every coming hour might increase the force of the enemy and diminish their own chances of success, and that as the enterprise had been undertaken for a specific object, that object would be best attained by promptness and surprise. But to this Orondooka demurred. According to his views, the increase of the Blackfoot force was a mere accident, caused by a compact with the white half-breed Overend to afford him shelter and support; but beyond that there was no possible cause to suppose that, pressed and harassed as the

Blackfeet tribes were on their frontiers, they would causelessly and recklessly send much of their available force to defend points which had never been threatened, and which, in point of fact, they were perfectly easy about, as for the present, at all events, they believed them to be impregnable. At any time an onslaught could be made, but it was yet to be seen in what form it would be most available and certain of success. A day or two therefore might be well spent in reconnoitering, as it did not necessarily follow that because active measures were not entered upon at once, nothing was to be Scouts might be and would be sent out, and a strict surveillance kept up, so as to determine not alone the exact force opposed to them, but on what particular point it was concentred, and what it meant to do.

Overruled as he was in council, nothing was left for the impatient Millingen to do but to resume his telescopic studies as soon as it was light, and to report from time to time what information they con-

veyed. He did so as soon as possible, assisted by Love Bird, whose womanly sympathies never for sook him, and whose kindly and Christian counsels cheered and consoled him. Together they sat on the ledge of rock, from which, without a fear of being themselves seen, they could easily discover all that was going on beyond the river in the Blackfeet camp, alternately taking up the task of inspection, and detailing to each other such facts as passed within their ken. For many hours this continued, and it was long past noon when Love Bird having taken her turn at the glass suddenly dropped it again, sank back on her seat, and with the single exclamation of "He is come!" covered her face with her hands, and after remaining thus for about a minute, suddenly rushed from his presence into the interior of the cave.

Before he had time to take up the glass and determine for himself what had been the cause of this emotion, Orondooka stood by his side, and pointing towards the Blackfoot village with his clenched hand, repeated in a low deep tone, like the growl of an enraged bear. the self-same words so recently used by Love Bird, "HE IS COME!" There was at the same time a gleam of vindictive triumph in every line of his features which told its own tale, and showed how eager were the feelings which dictated it.

Raising the telescope to his eye in-

stantly, Millingen at once perceived the meaning of their words. There, in the middle of the village, which was built in a semicircular or half-moon shape, with its concave side towards the river, stood the leader of the half-breed hunters, Lamech Overend himself. Morgan and four or five white men stood near him, while a number of Indians surrounded them and listened, with their usual gravity, to what he said. Meanwhile, as Millingen made his observation, Orondooka explained that his scouts had come in and reported that the white men, five in number, escorted by four Indians, had arrived, and that even with this reinforcement the available Blackfoot force did not quite equal those now in ambush, and who were, for the most part, composed of picked and chosen men.

On a further survey Millingen himself started and trembled almost as much as Love Bird had done, although the glass still remained glued to his eye. A new feature in the scene had developed itself. Immediately from out the lodge or tent, which they supposed to be dedicated to the captive Imola, walked, or rather bounded, the notorious Firefly, with a grin of satisfaction on his impish features which could not be mistaken, and which increased rather than diminished when the urchin had joined his master, and entered with great gusto into some details which evidently related to the lodge he had just left, and to which he pointed

significantly several times.

All this Millingen related in an uneven and gasping voice to the Salteaux chief, who at length seized the glass, and said, in his usual grave tone, as he lowered it-

The Good Book tells "I know it all. us that when the God of the Christians became greatly displeased with the sins of those who ought in gratitude to have obeyed him, he suffered them to proceed in their wickedness for a time, and then -he destroyed them! We have come here not to weep or to tremble, but to fight, to revenge, to restore—to teach the dogs of the Dacoutah that, bad themselves, they have not the power to screen the villany of others, and to show to the white man that, with all his wisdom, the cunning of the savage can outwit and trample on him. There is no further need for looking; now let us act."

It was for such crises as these that Orondooka had prepared himself, and it was in such emergencies that perfect

trust might be reposed in his prudence, calmness, wonderful fertility of invention, and indomitable courage when the time of action arrived. Grave at all times, there now sate upon his brow a stern determination which Millingen had not observed before, and in his port a dignified bearing, which might well be called "regal," since surely it deserved the name. He led the way to the outward apartment of the cave or covering, and there it was that he first proposed a course of proceeding, which caused Millingen to listen with incredulity, and, from its extreme temerity, excited in his subordinate chiefs a vague sensation of terror and surprise which certainly nothing less urgent could have impressed them

His proposition was to the effect that he and Millingen, still of course retaining their Blackfoot disguise, should cross the river about midnight, and having penetrated within the village, endeavour to discover if possible who was the inhabitant of the suspicious lodge, and if it proved to be the person they sought, still further try to communicate with and release her. It was a daring proposal; but those who best and longest knew Orondooka were the first aware that it was all the more likely to be adopted. To him, evidently, it appeared to be the clearest and most direct course, and that if the commission was given to another or interior hand, it might fail. He was a master of the Blackfoot tongue, and was sufficiently aware of their habits and customs to conduct himself, while under their eyes, with a sufficient amount of habitude and propriety to baffle their suspicions and close their eyes, and therefore it was that he proffered himself as a leader in this hazardous emprize, leaving it free to his young white friend to assent or dissent from his being included, as he thought

To Millingen, however, it was of all other propositions that for which he would have voted most earnestly. Orondooka was well aware of this, and when the former gratefully thanked him for his preference and permission to accompany him, there was a sly glance of intelligence in the chief's eyes, which showed that he anticipated gratitude and did not fear dissent. Eagle Eye, Black Bear, and the other councillors looked very grave and disquieted, for the hazard of such a life in such a cause was, in their eyes, beyond the measure usually allotted

to Indian daring; but they said nothing, as they well knew that the matter had been conned over and matured in their leader's mind, and that being so, opposition or remonstrance was in vain.

All that could now be done was to take such precautions as would diminish the risk as much as possible, and to this purpose Eagle Eye and the Black Bear devoted themselves for the remainder of the day. A careful survey of the river and portage was taken, and the craftsmen of the force were forthwith set to the task of constructing two or three light but strong bark canoes, of easy draft, which might be used in attack or flight, as the case might be.

It was not until a late hour—almost the time when the attempt was to be made—that Orondooka thought fit to broach the subject to Love Bird, and tell her what he was resolved to do. This communication, however, was made in secret, as he did not ask Millingen to go with him into the inner apartment where the young female sat. What occurred between them no one knew, but when they entered the outer compartment, the young chief's arm supported Love Bird, and although her eyes were wet with tears, otherwise she looked composed and happy.

"It is to befriend you and her whom you love that he goes to meet danger," she said to Millingen in a low, grave tone; "do not forget the debt you owe him now and heretofore, and leave him not a prey to those who would inflict a separate torture on every hair of his noble head, if they had the power to do so. Think of all he has done for both of us, and let it nerve your arm and strengthen your heart."

She turned away as if afraid to trust herself with more, and was not seen again.

CHAPTER XV.

A DANGEROUS ENTERPRISE.

So far as darkness could promise security, the daring intentions of Orondooka and his friend could command it. There was not a star to be seen in the heavens, nor a gleam of light in the sky, as these two brave men stepped lightly into the canoe provided for them, and sat themselves down in the stern, while no less a personage than the Black Bear handled the paddle and quietly proceeded to ferry

them across, directly in front of the Blackfoot village itself. Not a single word was spoken even in a whisper, for all necessary measures had been concerted beforehand, and the great thing to be attained was to gain the little harbour which contained the canoes of the Blackfeet in safety, and to land without being Jealously suspicious as Indian tacticians usually are of everything and everybody, at this lucky hour their vigilance was asleep. Here and there a light yet twinkled in a lodge, but it was evident that no strict watch was kept, probably from a false notion of security, and this Orondooka, from repeated observation, well knew. He argued that a relaxed discipline by day seldom involved a contrary rule at night, and, to a certain extent, this might have been the secret of his venturing so much and so far. This did not induce him, however, to neglect all needful precautions, and it was more like a phantom bark than a real one, that his canoe glided in among the half dozen others which were moored near the bank, and it was more like ghosts than men that the two intruders stepped on land and vanished into darkness, while their ferryman again used his noiseless paddle, and paused when he had got about a bow-shot from the shelving shore.

They were armed only with knives and hatchets, for the rifle would have been both cumbrous and useless for the work they had to do; and now without pausing or uttering a word Orondooka boldly took the lead towards the centre of the village, closely followed by his comrade in danger.

The hut or tent, which was the main object of their visit, was directly before them; and when they had come near to where they supposed it might be—for the darkness was too intense to discern even its outline—they stopped in order to listen for any sounds that might guide them in their further proceeding. They knew that a guard of three men, one of whom was always white in colour, continuously patrolled round this particular building, and they had reason to suppose that one if not two Indian women slept each night in the tent. The plan suggested by Orondooka was to deal with the guards if possible in detail, which might be done whenever their immediate presence was indicated to the practised senses of the chief by their footfalls as they went their rounds, and then to make

a dash for the interior of the tent and see what it contained.

This was a desperate course and might have proved a very dangerous one; but such as it was, it promised to be frustrated for the present by the somewhat noisy declamation of two voices, which suddenly broke on the silence of night, and proceeded from the direction from which the friends had recently come. Without a moment's hesitation Orondooka turned on his tracks and walked towards the spot from whence the noise proceeded. When they came within a few paces of the speakers, Orondooka stood fast and listened. Evidently they were Blackfeet by their speech, and just as evident was it that one at least of them was decidedly under the influence of the "fire-water" of the white men, some of which, it is to be presumed, was brought home to the village by the newlyarrived bands. In point of fact, it was easy to glean from the expressions uttered, or attempted to be uttered, by him, that he was, in popular language, "roaring drunk," for his voice was loud, and he attempted to break from the hold of his comrade for some purpose, which the other tried hard to check. After a few low words hurriedly spoken to Millingen, Orondooka walked directly up to the disputants, and asked what was the matter in a tone of authority, and with so perfect an imitation of the Blackfoot dialect, that it would be difficult even for sober men to detect. The individuals he addressed, however, were what is called "too far gone" to be very observant or nice, for the companion of the more boisterous savage, although not so bad as the latter, was still by no means sober. He answered, therefore, to Orondooka's demand, that the Raven (so he called him) had been treated by some of the half-breeds, who had inflamed his fancy by speaking before him of the beauty of the white maiden who was kept a prisoner in the stranger's tent, and the cosmopolitan Raven saw no reason why so much loveliness should be kept altogether for the gaze of the white man, who, at least in his estimation, was only a dog; while he, a brave who had fought in a score of battles, and whose lodge was hung round with the scalps of as many vanquished faces, was debarred the sight of her. In short, he was determined to pay his respects to her this very night; and as his comrade had sufficient sense left to perceive that so unwarrantable an

0

b

S

0

11

0

intrusion as he meditated would be both a breach of faith and a cause of quarrel, he was doing his best to prevent him, and appealed to Orondooka, with a semi-drunken gravity, to assist him in leading the Raven home to bed.

But Orondooka took altogether a different view of the case. His advice was, that the Raven might be allowed to proceed as far as the entrance of the tent, where he would be opposed by sober and armed men, who would turn him away by remonstrance, or if that failed, would make him a prisoner for the night. He suggested that the Indian should accompany him, supported by Orondooka himself, who promised to explain all the circumstances to the guard.

Indeed, while they were talking, the amorous Raven took the matter into his own hands, for feeling himself unloosed from the grasp of his friend, he made a headlong plunge forward, and was immediately lost in the darkness, leaving the other no alternative but to follow. Orondooka, meanwhile, hung back a little behind, so that when he arrived within sight of the tent an angry clamour had already commenced, for the three guards had congregated around the drunken savage and were hotly engaged in altercation with him—he insisting on his right to enter, and they resisting him. The group stood at the very entrance of the tent, immediately within which stood an elderly squaw, who held in her hand a lamp, which partly illuminated the whole party, and who added her shrill treble of active remonstrance to the general din.

"Now for the prisoner," whispered the young chief, as he glided round to the back of the tent, which was formed of skins.
"Cut the tent and enter, I will remain

on guard," was his next cool direction, suiting the action to the word himself by noiselessly inserting his knife in the yielding material and leaving a huge rent. In a moment, in his anxiety, the head and part of the body of Millingen were recklessly thrust through the aperture, and there a sight met his eyes which stirred his inmost heart and almost rewarded him for all his toils.

Almost within reach of his hand knelt Imola—Imola herself, his own Imola—roused by the noise, and with her dress hastily adjusted; she was on her knees, with her hands clasped and her eyes fixed on the partition screen, as if she expected that through it something horrible would appear.

"Imola, dearest! my own Imola!"
She turned her head quickly in the direction the sounds came from and started to her feet.

"It is I—Millingen—who is here to save you or perish! Give me your hand quickly, and in five minutes you are free. Blow out the lamp or overturn it."

Mechanically she blew out the lamp, felt for his outstretched arm, and in another moment was drawn through the aperture, increased by another cut from Orondooka's knife.

"Thank God! safe! safe!" he murmured, as in his first transports he embraced her. "Now trust to me, dearest Imola, and all will be well."

Partly supporting and partly carrying her, he turned and took his way to the landing-place; but here an interruption occurred which threatened to mar their almost-accomplished plans. Suddenly, Orondooka, who was perfectly alive to all that occurred, discovered a slight, lithe, boyish figure hovering about their movements, although the noise in front continued as loud as ever. Fixing his eye firmly on this dark object, the Salteaux, knife in hand, rushed forward to encounter or capture it, but it eluded his grasp, and in another second the air resounded with a yell so shrill and prolonged that the soundest sleeper must have been awakened by it.

"Firefly!" was the laconic observation of Orondooka to Millingen. "Make for the boat, and I will cover your retreat and give you time."

With surprising velocity, Millingen and his companion traversed the short space which led to the cove or harbour. A signal—the serpent hiss, which had been taught him—brought the Black Bear in. Imola was deposited in the stern, and for a minute or two they waited for the approach of the Salteaux chief, but he came not, and every moment might be worth life—ay, worth a hundred lives of ordinary men.

"Cross the river," he said to the Bear, "and land the lady safe, then at once return."

Without waiting for a response, he vanished, and the oarsman pulled off.

Retracing his steps and grasping his knife in one hand and his hatchet in the other, Millingen hastened back with the utmost rapidity to the assistance of his friend. Directed by the sounds of contest, he swerved a little to the right and stumbled over a prostrate form which lay

directly in his path. It was lifeless and stirred not. He gave the Salteaux signal of a hiss, and in a moment it was answered, coming from the centre of a group of combatants, who all pressed around a single object of attack; immediately before him was an Indian, whose figure, lower and slighter than that of Orondooka, could not be mistaken for it. At this he struck with his tomahawk, and the savage went down as a bull might have done before a similar blow. Next to the fallen man stood another, who uttered an imprecation in English, and thereby accelerated his own fate. Millingen struck heavily again, and the half-breed fell. Thus partly freed, Orondooka bounded like a tiger from the midst of the assailants who pressed upon him, and the two friends, dealing their blows right and left and leaving their marks at every stroke, now stood nearly clear of opposition.

"Follow me," said Orondooka, with a voice as calm as ever; "you have saved

my life."

Two minutes brought them to the landing-place, where two figures instead of one stood in the canoe, which had already returned.

"Eagle Eye!" said Orondooka, stepping on board, "thanks; but the dogs of the Dacoutah are curs. They are squaws, not men; we must teach them

how to fight."

With this pardonable spice of bravado on the part of the gallant warrior who had done and risked so much, they pushed off, but directed their little bark somewhat to the left. It was, perhaps, as well that they did so, for a chance dropping fire was commenced and kept up by those from whom they had escaped, and by others who, awakened by Firefly's yells, rushed to take part in the mêlée. They were baffled, however, and the party landed in safety, while the canoe which had done such excellent service was removed from the water by Eagle Eye and the Black Bear, and stowed away without leaving a trace.

But short as their passage across the stream had been, Millingen had found time to question Imola's guide as to her safety. It was all right. A party of warriors, stationed so as to be ready to cross, should the safety of their chief demand it, had received her, and she was now under the protection of Love Bird, whose anxiety had prompted her to accompany the party to the water's edge.

Yes, it was all right indeed.

CHAPTER XVI.

FURTHER PERIL.

of

qu

be

an

Ca

se

tal

CO

W

an

or

ba

lan

to

ho

W

Ci

m

su

flu

ea

no

hi

ab

re

ar

CO

re

0

in

ri

CE

gi

m

h

T

th

lo

al

th

re

SI

B

fr

ri

th

C

IT was idle to expect that Imola and her rescuer should meet as ordinary friends, under the circumstances under which they now stood. He had staked his liberty and life to effect her deliverance, and her own true, loving woman's heart told her why. He had accomplished all that he had proposed; he had borne toil and faced danger to recover her from a destiny to which death would be a hundred thousand times preferable; he had called her his own Imola-his dearest Imola; and he had, at the most critical moment of both their lives, announced that he had come to rescue her or perish -why, then, should she be ashamed to prove her gratitude for such services, or to show herself a niggard of the affection which he appeared to look upon as his best reward? It was a meeting of lovers who were friends as well; that between Orondooka and Love Bird was subdued in tone, but still their looks spoke for them, and evinced depths of feeling which prudence and the peculiarity of their position forbade them to syllable in words.

It was somewhat different with the case of their friends, although Millingen, bound in honour and good breeding as he was to be cautious, did not, save by his looks and attentions, press upon the rescued and still trembling girl all the wealth of love which she had generated

in his heart.

But much was still to be done before anything like security could be guaranteed. They were in the country of enemies, whose plans they had circumvented, and who by this time must be raging for revenge. Fortunately, only Orondooka and Millingen had been seen, and it was evident for several reasons that neither the Blackfeet nor their allies had an idea of the numerical force hidden amidst the recesses of the mountain, and ready at a moment's notice to act. That a pursuit would be organized so soon as daylight permitted it, there could be no doubt, and if the Blackfeet thought that the two adventurers whom they had seen were alone, it was probable that the pursuing party might not be a very strong one, and that, fearing no very active opposition, their force would land at the point directly in front of their own haven.

It was capital ground for the desultory style of warfare meditated by Orondooka,

for the wood rose sheer from the very verge of the river, with rocks or boulders of enormous size, as if riven by an earthquake, interspersed between. Any number of men might lie perdu in such an ambush, and almost at their leisure pick off such assailants as ventured near their cache, without much danger to themselves. But the sagacious chief meditated more than this, and in a sort of council of war explained his views. While darkness continued, Black Bear and Eagle Eye were actively employed in organizing and placing their respective bands of Crees and Salteaux, who in gallant and generous rivalry pressed forward to be enrolled, and to occupy the post of honour and of danger. Accustomed to a wholesome and vigorous system of discipline as they were, however, each submitted to be marshalled and placed as the supreme chief directed, and when the first flush of morning light trembled in the eastern sky, the two subordinates announced that all was ready. Orondooka himself had collected together a band of about twenty men, who were to act as a reserve, or otherwise, as he might see fit, and who were under his own especial command. Leaving them to bivouac as yet in the rear until their services were wanted, for which purpose they were placed immediately in front of the rocky recess occupied by Love Bird and Imola, Orondooka and Millingen joined the force in front, and, having seen that all was right, they took their place about the centre of the band, and behind a rock surrounded with brushwood of low growth, there to await the advance of morning and see what it would bring.

Thus matters remained for half an hour, and then the scene began to change. The light was still very imperfect, although increasing every moment, when a low hiss (the preconcerted signal) ran along the whole line of ambush, showing that all were on the alert, and ready to receive the enemy. Hardly had this subsided when three large canoes, filled by Blackfeet armed to the teeth, dashed out from their little harbour, and pushed right for the opposite shore. Amongst the crews, it was just possible to discover that at least half a dozen of the men were half-breeds.

These were moments of intense interest and emotion to Millingen, although, except by the added sparkle of his eye, not a feature in Orondooka's face seemed moved. Sternly from his look-out he

regarded the fast-advancing boats, the crews of which, as they neared the shore, were counted by him to consist of twenty men, who now, all except the rowers, handled their rifles, and prepared to leap on shore at different points, one a little higher on the river, and one below, while the third made directly for the landingplace. In fact it had touched it, and the Indians crowded towards the side, which had been brought broadside by a sweep or two of the oar, when again from different points was heard the low significant Salteaux hiss, and almost before it had died away, flash after flash, nearly with the exactitude of platoon firing, issued from fifty crevices in the mountain, before which at least a dozen Blackfeet were prostrated, some to breathe no more, and others writhing and struggling under their wounds from the unseen foe.

So very unexpected a reception as this might well create something like a panic in those to whom it was given, and who had evidently reckoned without their host. A second discharge, on a more limited scale, which struck down three or four men, quickened their movements, and it now became a sauve qui peut affair, for the canoes at once sheered off, and scudded, crippled and riddled as they were, to the place they had so recently left.

Even before this decided movement in retreat had been made, Orondooka anticipated that it must occur. The first check in Indian warfare is always confusing, and, if severe, generally becomes disastrous; in their tactics there is no interval between victory and defeat, and at all events, even a more regular force might well have scrupled to face a danger to which duty might compel, but where no glory could possibly be won. For the performance of such a piece of chivalrous duty, one of the bravest officers that ever led British soldiers, has recently been persecuted through all the moods and tenses of doubtful inuendo and still more doubtful attack. He has foiled his enemies, however, for the general voice and sympathy of his countrymen have supported him; and now, as it ought to do, the celebrated "charge of the six hundred" will for ever remain imperishable amongst the proudest achievements of Britons, and the courage and conduct of their brave and noble leader will be willingly acknowledged by posterity, although miserably maligned by those of his own era, who, with more perfect knowledge, were actuated by motives

which it is only charity to suppose were

disinterested, if not pure.

Orondooka only waited to witness what might be the effect of the fire delivered by his friends, and when he saw man after man of the Blackfeet braves succumb, he touched the shoulder of Millingen, and said—

"Come."

Neither of them had discharged his rifle, retaining his fire until they saw the effect of the general volley; the chief left the flying foe to be dealt with by meaner hands, and at once proceeded to put in practice what we may fairly call his grand

coun.

By this time the sun was well up, and secret warlike operations on the open ground were impossible. This the Salteaux chief was aware of, nor did he look for it. Like Richard's, "his soul was in arms and eager for the fray." It was not alone the fate of his friend, or of his friend's friend, that hung in the balance that was much, and weighed much with him—but superadded to this was his own fame, gained by having stolen a march on his worst and most watchful enemies, and beaten them in their own stronghold on their own ground. In Indian annals such a feat was never heard of before. It would be as the passage of the Douro to Wellington, or his final Eastern battle to the gallant Gough.

Rapidly traversing the ground to the right, Orondooka in a short time came to a "narrow" of the river, the stream itself being partly fringed and hidden with brush. Here he found his "reserve," headed now by Eagle Eye, who had ar-

rived before him.

"The canoes?"
"Ready."

And so they were. Two canoes were there which held about fourteen men. "First come first served"—those who were in the front ranks seated themselves, the remainder deposited their rifles and powder-flasks in the boats and dashed into the stream to swim across. In a few minutes the whole force, consisting of five-and-twenty men—facile principes—the bravest and boldest hearts that the Algonquin nation could boast, stood on the Blackfoot side of the river, grasped their rifles, loosened their knives, and panted for the fray.

Grim and subtle was the smile bestowed on this devoted band as Orondooka put himself at their head, while by his side marched his white friend. Disguise or concealment was not now their object; at more than "double quick"—much more—they advanced towards the village, and when within sight of it, for a moment paused. To them the sight that met their eyes was inspiriting; the discomfited warriors had returned, and confused clusters of men might be seen, chattering, conversing, consulting, but evidently without organization or adequate command.

fe

to

be

st

fa

de

b

tl

fe

le

ir

it

N

The word was given, and with a rush and a yell, such as had never been heard in that distant Blackfoot village before, the Salteaux warriors were in their midst. True to their instincts, the Indians retreated behind their huts and tents, and there gallantly defended themselves; but shattered, broken, discouraged, their best efforts were those of desperate and despairing men. The few half-breed hunters alone, headed by Morgan and Lamech Overend, stood fast, but at the first charge made on them, a bullet struck Lamech in the right shoulder, and his weapon dropped from his hand. Still his left was uncrippled, and with true Anglo-Saxon pluck, he headed his men, knife in hand, and turned a stern front to the foe, hoping that his Indian allies would rally and assist him. But this hope was vain; surprise had struck terror into them, which was further increased by the coming yell from a fresh band, who had crossed the river under the conduct of the Black Bear, and now advanced to the aid of their friends. Sternly the Salteaux chief and his immediate attendant band stuck to the opposing whites, until at last the half-breeds broke and fled, leaving their wounded leader Lamech in the hands of his foes.

With a brief direction to two or three of the warriors nearest to him, Orondooka turned and followed his friends, leaving the white man to be conducted whither he had directed, and without condescending to waste a word, or even a look, on his prostrate enemy, whose arms were already pinioned, and who, in spite of his wounds, was hurried hastily away.

We turn in disgust from the details of an Indian sack, where the ferocious passions of savages are let loose, and the embittered feelings of long-restrained enmity find ample room for satisfaction and revenge. Millingen, at last, would have interposed, for his heart sickened within him at the screams of women and the wailing entreaties of children devoted to the knife, but Orondooka sternly in-

terposed, reminding him that worse massacres had been perpetrated by Blackfeet on the people of his tribe, and that to interfere with the privileges of his warriors, or deprive them of the chance of adding a single scalp to their belt, would be, if not to hazard his own authority, at least to violate a law which heretofore had never been interfered with or disobeyed. It could not be done, for a great stroke was to be struck, and the very fact of its being struck on such soil, rendered it imperative on him to allow it to be final and complete. All must die, and the ashes of the village alone must tell where it once stood.

From this terrible decision the young white hunter knew that it would be useless to appeal, and hastening down to the river, as no further opposition was to be feared, he seized a canoe and ferried himself across. But as he did so fierce yells and terrific and despairing screams followed him, and even before he had time to land a dense smoke arose from the scene he had left, and even in the morning sun-light tongues of fire began to appear. When he had landed, he watched the progress of the flames, which soon became wide and general, and by their extent he knew that the whole village was devoted to destruction by those who were now engaged in the work of death.

Sickened and almost ashamed of having taken part in so fearful a scene, he cleansed the marks of combat from his hands in the living stream which ran heedlessly on, as if all were at peace on its banks, and then awaited the advent of his friend before he sought the recess where Love Bird and Imola were concealed. He had not to wait long, however, for almost the first who crossed was Orondooka himself, flushed and ensanguined certainly, but still as calm and unmoved as though he were returning from a scene of peaceful pastime, and not of war to the knife. He, too, stooped to the stream, and having first cleansed his knife and hatchet, both fearfully incarnadined, and replaced them in his belt, he bathed his face and hands in the cool water, and thus stood before Millingen, calm, clear, and without a single trace of ferocious passion on his remarkably handsome face. He had left the completion of the revolting catastrophe in safe hands, and he was pretty sure what account his energetic and unsparing lieutenants would bring back. Already part of their report was made, and in less than half an

hour Eagle Eye passed over and completed it. Of the white men, Morgan had fallen by the hand of Eagle Eye himself, who exhibited his scalp in triumph, and with him all of his band but two, or at most three, who mounted their horses at the outset and fled. Of the Blackfeet but few could have escaped, for they fought like men who defended their own homes and soil, and of the miscellaneous population who inhabited the village at daybreak, some few might have escaped into the open country, but the majority were either slain ruthlessly, or, if maimed or wounded, perished miserably in the flames. Such was the report of Eagle Eye to his chief, and it was confirmed minute after minute, by those who arrived in boats from the fearful scene.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETRIBUTION.

It was hardly to be expected that to the young and anxious females for whom they were so deeply interested, Orondooka or Millingen would enter into any but the most necessary details. They had heard the sounds of the first skirmish, and Love Bird, the braver of the two, had crept forth and witnessed it, bringing back to Imola the comforting assurance that her late jailers had been discomfited and beaten back. But of the more daring strategy of the energetic Salteaux chief, as yet they knew nothing, for he had not mentioned what he intended, under certain given circumstances, to do. Neither was he particularly communicative now that he appeared before them, merely announcing the fact that the way was open for them to fly, and that the sooner their retreat from such dangerous ground commenced the better. He had not taken a single scalp, for his ambition was of a larger and more comprehensive kind, so that these revolting tokens of Indian courage were not in bloody evidence of the prowess he had displayed in the fray.

But hundreds of miles had still to be traversed before he and his daring band could hope to place the liberated maiden in her own home, and although part of their journey would eventually be through the hunting-grounds of friendly tribes, still a wide stretch was to be made before they were gained, and at best, great fatigue must be endured before the wished-for haven was reached.

It was therefore determined that after three or four hours given to refreshment and rest, and to the general regulation of the force, the party should set out on its return that evening, if it were possible to do so. When the list of "casualties" was recited to Orondooka, a gleam of great satisfaction was on his features, for owing, in the first instance, to their fighting under cover, and subsequently, to the suddenness of their attack, few were either killed or wounded; of the former there were four, and of the latter five, of which number three could afford almost to laugh at their hurts, although the injuries of the other two were more serious.

For them, however, a ready mode of progress was at hand; at least, half-adozen of the white hunters' horses had been saved, and were ready for service; these might be used for the wounded or the females, and thus no time be lost in facilitating their meditated retreat.

One act alone remained to be done before their backward journey was commenced, and to this Orondooka and Millingen proceeded alone. Guided by Eagle Eye, they directed their steps to a sort of alcove, under the shade of which the wounded form of the treacherous cause of all the bloodshed lay stretched, and although pallid and careworn in look as they entered, no sooner did he see them appear than he staggered to his feet, with his eyes distended, his limbs trembling, and his features flushed from temple to chin. Such unexpected marks of agitation caused both surprise and contempt in Orondooka, who, after a rapid glance, turned for a moment away as if in disgust, until he was recalled by the tones of the prisoner's thickened voice, as he pleaded to Millingen for consideration and pity, stating in hurried words, which came thick and fast, that he had no apology to offer, no defence to make, save that of a passion which mastered his reason and hardened his heart. He swore, however, that his intentions toward Imola were honourable, and that his sole object in wishing to gain possession of her person was to make her his wife. At this declaration, however, Orondooka in-

"According to the laws of your own religion—that is, if you profess yourself a Christian," he said, "you must have known that such a union was impossible, for—you were married already."

"No-yes-that is," stammered Lamech, not daring to meet the dark eye

fixed on him, "I had a wife once, but she has been dead for some time."

di

th

m

th

of

of

d

C

tl

te

d

"How know you that? Did you see her die?" questioned the chief.

"I did. She died in my arms."
"You swear to that by the God of your own faith?" solemnly asked Orondooka, pointing with his upraised finger towards the sky.

" I do."

"Infamous liar and perjurer!" hissed Orondooka, in low but terribly threatening tones; "you dare not say that Valentina Grosheaten, whom you sold to gain Blackfoot allies, when you had tired of her, is now in the grave you destined for her?"

The effect of this speech was overpowering on the wretched half-breed. He sank back against a tree, and covered his face with his hands.

"Dastard and fool!" went on the Indian, "without honour, without humanity, without courage to brave the consequences which your own crimes have provoked; there is but one punishment fit for such guilt as yours, and that is that you should die the death of a dog."

Suddenly laying a hand on the arm of Millingen, who stood directly before Lamech, and drawing him almost forcibly aside, he raised a finger a little above his head, and instantly the report of three rifles rang through the contracted space, and the miserable Overend sank forward on the ground, almost at their feet, a

Without deigning to look at the prostrate form, the Salteaux, still retaining hold of his friend, drew him out of the alcove, and took his way to the rock. "She is revenged," was the only observation he made as they walked along; an observation the purport of which Millingen appeared perfectly to understand, for he made no comment and asked for no explanation.

When they reached the rock where the females were busied in preparation for departure, but without any knowledge of the tragedy which had just been enacted so near them, Orondooka motioned Love Bird to his side, and they left the recess. During the short time they were absent, Millingen took the opportunity of mixing fact and fiction together, regarding the fate of Imola's persecutor, whom she still dreaded so much. He told her that he had been taken prisoner, and that she might dismiss her fears, for that he and Oron-

dooka had visited him, and had seen him die of his wounds, which was literally the truth, and saved her the shock she might have otherwise felt on hearing of the punishment inflicted on him.

When their friends returned, the cheek of Love Bird was excessively pale, but otherwise she was calm, and uttered not a word in reference to the death of the desperate half-breed, over which, by common consent, the veil of silence for

the present was suffered to drop.

After a few hours further of refreshment and repose at sundown, or shortly after, all was declared to be in readiness, and now, as they hoped for ever, the cavalcade set out to leave the hostile territory far behind them. Meanwhile, no precautions had been left unadopted by the sagacious Orondooka for insuring their safety on the way. A strong body of scouts had preceded them to mark down lurking enemies and clear the way; a sort of palanquin, capable of holding two, and drawn by two horses, awaited them when they crossed the river, which they did at their leisure, and this done, they turned their face once more towards home, having fully accomplished the objects of their journey, and leaving terrible tokens of their expedition behind.

At the girdle of every one of the Salteaux and Cree confederates hung the scalps of their vanquished foes—some more and some less—and amongst these horrible trophies the acquisition made by Eagle Eye was conspicuous. As he walked for a short time by the side of Millingen, he triumphantly pointed to one smaller than the rest, and grinned as he uttered the single word "Firefly;" for that unfortunate urchin had been long the plague of the Salteaux, and was particularly disliked by every member of the tribe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

It is necessary that we should now go back to the sayings and doings of the inhabitants of Fort Henry, which we have been for some time compelled, by the exigencies of our story, to leave altogether in the background.

It was a sad time—a dismal dwelling—a region of solitude, haunted by pleasant memories which had come to a fearful conclusion, and, still worse, haunted by baleful presentiments, which are amongst the most fearful visitations of

human life. The position of its principal sufferers was terrible; they knew not what to assume or to presume; they could not with any certainty surmise who might be reckoned as an enemy and who as a friend. The sudden disappearance of Orondooka, Millingen, and the Salteaux encampment, was at least suspicious, and to the suspicions generated by their departure, Lamech Overend had lent his ready aid. He had stood his ground for some days, as if to prove his impeccability, and to a great extent he had won over Father Ben to his opinions and views, although with Abra he had never progressed. She was strong in her woman's faith that Henry Millingen had nothing to do with the abduction of her sister; she contested and disputed every argument adduced by Lamech and repeated by his partial dupe, and when at length the half-breed proffered to go forth and assist in the pursuit, she had sought him out privately, and had adjured him to act the part of an honest

But Lamech was prepared for all this; he, of course, honest soul, forgave her suspicions, conjured her to have trust in his friendship and good faith, and swore to her that when he set forth in pursuit of and to the rescue of Imola, he would return with her or die. But the sagacity of woman is a well not always to be fathomed—a natural instinct planted in her heart by God for the purposes of self-defence-a shield in danger and a weapon in the day of retribution, and no one ever possessed it in greater perfection than the dark-eyed niece of Father Ben. She listened because she could not disprove, but she disbelieved because she could not trust. Lamech Overend might be that angel of light, an honest and trustworthy man; but if so, he was at war with her psychological estimate, and while she yielded to declamation, she set him down in her own mind still as a villain and a craven, such as ultimately he was proved to be.

He set forth, however, with the benison and sanction of Father Ben, and we have witnessed the end. It was a proof of Abra's wisdom, and of the heavenly superintendence which travels with the innocent and awaits the guilty, no matter how cunningly their schemes may be devised, or how powerful may be the auspices under which they seem to be guided by the demon that deceives them in the end. For the present, however,

he left doubt and dismay behind. Father Ben believed him to be a true man, and Abra, without any violent demur, which would be displeasing to her uncle, had her own opposing thoughts-which discrepancy of opinion left matters at the fort in a very melancholy way.

Then came that terrible despair, suspense, which hangs like a nightmare round the neck of hope, and palsies the faculties without relieving the heart. Weeks passed, and no tidings-no relief. Abra, in her secret heart, fancied that every coming day would produce a despatch from Millingen, but the day closed and it had not come; Father Ben, with equal persistency, anxiously watched the arrival of every messenger within the stockade, only to sigh and wish that his tidings had been of a different complexion from what they happened to be. It was a region of dreariness altogether, for even traffic was suspended, and all that the unfortunate inhabitants had to do was to sit down and think, to sigh, to mourn—to look at the vacant seat which the innocent Imola used to occupy, and to grieve that her place, in all human probability, would know her no more.

Mischances seldom come single, it is said, and it so happened that another item was added about this time to the Fort Henry heap. So, at least, it appeared to be. One morning early two travellers entered the stockade on a visit of inquiry and search after the person calling himself Henry Millingen, having traced him up to that point. They were grievously disappointed to hear the story of his disappearance and the cause; but being invited to stop for a day or two to refresh themselves, in return for the hospitality they cleared up one of the mysteries of the Red River, so far as Millingen was concerned in them. His name, it appeared, was not Millingen but Tyrrell, and he was the second son of Sir Ralph Tyrrell, an English baronet of large estate. The army had been chosen as his profession, and his regiment had been ordered to Canada. His colonel was his professed friend-a man of loose habits and a selfish heart. He had inveigled the young man into accepting bills and guaranteeing other securities to the extent of several thousands of pounds more than he possessed, or was then likely ever to be the owner of. The colonel was a roué and a dissolute liver, and fell in a duel, shot through the heart by a civilian whose domestic peace he

had by his libertinism destroyed. Then came the crash—the demands of his creditors, the knowledge of his utter insolvency, and the hopeless beggary in which young Tyrrell had involved himself. Afraid of disgrace, of arrest-in fact, of ruin, the unfortunate victim of misplaced confidence disappeared from the regiment, and was seen or heard of no more. This news, affecting as it was to his friends and family, was rendered more distressing by the fact that his elder brother had since died of fever, and that now, Reginald, the missing person, was heir to the family estate. After much time spent, and a great deal of labour and money, a clue was found, and hence the appear. ance of the two hired searchers at the fort. But they had still their weary work to recommence, with hardly an

idea in which way to turn.

They sojourned at the fort for three days to refresh their horses and themselves, and it was on the evening of the third that they entered so fully into the Tyrrell family affairs, to which both Father Ben and Abra listened with great and engrossing interest. Indeed, so earnestly were they engaged in discussing the probabilities of the case and the most likely mode to proceed, that hour after hour slipped away and midnight came and went, and the day began to dawn. But at last the hour of parting came, and they were about to separate, when an incident occurred which caused them to pause. A loud knocking was heard at the outward gate of the stockade-an unusual circumstance at such a season, and when Father Ben rushed to the window which overlooked it to see who the intruder might be, a single glance seemed to suffice him, and with the exciting exclamation, "My darling is found!" he dashed from the room, followed by the almost equally-excited

group. His guess was right. Travel-stained and weary, but gloriously radiant in wellearned happiness, there before them stood Millingen the lost, and Orondooka the invincible, and Love Bird the avenged, and Imola the restored,—the latter only leaving the arms of Father Ben to cling to the embrace of that dear sister who loved her so well, while Eagle Eye and Black Bear and a cloud of warriors formed a circle in the rear.

When the excitement somewhat subsided they entered the house, Love Bird and Imola arm-in-arm. For the present sleep was unthought of, and explanations given and taken the order of the day. The conduct and fate of the treacherous Lamech came upon Father Ben by surprise, but the glance of triumphant sagacity in the dark eye of Abra told that she was proud of having formed a just estimate of so dangerous a man.

In the meantime not the least pleased of the assembled party were the two seekers, who in the person of the adventurous and chivalrous white-hunter, Henry Millingen, found the object of their almost despairing search. To him their tidings brought joy and sorrow—joy that he was now in a position to discharge the liabilities which would be found to be just, and sorrow that in order to do so he must step over a brother's grave.

But he was proud of his restoration to rank and honour for another reason also. Long before the noon of the coming day, Father Ben had been closeted with Millingen, and had been fully informed of the engagement which existed between them. Had he, the young man, remained an outcast, he would have restrained his feelings and waited for better times that he might avow his love, but now all intervening obstacles were removed, and as the heir of a long descended race he felt himself privileged to speak out, and not only that, but to press that the hand of Imola might be given him without delay, as he was resolved not again to leave her until she was his wife.

To this Father Ben saw no objection. It was true that her fortune would not be great, nor was her birth splendid; but in her uncle's estimation, she was a brilliant fit to grace an imperial cabinet, and he honoured the true faith and manly feeling of the gallant young fellow who had loved her and helped to rescue her in adversity, and who now declared that all the prosperity in the world would be dust and ashes without her. In point of fact they were married within a month.

Another of the "Mysteries of the Red River" was destined to be cleared up when the history of Orondooka's Love-Bird came to be known, which it very soon did. Divested of extraneous matter it ran thus:—

Valentina Grosheaten was the daughter—not the only one, however—of a respectable merchant in the city of New Orleans. Her governess (she had no mother) was a relative of Lamech Overend, and in his migratory movements he

sometimes visited that city and called on Valentina's bonne. Her father—a man of German extraction-was hospitable and social, and he invited Lamech to his table and ultimately as a visitor to his house. The young Valentina had the reputation of wealth, and this was a bait too tempting for Lamech to resist. With the sanction of his relative he addressed the girl in private, and as it was not likely that her father would bestow her on an unknown adventurer, he prevailed on her to fly. From that moment she was a wretch. He married her, indeed, in order to insure such fortune as her father might be induced to give; but when he applied to the latter, and was sternly refused and desired never more to presume to repeat the appeal, the wretched nature of the man appeared, and his passions were unloosed. After a series of revoltingly bad treatment, he had induced her, by professions of kindness, to accompany him on a journey —a trip of pleasure he called it; during which, by preconcert, they met a tribe of Blackfeet, to whose chief she was sold. Well might the poor creature's soul revolt at the sight of such a monster as he was into whose terrible hands she had fallen.

From this wretched fate she was rescued by Orondooka at the same time that Millingen was saved by the same gallant hand, when the fires were lighted and the knives ready to torture his life and then to end it. To these friends her history had been told, but to no one else, and out of their connexion had sprung a deep and most devoted feeling of affection on the part of the young chief, which in time was reciprocated by the unfortunate Valentina, and which was allowed openly to appear when her persecutor Lamech had been numbered with the dead. With none to care for her, and hopeless of being countenanced by her relatives, she gave free scope to her feeling of grateful affection, and the same day that united Reginald Tyrrell to Imola, united also the Salteaux chief, Orondooka, to the woman for whom he had done so much. She followed him willingly to his own home and hunting grounds, and gloried in the fame which accrued to him, secured by his strong arm, sagacious mind, and upright and honest heart.

Father Ben, stricken in years as he was, and having secured a competence and something more, sent in his resigna-

tion as governor and chief factor at Fort Henry, and when his successor was named, followed his niece and her husband to Old England, where he and Abra were warmly received by Sir Reginald and Lady Tyrrell, for by that time such were the titles they were empowered to assume.

Father Ben and Abra lived still together. The latter never married, although she might have done so, for rich, good, and clever men sought her hand. But no; perhaps the light of an early dream hovered over and sufficed her still; perhaps she could not bring the feelings of a virgin heart to the home of the men who honoured by wishing to win her; or perhaps that loneliness in which one cherished image may be harmlessly regarded, was superior in her estimation to all the attractions which tempted her. Who can tell? At all events, the tears she shed over the cradle of the baby boy born to her sister and brother-in-law, were those of pure and unmixed delight.

BARBARA.

CLOSE at the window-pane Barbara stands;
The walls o' th' dingy old house are aglow;
Pressing her cheeks are her two little hands,
Drooping her eyelids so meek and so low.

What do you see, little Barbara? Say!
The walls o' th' dingy old house are aglow;
The leaves they are down, and the birds are away,
And lilac and rosebush are white with the snow.

An hour the sun has been out o' th' west;
The walls o' th' poor little house are aglow;
Come, Barbara, come to the hearth with th' rest!
Right gaily she tosses her curls for a "No!"

The grandmother sits in her straw-bottom chair; And rafter and wall they are brightly aglow; The dear little mother is knitting a pair Of scarlet-wool stockings tipt white at th' toe.

A glad girl and boy are at play by her knee;
The walls o' th' poor little house are aglow!
Now driving the crickets, for cows, in their glee,
Now rolling the yarn-balls of scarlet and snow.

And now they are fishers, with nets in the stream;
And rafter and wall o' th' house are aglow;
Or sleeping, or waking, their lives are a dream;
But what seeth Barbara, there in the snow?

And th' voice of Barbara ringeth out clear;
The walls, the rough rafters, how brightly they glow!
If you will believe me, I see you all here!
Our dear little room seemeth double, you know.

The fire, the tea-kettle swung on the crane;
And rafter and wall with the candle aglow;
Grandmother and mother, right over again!
And Peter, and Katherine, all in the snow.

Sweet Barbara, standing so close to th' pane,
With the walls o' th' little house brightly aglow,
You will only see everything over again,
Whatever you see, and wherever you go!

10 MH 65

METALLIC

TO THE



PENMAKER QUEEN.

GILLOTT JOSEPH

Bespectfully invites the attention of the Public to the following Numbers of his

PATENT METALLIC PENS.

Which, for QUALITY OF MATERIAL, BAST ACTION, and GREAT DUBABILITY, will ensure universal preference.

FOR LADIES' USE.

For fine, neat writing, especially on thick and highly-finished papers, Nos. 1, 173, 303, 604. In EXTRA-FINE POINTS.

FOR GENERAL USE.

Nos. 2, 164, 166, 168, 604. In FINE POINTS.

FOR BOLD FREE WRITING.

Nos. 3, 164, 166, 168, 604. In MEDICE POINTS.

FOR GENTLEMEN'S USE.

FOR LARGE, FREE, BOLD WRITING.

The Black Swan Quill, Large Barrel Pen, No. 808.

The Patent Magnum Bonum, No. 263. In MEDIUM and BEOAD POINTS.

FOR GENERAL WRITING.

No. 263. In EXTRA-FINE and FINE POINTS. No. 262. In FINE POINTS. Small Barrel.

No. 810. New Bank Pen. No. 840. The Autograph Pen.

FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.

The celebrated Three-hole Correspondence Pen, No. 382. Four-hole ,, No. 202.

The Public Pen, No. 292, with Bead, No. 404. Small Barrel Pens, fine and free, Nos. 392, 405, 603.

TO BE HAD OF EVERY RESPECTABLE STATIONER IN THE WORLD.

WHOLESALE AND FOR EXPORTATION. At the Manufactory, Victoria Works, Graham Street, and at 96, New Street, Birmingham;
91, John Street, New York;
And of WILLIAM DAVIS, at the London Depot, 37, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

FOR CHILDREN'S DIET.

BROWN & POLSON

PATENT CORN FLOUR.

CORRECTED RECIPE FOR INFANTS' FOOD.

To two teaspoonfuls of Brown and Polson's Corn Flour, mixed with two table-spoonfuls of cold water, add halfpint of boiling milk and water (equal quantities), boil for seven minutes, and sweeten very slightly. It should be, when warm, about the thickness of cream.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

Starch Purveyors to H.R.H. the Princess of Water

GLENFIELD STARCH.

Exclusively used in Her Majesty's Laundry,

AND AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL FOR ITS SUPERIORITY.

Sold by all Grocers, Chandlers, &c. &c.





FURNISHING of BEDROOMS.

EAL & SON have observed for some time that it would be advantageous to their customers to see a much larger selection of Bedroom Furniture than is usually displayed, and that to judge properly of the style and effect of the different descriptions of furniture it is necessary that each description should be placed in a separate room. They have therefore erected large and additional Show-Rooms, by which they will be enabled not only to extend their Show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads, and Bedroom Furniture, beyond what they believe has ever been attempted, but also to provide several

small rooms for the purpose of keeping complete suites of Bedroom Furniture in the different styles.

Japanned Deal goods may be seen in complete suites of five or six different colours, some of them light and chaste, and others of a plainer description. Suites of Stained Deal Gothic Furniture, Polished Deal, Oak, and Walnut, are also set apart in separate rooms, so that customers are able to see the effect as it would appear in their own room. A suite of very superior Gothic Oak Furniture will generally be kept in stock, and from time to time new and select Furniture in various woods will be added.

Bed Furnitures are fitted to the Bedsteads in large numbers, so that a complete assortment may be seen, and the effect of any particular pattern ascertained as it would appear on the Bedstead.

'A very large stock of Bedding (Heal & Son's original trade) is placed

on the Bedsteads.

The stock of Mahogany goods for the better Bedrooms, and Japanned goods for plain and Servants' use, is very greatly increased. The entire stock is arranged in eight rooms, six galleries (each 120 feet long), and two large ground-floors, and forms as complete an assortment of Bedroom Furniture as they think can possibly be desired.

Every attention is paid to the Manufacture of the Cabinet work, and large Workshops have been erected on the premises for this purpose, that

the manufacture may be under their own immediate care.

Their Bedding trade receives constant and personal attention, every article being made on the premises.

Heal & Son particularly call attention to their New Patent Spring Mattress, the Sommier Elastique Portatif. It is portable, durable, and elastic, and lower in price than the old Spring Mattress.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, AND BEDROOM FURNITURE SENT FREE BY POST.

HEAL AND SON,

196, 197, 198, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.

LON